SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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IRELAND

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

I

FIRE in her ashes Ireland feels
  And in her veins a glow of heat.
To her the lost old time appeals
  For resurrection, good to greet:
Not as a shape with spectral eyes,
  But humanly maternal, young
In all that quickens pride, and wise
  To speak the best her bards have sung.

II

You read her as a land distraught,
  Where bitterest rebel passions seethe.
Look with a core of heart in thought,
  For so is known the truth beneath.
She came to you a loathing bride,
  And it has been no happy bed.
Believe in her as friend, allied
  By bonds as close as those who wed.

III

Her speech is held for hatred's cry;
  Her silence tells of treason hid:
Were it her aim to burst the tie,
  She sees what iron laws forbid.
Excess of heart obscures from view
  A head as keen as yours to count.
Trust her, that she may prove her true
  In links whereof is love the fount.

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IV

May she not call herself her own?
That is her cry, and thence her spits
Of fury, thence her graceless tone
At justice given in bits and bits.
The limbs once raw with gnawing chains,
Will fret at silken when God's beams
Of Freedom beckon o'er the plains
From mounts that show it more than dreams.

V

She, generous, craves your generous dole;
That will not rouse the crack of doom.
It ends the blundering past control
Simply to give her elbow-room.
Her offspring feel they are a race,
To be a nation is their claim;
Yet stronger bound in your embrace
Than when the tie was but a name.

VI

A nation she, and formed to charm,
With heart for heart and hands all round.
No longer England's broken arm,
Would England know where strength is found.
And strength to-day is England's need;
To-morrow it may be for both
Salvation: heed the portents, heed
The warnings; free the mind from sloth.

VII

Too long the pair have danced in mud,
With no advance from sun to sun.
Ah, what a bounding course of blood
Has England with an Ireland one!
Behold yon shadow cross the downs,
And off away to yeasty seas.
Lightly will fly old rancor's frown
When solid with high heart stand these.

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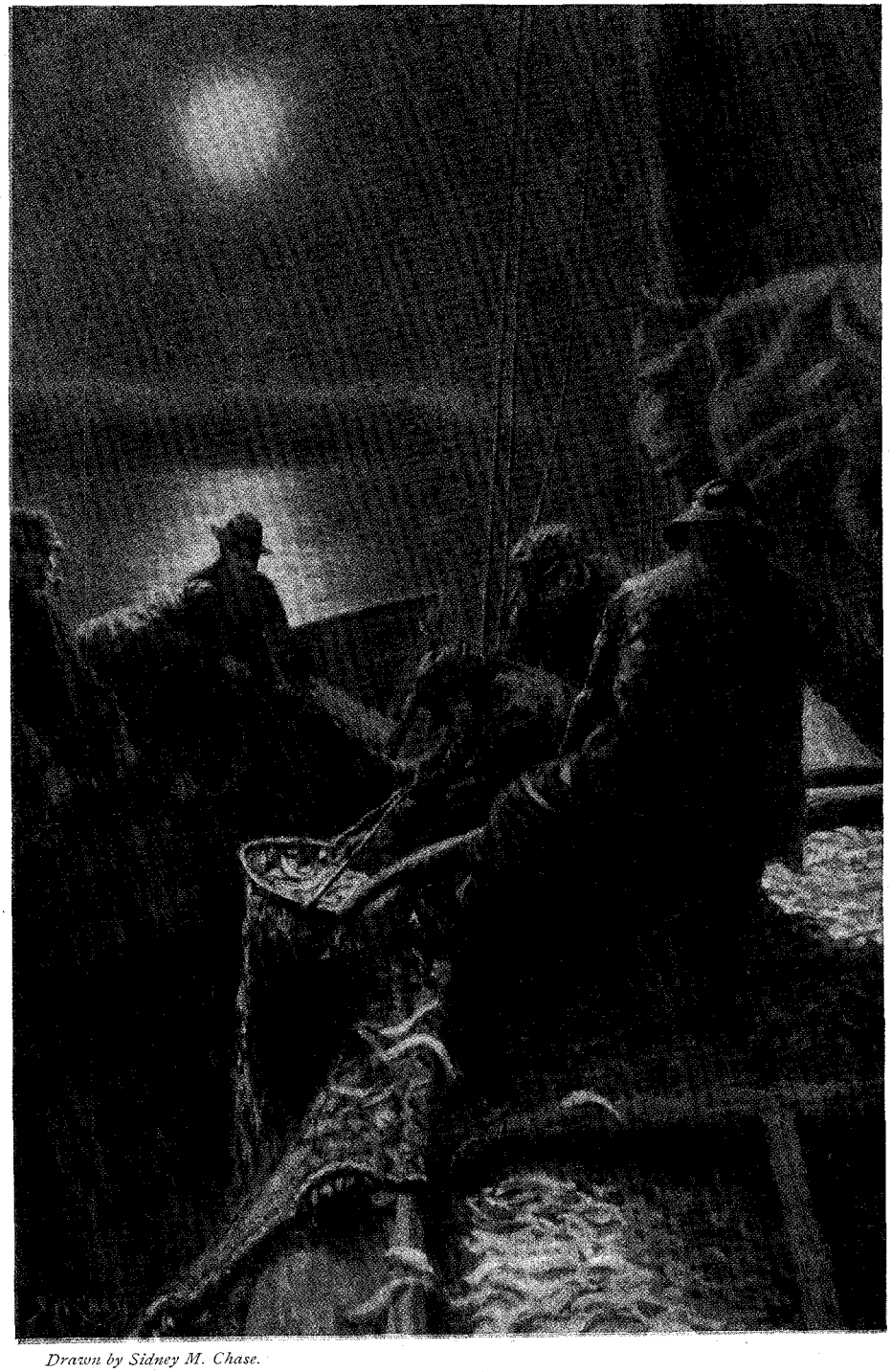

Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

Oil-clad figures, . . . knee-deep in a quicksilver sea of herring.—Page 6.

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The Harbor.

THE LOBSTERMAN'S ISLAND

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

SEARCH a large map of the Maine coast, and you will find opposite one of its busy seaports a little group of islands—the largest a mile wide by two miles long, with a population of some two hundred people. If you miss them, I shall not blame myself, for I will say frankly that I do not mean to tell you their real name. They are quite unknown to the thousands of summer visitors who throng the coast of Maine. Many down-easters, even, have never heard of them. An old sea captain, who had once put in there, told me of *the* Island and its lobster fishermen; and I resolved to see for myself this isolated settlement, untouched by the annual blight of the summer invasion, though in the very track of it.

Somewhere among the shipping of a certain seaport town I found a diminutive steamboat, which, summer and winter, three times a week, carried the mail to my Island of lobster fishermen.

After some inquiry I located the Captain. He was comfortably smoking on the wharf with two old sea dogs. "Yes, he cal'lated to go next mornin'." "Could I get lodging on the Island?" "Well," he said, doubtfully, "they don't gen'ally have many strangers come there, but you might find somebody to take you in."

Next morning, not long after sunrise, I boarded the little steamer. As I dropped from the wharf upon her upper deck, I found I was the only passenger! After a time two women and a little girl came aboard. At length, the Captain, after a final look shoreward, joined us. The whistle blew, our big hawser splashed, the white water churned astern, and we were off.

Past the harbor light, the steamer turned her nose straight out to sea, but even with my glass, I could make out no hint of land. Only when the Captain directed my gaze, could I imagine a tiny bit of blue on the

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Setting the seine.

horizon denser than the surrounding haze. "That's Lobster Island," said he.

We passed fishermen hauling trawls—one luxuriously at work under a big advertising umbrella. We had gotten under way about seven and it was after ten when the blue shape of the Island took clear outline. It seemed cleared land, little wooded, and I made out only a handful of houses. Presently we passed close under Smoky Head, to the south of Barren Rock, with its thousands of scolding gulls. Then the harbor opened out with its busy tangle of masts and jumble of fish houses and wharves, rambling in disarray over the gray rocks. Once more our whistle sounded—a needless form, for all the world of Lobster Island was on the wharf.

The next morning when I emerged from my feather bed in my snug lodgings to see the sun rise over the harbor, I began to feel that I belonged. After breakfast I made for the water, and climbed over wharves piled high with lobster pots. A half-dozen fishermen in wet oil clothes were dipping little silver herring out of their dories, and others were lugging them up to the fish houses. Occasionally one stopped to light his pipe, or dash the sweat out of his eyes. Then the work went on. All around rose the evil smell of herring rotting in the sun. I sat down on a broken lobster car beside a grizzled old fisherman. His pipe lighted, he turned and regarded me with kindly curiosity.

"Stranger t' th' Island, ain't ye?" he said. "Come in on the bo't yestiddy?"

I admitted it.

"Them's herrin'," he said. "Pooty leetle fellers, ain't they? What do we do with 'em? Salt 'em daown fer lobster bait, 'n' use 'em all winter. 'Lije and Dave Eaton was over t' the no'the o' Mosquito last night, seinin'. Sartin—seine all night an' salt 'em daown 'n the mornin'. Wall, 'tis tol'able hard work while 't lasts. Takes clost to a week, ef herrin's plenty. Yeou want t' go? Wall, naow! They was a feller from Freedom Caounty went one night, 'n' he said 'twas the pootiest sight he ever see! I dunno but what Eben 'd

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take ye. Eben, here's a young man wants to go seinin'."

A tall, blonde man, all muscle and whipcord under his gray flannel shirt, straightened up slowly, and nodded to me.

"Wall, we was goin' t'night ef the wind don't haul into the no'the-east. Guess you could go along. Ain't never been seinin'? 'Tis some excitin'. We cal'late t' be out all night, 'n' ye won't ketch much sleep."

Promptly on time, with borrowed oil clothes and sea-boots, I tumbled aboard the "pea-pod" (which the fishermen call a small double-ended rowboat, much in vogue at Lobster Island) and was set aboard the sloop. With much creaking of tackle we hoisted the big mains'l, and, under sail and motor, left our moorings. Aboard our sloop were "Eben" and his cousin, a husky young fellow of twenty. Towing astern was the seine boat with the big seine. In a moment three other

"I s'pose 't would be tew some folks," he said.—Page 7.

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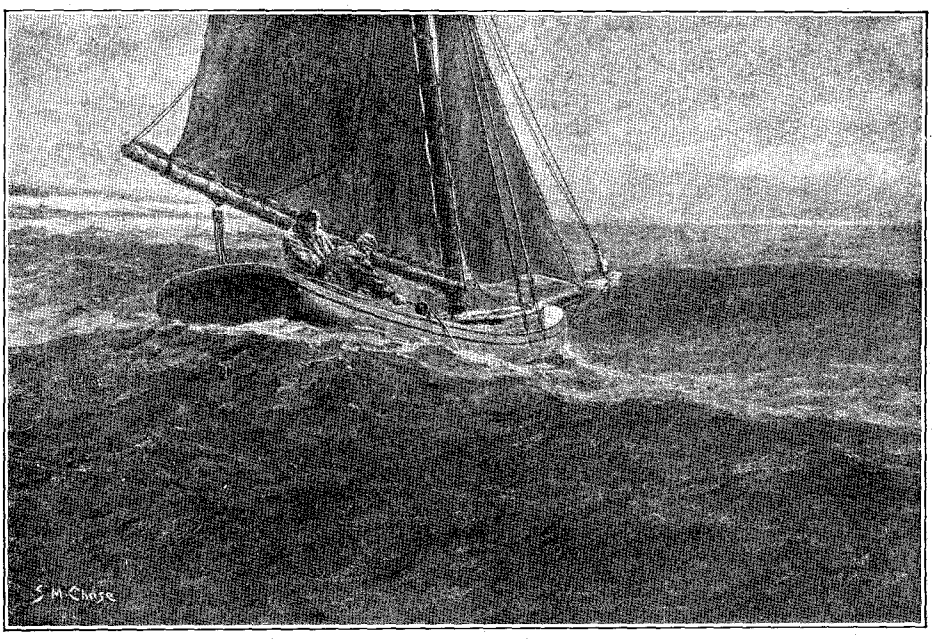

The winter lobstermen.

mains'ls had run up, and three sloops, each towing a dory, filled away in our wake.

"Yes," admitted Eben, "it's nice t' th' Island in summer, but it gets some cold and lonesome in winter time. 'Taint no harbor to speak of, opens t' the no'the-east, an' when we git a gale o' wind I've seed seven lines of breakers t' once reachin' clean acrosst the harbor. See thet shed on the steambo't wharf? Wall, we got a no'ther last winter thet carried half of it plum away. When a sloop breaks her moorin's in a blow like thet, 'taint nothin' left of her but kindlin'."

Once past the low rocky points that form the only protection against the north-east storms, the wind freshened and the low seas began to slap our bows. To leeward of Barren Rock we caught the clamor of thousands of gulls—some nesting in the tops of the scrubby spruces, and others wheeling about against the sky. And then we were fairly outside with the other sloops flashing abeam in the warm afternoon sunlight.

"Quite a little chop outside," remarked Eben's cousin," but 'twon't be blowin' none 't sundown."

"Herrin' is cur'ous," observed Eben. "They're marster thick 't Mosquito. Nary one 't home this year." He yawned. "Guess I'll git a mite o' sleep," he said. "Didn't git none last night, an' dum little night before." He dropped into the roomy cabin and in a moment he was snoring.

After a time Eben's cousin pointed to an island ahead. "Lobsterin' here," he said, as some buoys bobbed past us. "We don't do none 't home this time o' year—git our bait an' gear ready."

Presently we rounded a spruce clad island, and ran into the calm water of a little cove, its quiet waters reflecting the dark, wooded hills above. The sun was getting low as our four sloops let go their anchors.

"'Most supper time," said Eben, suddenly sticking his tousled head out of the companionway, and rubbing his eyes.

I heard him busy below, and before long savory smells came to us from the little cabin cook-stove, telling us that the fried eggs and bacon, piping hot and still sizzling, were ready, with biscuit, fresh doughnuts, and coffee. We needed no second invitation.

After a time Eben tossed his coffee-cup into the cabin, seized his pipe, and dropped over side into the seine boat. In the growing dusk dories slipped across from the other sloops, and the men began overhauling the great seine. Evening quiet settled down on the loneliness of the cove. Only the rattle of gear and an occasional remark came to me across the silence; and there

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was no light but the glow of the pipes against the darkening sky.

The seine ready, tense silence followed. Over beyond the eastern hills it grew a little light. Jared, Eben's brother, who had come aboard our sloop, puffed his pipe and swore softly.

"Gosh, Eb, look at 'em playin'!—thick enough to git down an' walk on 'em everywhar ye look!" Tiny, almost undiscernible, ripples were all about us. The men had hurried into oil clothes. Now four tumbled into the seine boat. Two took oars. Jared and Eben stood aft by the big seine. The latter surveyed the water on all sides. The rowers awaited his signal.

"There they be t' starb'd—Holy Mackerel, what a school! Lay to it, boys, 'n' give her hell!" And things began to happen.

The seine boat leaped from the water under the powerful strokes of the oars; the keg buoy on one end of the net splashed overboard, followed by great armfuls of seine as Jared hove it out; a long curve of floats followed the foaming wake; then, the boat, after describing a broad, circular sweep, shot past the keg again. Eben pulled it aboard. Spreading out from the seine boat lay a wide circle of dipping floats. Then, peering curiously over the dark sky line at the unusual sight, came the rim of the harvest moon.

The school surrounded, the seiners jumped to "purse up" the net. It was quick

Drying fresh-painted lobster buoys.

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work. Men hauled desperately and the bottom of the seine came together, catching the fish in a huge bag. Not until the gap was closed did the seiners draw breath.

"Guess we ketched all the herrin' in Black Cove," grunted Jared, wiping his wet face with a wetter hand. "Look out for them floats!"

Foiled at the bottom, the herring struck upward to the surface and drove at the floats in silver streaks of light. Here and there floats went under, and men in dories were busy holding them above water. Baffled above and below the fish made the water boil. Quickly a sloop was brought up, and the seine made fast. Then the seiners "shortened in" until the fish were thrashing in a deep bag between seine boat and sloop.

Eben thrust a long-handled scoop-net from the deck of the sloop down into the seething fish, and with two men helping, landed the load of flashing silver fair on deck. Then came a muffled drumming, as thousands of herring beat their lives out on the deck planks. Scoop after scoop of molten silver followed, lifted by tugging, wet, oil-clad figures, plastered white with fish scales, and knee-deep in a quicksilver sea of herring.

Four sets were made that night. In the second the net fouled on bottom, and through the rent the herring got away. The deep, fervent, full-souled cursing that followed was wonderful to hear! Repairs were quickly made, however, and by half-past two in the morning the last corner of the last sloop was dripping herring. Then came the two hours sail home over tossing gray seas between the waning moonlight and the growing dawn.

"Cool weather makes 'em lively," he said.—Page 8.

The following afternoon I felt like a discoverer as I took the grass-grown lane that led into the interior of the Island. Not toward the main settlement—because there isn't any. The little snug, painted houses seem to have been shaken out of some big

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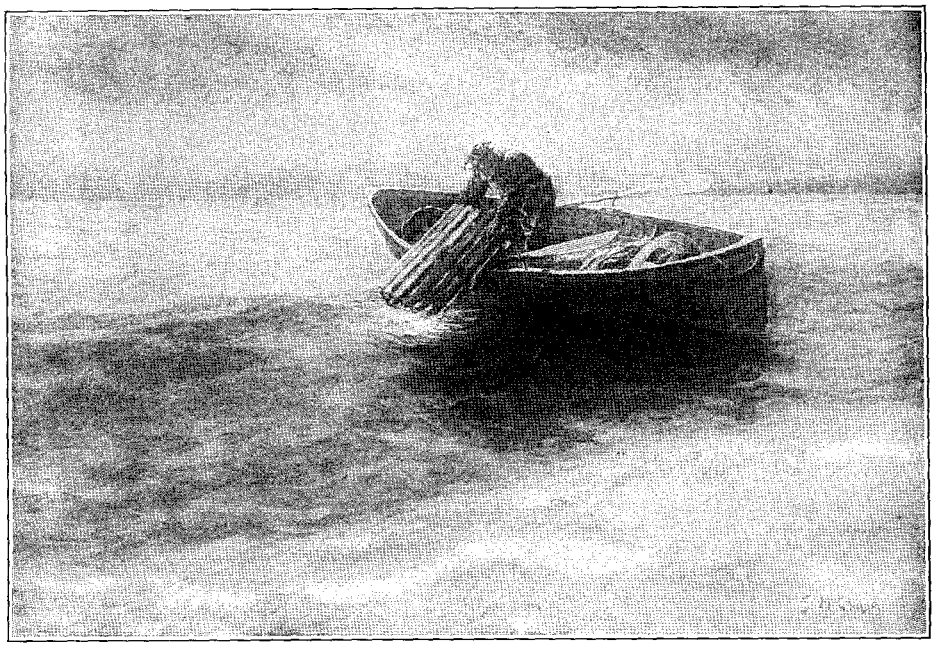

"Thar's Uncle Dan'l haulin' his string."—Page 8.

toy box, and then set upright exactly where they happened to fall. The haphazard character of the settlement is increased by the several grassy cart tracks, which meander over the Island, and end doubtfully in rocky pastures. Stone walls with great swinging gates cross these roadways separating one farm from the next. On every hand were rich vegetable gardens, and the front yards were gay with sweet peas. Seated on a stone wall, looking out to sea, I found my old friend of the herring beach. He was watching a bark under full sail just passing the Island.

"What does 'Kenahgook' mean?" I asked him, presently, referring to the Indian name of the Island.

"I ain't jest sartain," he answered, "but I've heered my father say that som'rs in an old guv'ment report he see that it come from two Injun words meanin' 'Fishtaown.' That wouldn't be fur wrong, naow, would it?" he chuckled.

"What sort of a government do you have out here?" I said.

"Wall," he replied, meditatively, "its cur'ous 'baout that. We didn't use to hev no reg'lar guv'ment. Some say we got along jest as well, tew. But others warn't satisfied, and 'long, back 'most a hunderd years, they made us what they call a 'Plantation.' Means, near 's I can see, that we pay taxes t' the State an' git 'em back agin to run our own Island."

"Isn't it pretty lonely here in winter?" I asked him.

He had risen to his feet, and stood looking thoughtfully after the bark.

"I s'pose 't would be tew some folks," he said, after a moment, "but most of us was born an' brought up here. We git the mails pooty reg'lar, an' we c'n go t' the Main when we *hev* tew. Wust is 'f any one takes sick. Two year ago last Feboo-ary little Myry Phelps took pneumony o' the lungs, an' 'Bije hed t' go to Deep Harbor fer a doctor. 'Twas blowin' a livin' gale, with snow 'n' a nasty sea runnin'. Twicet goin' over 'Bije thought he was hove daown fer good. The doctor, he didn't say nothin'—jes' come aboard, quiet. Comin' back 'twas wuss. Didn't seem 's though nothin' could live in them seas. 'Bije never knowed haow he made the harbor, an' got the doctor thar 'n time. Cal'lated he jest *hed* tew."

His faded blue eyes softened and he passed his great brown hand over his grizzled beard.

"'Tis bad sometimes," he said, slowly,

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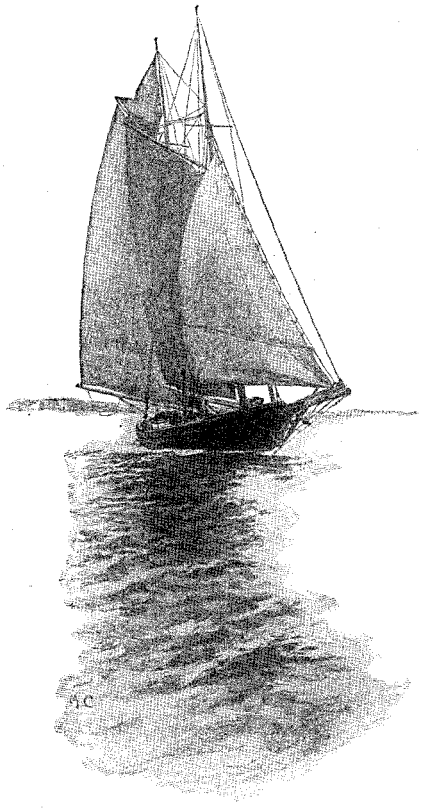
"but this is our home, an' we've kind o' got to like it."

In the following days that I spent about the wharves the fishermen were busy. The bait salted down, there were the lobster-pots to mend, the buoys to repaint, each man in his own colors, new gear to make, and a hundred things to do.

"You goin' to stay into next month, ain't ye?" asked True Barker, lobsterman, one day. "Fust of the month law's off on lobsters, an' its a sight t' see when all them sloops load solid o' lobster-pots, and start out to set 'em. 'F ye do," he went on, "I'll take ye out some mornin' an' let ye haul a few lobsters t' see how it's done."



The lobster smack.

It was not many days later, when, one morning, the crimson flush of sunrise found us out in True's double-ender, True standing at the oars, and me in the stern. It was a wonderful Indian Summer morning, with a long lazy ground swell that hardly splashed on the wet rocks along shore. Outside lay a sloop, her sails slack, while the "put-put" of her motor came faintly across to us.

"Them's my buoys," said True, as he deftly slid the boat alongside a red and white float and dropped it aboard. Catching the line attached to it, he hauled steadily until a dripping lobster-pot rose suddenly beside the boat. True swung it aboard, and two lobsters snapped for his hand as he flung the lath door open. He tossed them carelessly into the tub forward. "Cool weather makes 'em lively," he said. From the bait tub he took a net bag stuffed with herring, stuck it on the iron spear in the lobster-pot, and closed the door. Splash, it went overboard, line and buoy following.

"Lobsters climb int' the pot through that hole in the nettin' 't the end," explained True. "Eat the bait, 'n' then, bein' more'n common stupid, can't find the hole t' git out agin." The method was simple, after all.

True said the lobster fishermen at the Island averaged to have one hundred and sixty traps each, and of these they hauled half every day. Double-enders and sloops are generally used, for the flat-bottomed dory slides out of position too easily. The traps are often hauled over trawl rollers set in the boat's gunwale.

"Thar's Uncle Dan'l haulin' his string," said True, suddenly, pointing to an old-timer working away steadily in the morning mist. "He's the luckiest man thet ever ketched a fish. I mind the fust time he went marster of a vessel—his father fitted him out complete when he was eighteen year old with a bran' new vessel. Shipped a crew o' boys 'n' started in a sou'-easter—smart lot they was!—bound fer Cape Sable. Then come a ca'm easterly, thick o' fog, an' he beat an' beat, he said, tell it seemed 's if he'd beat fur enough to go clean acrosst the hull Atlantic. Last he sounded an' got right water, with fine cod an' haddick jest solid. When he was lo'ded, he didn't have no room on deck fer a cord o' wood all sawed, an' hed to heave it overboard! Then the fog riz, an' whar do you think he was? Right off Thunder Island! Right to hum, with as fine a fare o' fish as you ever see! When the others

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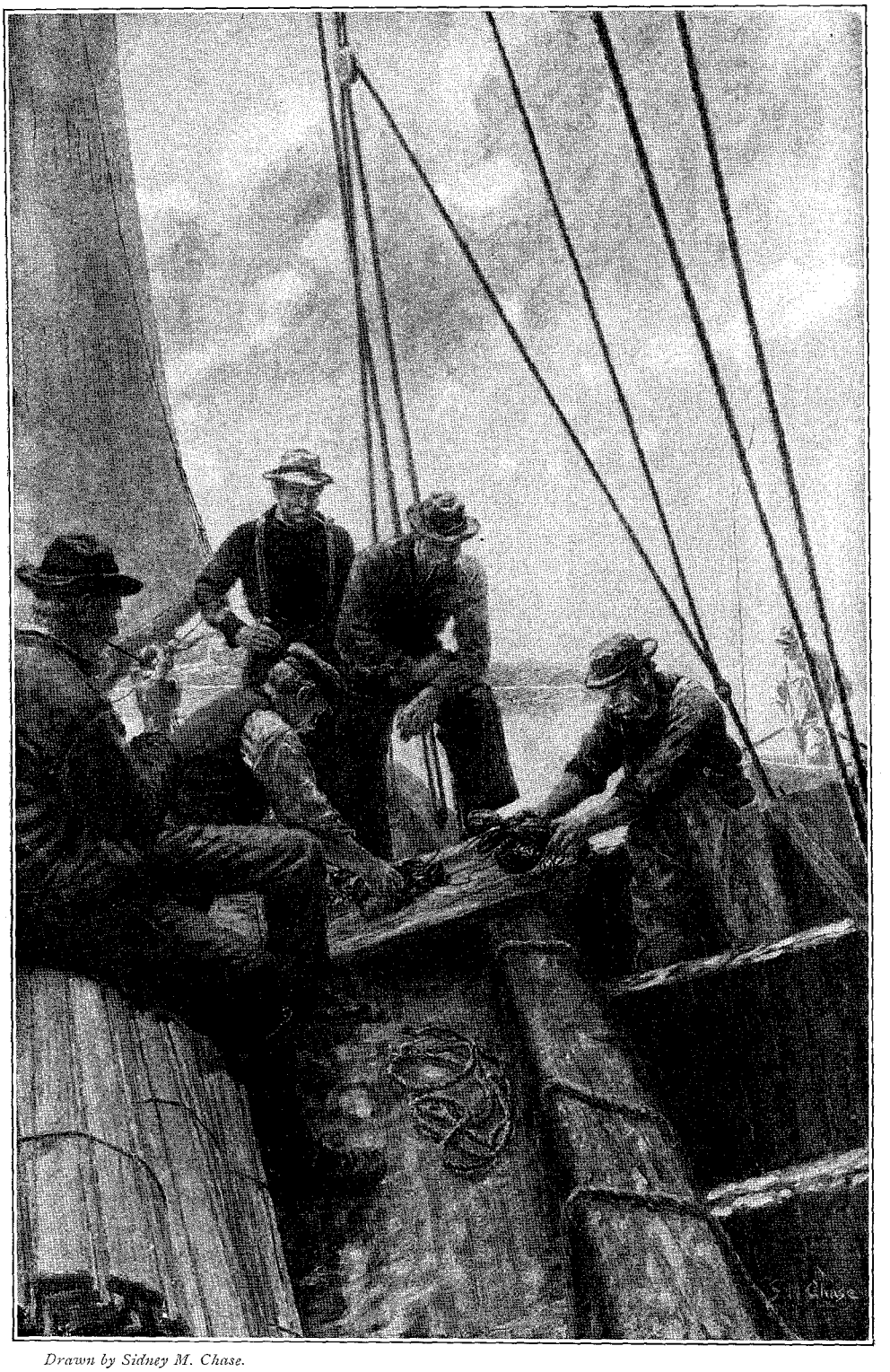

Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

Stooping over, he tossed them, two at a time, upon the "culling-board."—Page 10.

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come back frum Cape Sable they didn't hev no fish 't all, scurcely. Thet's what comes to some fer not knowin' nothin'—'tarnal fool luck!"

I laughed at the story of Uncle Daniel and his luck, and meantime True had finished his string with a good average of lobsters in the tub. He debated a moment.

"Might haul t'other string off Gooseberry Island," he said. "No," he decided, "le's go home. Done enough fer to-day. Can't do everything tew once."

The summer had lengthened into fall, and my days at Lobster Island were numbered. Regretfully I bade good-bye to "Uncle Asy," the gull warden of the Island. We sat on the front step of the old house where he lives alone, and he showed me the tansy that his "ancient grandmother" brought from Marshfield.

"Sho, now, thet's too bad!" he said. "Comin' daown next year, ain't ye? When ye goin'? Wall, naow, my nephew's skipper of a lobster smack, 'n' he's due here day after termorrer. He'll git his lobsters 'n' then he kin take ye right straight t' the Main. Do it jest 's well 's not."

Two days later, just as Eben knocked the ashes from his after-dinner pipe, a trim little schooner rounded Smoky Head and made for the harbor entrance. She came in prettily, sails drawing, and the "bone in her teeth" emphasizing her speedy lines. Then in one breath she swung into the wind with shaking sails, and her anchor rattled down. Jibs and fores'l followed.

She anchored among lobster cars—oblong wooden pens, seven by twelve feet, moored in position, their tops floating level with the water. The planks of the cars are separated, and the water circulating between, and frequent feeding, keeps the several hundred lobsters inside alive. Immediately the harbor became a busy scene.

On all sides lobstermen dropped into boats and paddled out to the smack, Eben and I with the others. As we came alongside Eben nodded to the skipper.

"What ye payin' fer lobsters now, Lon?"

"Twenty-three," returned Lon. "Market's fell off some lately."

"Twenty-three cents for a lobster?" I said to Eben. "Why we pay more than that a pound at home!"

"Wall," he answered slowly, "us fishermen does the hard, cold work, 'n' the fellers ashore gits the profits. Don't seem right to me, some way."

While we talked, Jared's car, which lay alongside, was hoisted out of water by the schooner's tackle level with her rail. Jared unlocked the heavy cover, and jumped into the car, kicking the snapping lobsters away with his leather boots. Stooping over, he tossed them, two at a time, upon the "culling-board," a short board slanting from the gunwale to the deck. Lon, measuring-gauge in hand, pitched them through the hatchway into the "well." Now and then he measured a doubtful one, and threw the little lobster back to Jared, who accepted it with good grace.

Lon explained that the lobster smack was divided into three parts: two watertight bulkheads fore and aft, and the centre one filled with water (which circulates through holes in the planking) and is called the "well." This holds hundreds of live lobsters till they are transferred to the large cars of the mainland shippers, whence they are packed in ice and re-shipped to market alive.

"I see Cap'n Obed over t' Deep Harbor t'other day," said Lon to the group of lobstermen on deck. "'Hello, Obed,' says I. 'Ain't seed the old *Mary 'n' Lucy* over t' the Port fer quite a spell.' 'No, Lon,' says he, kind o' solemn, 'I've giv up fishin'. I'm plannin' to take a few summer boarders,' he says."

"Yeou don't say!" said Uncle Daniel. "Obed Dwyer runnin' a dum 'sylum fer rusticators! He allus was a leetle tetched. 'Taint so long sence him an' me was trawlin' t' the Banks. I rec'lect the fust time he come aboard. Didn't weigh no more 'n a thole pin, green es grass, an' kerried a carpet-bag! I've knowed a carpet-bag to spile the luck on the best vessel afloat. When Obed was below our Skipper lashed the bag ont' the main hal'yards, and yeou'd oughter seed Obed's face when he come on deck an' see his new carpet-bag swingin' aloft from the main truck!"

"How 'bout that time you an' Obed was dory mates t' 'Quero'?" said Eben, with a wink at Lon.

Uncle Daniel scratched his nose reminiscently.

"Thet time me an' Obed was 'high line,'

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d'ye mean?" he asked. "Thet *was* fishin'! I never see nothin' like it afore nor sence! Our dory was solid full an' settlin'. Obed kep' a-sayin' 'She'll hold 'em, Dan'l, she'll hold 'em!' He was haulin' trawl 'n the boaw, an' I was coilin' of it in. He was plum crazy, an' when a big cod—must a been all o' forty paound—tore aout the hook, Obed jumps overboard an' grabs him, an' yells, 'Dan'l, git the gaft!' Thet cod was 'poke-blown,' an' couldn't sink easy, so we got him. When he was aboard, aour gun'ls was awash. I see a little comber comin', an' I hove aout the trawl tubs, an' a almighty big halibut we hed in th' starn, but it was tew late! 'She's goin', Obed!' I yells. 'N' daown she went, an' turned over complete. The vessel warn't fur to wind'ard, but a little wisp o' fog hed blowed in, an' we lost sight of her. There was quite a sea heavin' up, an', bein' fall o' the year, 'twas some cold. Me an' Obed was hangin' ont' the dory's plug straps. 'Thar, ye dum fool,' I says, consid'able riled, 'ye done it now!' 'I know it,' says Obed, 'I hate like all git aout tew lose them fine fish.' We hung on, an' bum'by the fog riz, an' thar was our vessel half a mile t' looward. They sighted us an' bore daown, all hands t' the rail. 'N' thar was us, lookin' like two turtles, our dory bottom up, with gear an' big fish gone complete."

So the stories went while boat after boat with lobsters from the different cars came up and discharged their cargoes. Presently the last car was emptied. Painters were loosed, and one after another, dories made off from the smack. Only Eben and True were left.

"Wall, good luck to ye," they said to me. "Come daown next year, 'f ye can," and casting off their line they dropped into their double-ender, and with Eben standing at the oars and True stolidly smoking, the boat slipped away toward shore.

While I stood looking after them, our anchor chain rattled in. Jibs were hauled to windward. Then the creaking fores'l rose jerkily upward, wooden hoops scraping the mast. Slowly the afternoon breeze swelled the canvas, and little ripples widened out in our wake. The shores of the Island began to slip past us. Then the deep blue ocean opened out beyond the rocky points that made the harbor entrance. Almost before I knew it we were outside, past Silver Island and Barren Rock, with the fresh wind fair on our quarter heeling the smack down to meet the swash of water along her leeward rail.

Sitting on the cabin roof, with Lon at the wheel, I took a long look back. There, far astern lay the Island, a purple outline in the blue afternoon haze. And while I watched, it faded, and then disappeared into the mystery of the horizon, whence it had come, leaving me only a memory of content.

Setting lobster pots

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

She had already looked in vague wonder, her eyes wide open.—Page 19.

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXII

WOLFFERT'S MISSION

WOLFFERT naturally was somewhat surprised to see me come sallying forth from Mrs. Argand's; for he knew what I had not known when I called there, that she was the real owner of "The Argand Estate."

I gave him an account of my interview with the lady.

"I was wondering," he said, laughing, "what you were doing in there after having beaten her in that suit. I thought you had taken your nerve with you. I was afraid you had fallen a victim to her blandishments."

"To whose?"

"Mrs. Argand's. She is the true Circe of the time, and her enchantment is one that only the strong can resist. She reaches men through their bellies."

"Oh!" I was thinking of quite another person, who alone could beguile me, and I was glad that he was not looking at me.

He was, however, too full of another subject to notice me, and as we walked along, I told him of the old lady's views about John Marvel. He suddenly launched out against her with a passion which I was scarcely prepared for, as much as I knew he loved John Marvel. Turning, he pointed fiercely back at the great prison-like mansion.

"Do you see that big house?"

"Yes."

"Every stone in it is laid in mortar cemented with the tears of widows and orphans, and the blood of countless victims of greed and oppression."

"Oh! nonsense! I have no brief for that old woman. I think she is an ignorant, arrogant, purse-proud, ill-bred old creature, spoiled by her wealth and the adulation that it has brought her from a society of sycophants and parasites; but I do not believe that at heart she is bad." She had had a good advocate defend her to me and I was quoting her. Wolffert was unappeased.

"That is it. She sets up to be the paragon of Generosity, the patron of Charity, the example of Kindness for all to follow. She never gave a cent in her life—but only a portion— a small portion of the money wrung from the hearts of others. Her fortune was laid in corruption. Her old husband—I knew him!—he robbed everyone, even his partners. He defrauded his benefactor, Colonel Tibbs, who made him, and robbed his heirs of their inheritance.

"How?" For I was much interested now.

"By buying up their counsel, and inducing him to sell them out and making him his counsel. And now that old woman keeps him as her counsel and adviser, though he is the worst man in this city, guilty of every crime on the statute-books, sacred and profane."

"But she does not know that?"

"Not know it? Why doesn't she know it? Because she shuts her doors to the men who do know it, and her ears to the cries of his victims. Doesn't everyone who cares to look into the crimes in this city know that Coll McSheen is the protector of Vice —the owner of the vilest houses in this city—the vilest because they are not so openly vile as some others?"

We had turned toward John Marvel's. He appeared a sort of landmark to which to turn as we were dealing with serious subjects, and Wolffert was on his way there when I encountered him. He had a case for John. As we walked along, he disclosed a system of vice so wide-spread, so horrible and so repulsive that I hesitate to set it down. He declared that it extended over not only all the great cities of the country, but over all the great cities of all countries, and that it was not only protected but fostered indirectly, by men in the governments of both cities and countries.

I related the story the poor girl I had met that night on the street had told me, but I frankly asserted that I did not believe that it could be as general as he claimed.

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"What became of her?" he demanded.

"Why, I don't know. I turned her over to the Salvationists—and—and I—rather left her to them."

I was beginning to feel somewhat meek under his scornful expression.

"That is always the way," he said. "We look after them for an hour and then drop them back into perdition."

"But I placed her in good hands. That is their business."

"Their business! It is everyone's business. Listen!" He began to give me many surprising facts. He had been recently to southern Russia, where, he said, the system of scoundrelism he described had one of its prolific sources, and he gave figures of the numbers of victims—girls of his own race—gathered up throughout the provinces and shipped from Odessa and other ports, to other countries, including America, to startle one.

"Time was when not a Jewess was to be found on the streets; but now!" He threw out his hand with a gesture of rage, and went on. He averred that many steamship officials and government officials—subordinate officials, it was true, he admitted—all combined to connive at the traffic, and that the criminals were shielded by powerful friends who were paid for their protection.

"Why, there are in this city to-night," he declared, "literally thousands of women who have, without any fault of theirs, but ignorance, vanity, and credulity, been drawn into and condemned to a life of vice and misery such as the mind staggers to believe."

"At least, if they are, they are in the main willing victims," I argued. "There may be a few instances like the girl I saw, but for the most part they have done it of their own volition."

Wolffert turned on me with fire flaming in his deep eyes. "Of their own volition! What is their volition! In fact, most of them are not voluntary accomplices. But if they were—it is simple ignorance on their part and is that any reason for their undergoing the tortures of the damned in this world, not to mention what your Church teaches of the next world? Who brought them there—the man who deceived and betrayed them? Who acted on their weakness and drew them in?—their seducers?—the wretches who lure them to their destruction? —Not at all! Jail-birds and scoundrels as they are, deserving the gallows if anyone does, which I do not think anyone does—but you do—the ultimate miscreant is not even the Coll McSheens who protect it; but Society which permits it to go on unchecked when, by the least serious and sensible effort, it could prevent it."

"How?" I demanded.

"How! By determining to prevent it and then organizing to do so. By simply being honest. Has it not broken up the institution of slavery—highway robbery, organized murder—except by itself and its members? Of course, it could prevent it if it set itself to do it. But it is so steeped in selfishness and hypocrisy that it has no mind to anything that interferes with its pleasures."

We had now reached John Marvel's, where we found John, just back from a visit to a poor girl who was ill, and his account only added fuel to Wolffert's flaming wrath. He was pacing up and down the floor, as small as it was, his face working, his eyes flashing, and suddenly he let a light in on his ultimate motive.

"There was never so selfish and hypocritical a society on earth," he exclaimed, "as this which now exists. In times past, under the feudal system, there was apparently some reason for the existence of the so-called upper classes—the first castle built made necessary all the others—the chief, at least, protected the subjects from the rapine of others, and he was always ready to imperil his life; but now—this! When they all claim to know, and do know much, they sit quiet in their own smug content like fatted swine, and let rapine, debauchery and murder go on as it never has gone on in the last three hundred years."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded impressed by his vehemence, but mystified by his furious indictment. He cooled down for a moment, and wiped his hand across his eyes.

"I am fresh from the scene of as brutal a butchery," he said, "as has taken place within a thousand years. Israel is undergoing to-day the most extensive and complete persecution that has existed since the close of the crusades. No wonder the young women fall victims to the scoundrels who offer them an asylum in a new land and lure them to their destruction with

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gifts of gold and words of peace. And this is what Society does—the virtue-boasting Society of the twentieth century! They speak of anarchy!—What they mean is a condition which disturbs the repose of the rich and powerful. There is anarchy now—the anarchy that consists of want of equal government for rich and poor alike. Look at John Marvel, here, preaching a gospel of universal love and acting it, too."

"Wolffert," said Marvel, softly, "don't. Leave me out—you know I do not—you are simply blinded by your affection for me——"

But Wolffert swept on. "Yes, he does—if any man ever does—he lives for others—and what does he get? Shunted off by a fat, sleek, hypocritical priest, who speaks smooth things to a people who will have nothing else."

"Wolffert, you must not," protested John; "I cannot allow you."

But Wolffert was in full tide. With a gesture he put John's protest by. "To preach and teach the poor how to be patient—how to suffer in silence——"

"Now, Leo," said John, taking him by the shoulders. "I must stop you—you are just tired, excited—overworked. If they suffer patiently they are so much the better off—their lot will be all the happier in the next world."

Wolffert sat down on the bed with a smile. "What are you going to do with such a man?" he said to me, with a despairing shrug. "And you know the curious thing is he believes it."

I went to my own room feeling still like the prodigal, and that I had somehow gotten back home. But I had a deeper and more novel feeling. A new light had come to me, faintly, but still a light. What had I ever done except for myself? Here were two men equally as poor as I, living the life of self-denial—one actually by choice, the other as willingly and uncomplainingly as though it were by choice, and both not only content, but happy. Why should not I enter the brotherhood? Here was something far higher and nobler than anything I had ever contemplated taking part in. What was it that withheld me? Was it, I questioned myself, that I, with no association whatever in the town except the poor, yet belonged to the class that Wolffert crusaded against? Was there something fundamentally wrong with society? I could not enter freely into Wolffert's rhapsody of hate for the oppressors, nor yet into John Marvel's quiet, deep and unreasoning love of Mankind.

The association with my old friends made life a wholly different thing for me, and I made through them many new friends. They were very poor and did not count for much in the world; but they were real people, and their life, simple and insignificant as it was, was real and without sham. I found, indeed, that one got much nearer to the poor than to the better class—their life was more natural; small things matter so much more to them. In fact, the smallest thing may be a great thing to a poor man. Also I found a kindness and generosity quite out of proportion to that of the well-to-do. However poor a man or a family might be there was always someone poorer, and they gave with a generosity that was liberality, indeed. For they gave of their penury what was their living. Whatever the organized charities may do, and they do much, the poor support the poor, and they rely on each other to an extent unknown among their more fortunate fellow-citizens. As the Egyptian always stops to lift another's load, so here I found men always turning in to lend their aid.

Thus, gradually in the association of my friends who were working among the poor and helping to carry their burdens, I began to find a new field and to reap in it a content to which I had long been a stranger. Also life began to take on for me a wholly new significance; as a field of work in which a man might escape from the slavery of a selfish convention which cramped the soul, into a larger life where service to mankind was the same with service to God, a life where forms were of small import and where the Christian and the Jew worked shoulder to shoulder and walked hand in hand.

XXIII

FATE LEADS

ONE evening I called at Mrs. Kale's to to see my two old ladies of the bundles and also Mrs. Kale, for whom I had conceived a high regard on account of her kindness to the former as well as to myself, and in the course of my visit Miss Pansy gave me,

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for not the first time, an account of the way in which they had been reduced from what they thought affluence to what she very tritely called "straitened circumstances." I confess that I was rather bored by her relation, which was given with much circumlocution until she mentioned casually that Miss Leigh had tried to interest her father in their case, but he had said it was too late to do anything. The mention of her name instantly made me alert. If she was interested, I was interested also. I began to ask questions, and soon had their whole story as well as she could give it.

"Why, it may or may not be too late," I said. "It is certainly very long ago, and the chances of being able to do anything now are very remote; but if there was a fraud, and it could be proved, it would not be too late—or, at least, might not be."

"Oh! Do you think that you could recover anything for us? Mr. McSheen said nothing could be gotten out of it, and we paid him—a great deal," she sighed, "—everything we had in the world, almost."

"I do not say that, but if there was a fraud, and it could be proved, it might not be too late."

The name of McSheen had given me a suspicion that all might not be straight. I recalled what Wolffert had told me of McSheen's selling out. Moreover, her story had unconsciously been a moving one. They had evidently been hardly used and, I believed, defrauded. So, when she pressed me, and promised if she were ever able to do so she "would reward me generously," as if, poor soul, she could ever reward anyone save with her prayers, I undertook to look into the matter for them, and I began next day.

I will not go into the steps I took to reach my ends, nor the difficulties I encountered, which grew as I progressed in my investigation until they appeared almost insurmountable; but finally I struck a lead which at last led me to a conviction that if I could but secure the evidence I could establish such a case of fraud for my two old clients as would give promise of a fair chance to recover for them, at least, a part of their patrimony. The difficulty, or one of them—for they were innumerable—was that to establish their case it was necessary to prove that several men who had stood high in the public esteem, had been guilty of such disregard of the rights of those to whom they stood in the relation of trustees that it would be held a fraud. I was satisfied that had McSheen taken proper steps to secure his clients' rights, he might have succeeded, and further that he had been bought off, but the difficulty was to prove it.

However, I determined to make the effort to get the proof and my zeal was suddenly quickened.

I had now begun to watch for my young lady wherever I went, and it was astonishing how my quickened senses enabled me to find her in the most crowded thoroughfare, or in strange and out-of-the-way places. It was almost as if there were some secret power which drew us together. And when I was blessed to meet her the day was always one of sunshine for me, however heavy lowered the dim clouds.

The next afternoon our meeting was so unexpected that I could not but set it down to the ruling of a higher power. I had gone out to see how my McNeil clients were coming on, having doubtless some latent hope that I might find her there; but she had not been there for several days; and after taking note of the wretched poverty of the family, and promising that I would try to get the mother some sort of work, I strolled on. I had not gone far when I suddenly came on her face to face. The smile that came into her eyes must have brought my soul into my face.

Love is the true miracle-worker. It can change the most prosaic region into a scene of romance. At sight of Eleanor Leigh's slim figure the dull street suddenly became an enchanted land.

"Well, we appear fated to meet," she said with a smile and intonation that my heart feasted on for days. She little knew how assiduously I had played Fate during these past weeks, haunting the streets near her home or those places which she blessed with her presence. This meeting, however, was purely accidental, unless it be true, as I sometimes almost incline to think, that some occult power which we cannot understand rules all our actions and guides our footsteps toward those we love supremely. John Marvel always called it Providence.

"Well, may I not see you home?" I asked, and without waiting for her consent, I took it for granted and turned back with her, though she protested against

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taking me out of my way. I had indeed some difficulty in not saying then and there, "My way is where you are."

She had been to see one of her scholars who was sick, "the little cripple, whom you know," she said. She gave me, as we strolled along, an account of her first acquaintance with her and her mother; and of how John Marvel had found out their condition and helped them. Then she had tried to help them a little, and had gotten the mother to let her have the little girl at her school.

"Now they are doing a little better," she said, "but you never saw such wretchedness. The woman had given up everything in the world to try to save her husband, and such a wretched hole as they lived in, you couldn't imagine. They did not have a single article of furniture in their room when I —when Mr. Marvel first found them. They were starving."

"But you don't go into such places by yourself? Why, it might cost you your life."

"Oh, no! No one is going to trouble me. I am not afraid.

"Well, it is not safe," I protested. "I wish you wouldn't do it." It was the first time I had ever ventured to assume such an attitude toward her. "I don't care how brave you are, it is not safe."

"Oh! I am not brave at all. In fact, I am an awful coward. I am afraid of mice and all such ferocious beasts—and as to a spider—why, little Miss Muffet was a heroine to me."

"I know," I nodded, watching the play of expression in her eyes with secret delight.

"But I am not afraid of people. They are about the only things I am not afraid of. They appear to me so pitiful in their efforts. Why should one fear them? Besides, I don't think about myself when I am doing anything—only about what I am doing."

"What is the name of your little protégée's father—the criminal?" I asked.

"Talman—they call him 'Red Talman.' He's quite noted, I believe."

"'Red Talman!' Why, he is one of the most noted criminals in the country. I remember reading of his escape some time ago. It was said no prison could hold him."

"Yes, he has escaped," she said demurely.

I once more began to protest against her going about such places by herself as she had described, but she only laughed at me for my earnestness. She had also been to see the Miss Tibbses, she said, and she gave an amusing and at the same time, a pathetic account of Miss Pansy's brave attempt to cover up their poverty.

"It is hard to do anything for them. One can help the Talmans; but it is almost impossible to help the decayed gentlefolk. One has to be so careful not to appear to know her pathetic little deceits, and I find myself bowing and accepting all her little devices and transparent deceptions of how comfortable they are, when I know that maybe she may be faint with hunger at that very time."

I wondered if she knew their story. But she suddenly said:

"Tell me about their case. I do trust you can win it."

It was the first time I was aware that she knew anything about it. So, as we walked along I told her all I knew or nearly all.

"Oh! you must win it! To think that such robbery can be committed! There must be some redress! Who were the wretches who robbed them? They ought to be shown up if they were in their graves! I hate to know things and not know the person who committed them." As she turned to me with flashing eyes, I felt a great desire to tell her, but how could I do so?

"Tell me. Do you know them?"

"Yes—some of them."

"Well, tell me their names."

"Why do you wish to know?" I hesitated.

"Because I do. Isn't that sufficient?"

I wanted to say yes, but still I hesitated.

"Was it anybody—I know?"

"Why——"

"I must know." Her eyes were on my face and I yielded.

"Mr. Argand was one of the Directors—in fact, was the president of the road—but I have no direct proof—yet."

"Do you mean my aunt's husband?"

I nodded.

She heaved a sigh.

"I ought not to have told you," I added.

"Oh! yes, you ought. I would have wanted to know if it had been my father. I have the dearest father in the world. You do not know how good and kind he is, and how generous to everyone. He has almost ruined himself working for others."

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I said I had no doubt he was all she said; but my heart sank as I recalled my part in the paper I had written about him. I began to talk about myself, a subject I am rather fond of talking of, but on this occasion I had possibly more excuse than usual.

"My mother also died when I was a child," she said, sighing, as I related the loss of mine and said that I was just beginning to realize what it was. It appeared to draw us nearer together. I was conscious of her sympathy, and under its influence I went on and told her the wretched story of my life, my folly and my failure, and my final resolve to begin anew and be something worth while. I did not spare myself and I made no concealments. I felt her sympathy and it was as sweet to me as ever was grace to a famished soul. I had been so long alone that it seemed to unlock Heaven.

"I believe you will succeed," she said, turning and looking me in the face.

A sudden fire sprang into my brain and throbbed in my heart. "If you will say that to me and mean it, I will."

"I do believe it. Of course, I mean it." She stopped and looked me full in the face and her eyes seemed to me to hold the depths of Heaven: deep, calm and untroubled as a child's. They stirred me deeply. Why should I not declare myself! She was, since her father's embarrassment, of which I had read, no longer beyond my reach. Why might not I win her?

For some time we drifted along, talking about nothing of moment, skirting the shore of the charmed unknown, deep within which lay the mystery of that which we both possibly meant, however indefinitely, to explore. Then we struck a little further in; and began to exchange experiences—first our early impressions of John Marvel and Wolffert. It was then that she told me of her coming to know John Marvel in the country that night during the epidemic. She did not tell of her part in the relief of the sick; but it was unnecessary. John Marvel had already told me that. It was John himself, with his wonderful unselfishness and gift of self-abnegation, of whom she spoke, and Wolffert with his ideal ever kept in sight.

"You know," she said, after a pause in which she was reflecting and I was watching the play of expression in her face and dwelling in delicious reverie on the charming contour of her soft cheek, "You know, if I ever amount to anything in this world, it will be due to that man." This might have meant either.

I thought I knew of a better artificer than even John Marvel or Leo Wolffert, to whom was due all the light that was shed from her life, but I did not wish to question anything she said of old John. I was beginning to feel at peace with all the world.

We were dawdling along now and I remember we stopped for a moment in front of a place somewhat more striking looking and better lighted than those about it, something between a pawnbroker's shop and a loan-office. The sign over the door was of a Guaranty Loan Company, and added the word "Home" to Guaranty. It caught my eye and hers at the same moment. The name was that of the robber-company in which my poor client, McNeil, in his futile effort to pay his rent, had secured a small loan by a chattel-mortgage on his pitiful little furniture at something like three hundred per cent. The entire block belonged, as I had learned at the time, to the Argand Estate, and I had made it one of the points in my arraignment of that eleemosynary institution that the estate harbored such vampires as the two men who conducted this scoundrelly business in the very teeth of the law. On the windows were painted legends suggesting that within all money needed by any one might be gotten, one might have supposed, for nothing. I said, "With such a sign as that we might imagine that the poor need never want for money."

She suddenly flamed: "I know them. They are the greatest robbers on earth. They grind the face of the Poor until one wonders that the earth does not open and swallow them up quick. They are the thieves who ought to be in jail instead of such criminals as even that poor wretch, Talman, as great a criminal as he is. Why, they robbed his poor wife of every stick of furniture she had on earth, under guise of a loan, and turned her out in the snow with her crippled child. She was afraid to apply to any one for redress, and they knew it. And if it had not been for John Marvel, they would have starved or have frozen to death."

"For John Marvel and you," I interjected.

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"No—only him. What I did was nothing—less than nothing. He found them, with that wonderful sixth sense of his. It is his heart. And he gets no credit for anything—even from you. Oh! sometimes I cannot bear it. I would like to go to him once and just tell him what I truly think of him."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Because—I cannot. But if I were you, I would. He would not—want me to do it! But some day I am going to Dr. Capon and tell him—tell him the truth."

She stood with clenched hands, uplifted face and flashing eyes—breasting the wind, which, at the moment blew her skirts behind her, and as she poured forth her challenge, she appeared to me almost like some animate statue of victory.

"Do you know—I think Mr. Marvel and Mr. Wolffert are almost the most Christian men I ever saw; and their life is the strongest argument in favor of Christianity, I ever knew."

"Why, Wolffert is a Jew—he is not a Christian, at all."

"He is—I only wish I were half as good a one," she said. "I do not care what he calls himself, he is. Why, think of him beside Doctor—beside some of those who set up to be burning and shining lights!"

"Well, I will agree to that." In fact, I agreed with everything she had said, though I confess to a pang of jealousy at such unstinted praise, as just as I thought it. And I began in my selfishness to wish I were more like either of her two models. As we stood in the waning light—for we were almost standing, we moved so slowly—my resolution took form.

It was not a propitious place for what I suddenly resolved to do. It was certainly not a romantic spot. For it was in the centre, the very heart, of a mean shopping district, a region of small shops and poor houses, and the autumn wind had risen with an edge on it and laden with dust, which made the thinly-clad poor quicken their steps as they passed along and try to shrink closer within their threadbare raiment. The lights which were beginning to appear only added to the appearance of squalor about us. But like the soft Gallius I cared for none of these things. I saw only the girl beside me, whose soul seemed to me even more beautiful than her beautiful frame. And so far as I was concerned, we might have been in Paradise or in a desert.

"Come here," I took her arm and drew her a few steps beyond to where there was a vacant house. "Sit down here a moment." I spread my handkerchief on the dusty steps, and she sat down, smiling after her little outbreak.

I recall the scene as if it were yesterday, the very softness in her face, the delicacy of her contour; the movement of her soft hair on her blue-veined white temple and her round neck as a gentle breath of air stirred it; the dreamy depths of her eyes as the smile faded in them and she relapsed into a reverie. An impulse seized me and I cast prudence, wisdom, reason, all to the winds and gave the rein to my heart.

Leaning over her, I took hold of her hand and lifted it to my heart, clasping it very tight.

"Look at me—" She had already looked in vague wonder, her eyes wide open, beginning the question which her lips were parting to frame. "Don't say that to me—that about your belief in me—unless you mean it all—all. I love you and I mean to succeed for you—with you. I mean to marry you—some day."

The look in her eyes changed, but for a second they did not leave my face. My eyes were holding them.

"Oh!—What?" she gasped, while her hand went up to her throat.

Then she firmly, but as I afterward recalled, slowly withdrew her hand from my grasp, which made no attempt to detain it.

"Are you crazy?" she gasped. And I truly believe she thought I was.

"Yes—no—I don't know. If I am, my insanity begins and ends only in you. I know only one thing—that I love you and that some day—some day, I am going to marry you, though the whole world and yourself oppose me."

She stood up.

"But, oh! why did you say that?"

"Because it is true."

"We were such good friends."

"We never were—I never was—for a moment."

"You were."

"Never."

"We were just beginning to understand each other, to be such good friends, and now you have ended it all."

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"That cannot be ended which never had a beginning. I don't want your friendship, I want your love and I will have it."

"No, I cannot. Oh! why did you? I must be going."

"Why? Sit down."

"No, I cannot. Good-by."

"Good-by."

She hesitated, and then without looking, held out her hand. "Good-by."

I took her hand and this time kissed it, as I remember, almost fiercely. She tried to stop me, but I held it firmly.

"You must not do that; you have no right." She was standing very straight now.

"I took the right."

"Promise me you will never say that again."

"What?"

"What you said at first."

"I don't know what you mean. I have been saying the same thing all the time—ever since I knew you—ever since I was born—that I love you."

"You must never say that again—promise me before I go."

"I promise you," I said slowly, "that I will say it as long as I live."

She appeared to let herself drift for a half second, then she gave a little catch at herself.

"No, really, you must not—I cannot allow you. I have no right to let you. I must go and if you are a friend of mine, you will never——"

"Listen to me," I interrupted firmly. "I have not asked you for anything; I have not asked your permission; I am not a friend of yours and I shall never be that. I don't want to be your friend. I love you, and I am going to win your love. Now you can go. Come on."

We walked on and I saw her safely home. We talked about everything and I told her much of myself. But she was plainly thinking not about what I was saying then, but what I had said on the dusty steps. When we reached her home, I saved her embarrassment. I held out my hand and said, "Good-by, I love you."

I went home feeling somewhat as a man might who, after shipwreck, had reached an unknown shore. I was in a new land and knew not where I stood or how; or whether the issue would be life or death. I only knew that I had passed a crisis in my life and whatever came I must meet it. I was strangely happy, yet I had had no word of encouragement.

To have declared one's love has this in it, that thenceforth the one you love can never be wholly indifferent to you. I went home feeling that I had acquired a new relation to Eleanor Leigh and that somehow I had a right to her whether she consented or not. My love for her, as ardent as it had been before, had suddenly deepened. It had, in a way, also become purer. I went over and over and dwelt on every word she had ever uttered to me, every gentle look I had ever seen her give, every tender expression that had illumined her face or softened her eyes and I found myself thinking of her character as I had never done before. I planned how I should meet her next and tried to fancy how she would look and what she would say. I wondered vaguely what she would think of me when she reached her room and thought over what I had said. But I soon left this realm of vague conjecture for the clearly defined elysium of my own love. Had I known what I learned only a long time afterward—how she acted and what she thought of on reaching home, I might have been somewhat consoled though still mystified.

XXIV

COLL MCSHEEN'S INSTRUMENTS

WHEN I applied at the offices of the P. D. and B. D. and asked to be shown the books of the old company which had been reorganized and absorbed, I was met first by the polite assurance that there never was such a road as I mentioned, then that it had been wound up long ago and reorganized. Next, as I appeared somewhat firm, I was informed that the books had been burned up in a great fire spoken of as Caleb Balderstone used to speak of the Ravenswood fire as "the fire." This would have been an irremediable loss, but for the fact that I knew that there had been no fire since the reorganization of the company. I stated this fact with more positiveness than was usually employed in those offices and announced that unless those books were produced without further delay or misrepresentation, I would file a bill at once which would open the eyes of

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a number of persons. This procured for me an interview with an official of the vice-presidential rank—my first real advance. This proved to be my old acquaintance, Mr. Gillis, the agent of the Argand Estate. When I entered he wore an expression of sweet content as of a cat about to swallow a mouse. After stating my object in calling with so much circumstantiality that there could be no mistake about it, I was informed by Mr. Gillis briefly, but firmly, that those books were not accessible, that they were private property and not open to the public.

Stillman Gillis was a wiry, clear-eyed, firm-mouthed, middle-sized man of about middle age as older men regard it. He had a pleasant address; perfect self-assurance and a certain cool impudence in his manner which I have often observed in the high officials of large corporations. He had, I knew, been the private secretary and confidential man of Mr. David Argand.

"I am aware that the books are private property," I said, "but it happens that I am myself one of the owners—I represent two very considerable owners of the stock of the old company."

He shook his head pleasantly. "That makes no difference."

I could not help thinking of the turnkey at the jail. It was insolence, but only of a different sort.

"You mean to say that it makes no difference whether or not I am a stockholder when I demand to see the books of the company in which I hold my interest?"

"Not the slightest," he admitted.

"I suppose you have consulted counsel as to this?"

"Oh! yes; but it was not necessary."

"Well! you have the books?"

"Oh! yes."

"Because some of your people told me that they had been burnt up in a fire."

"Did they tell you that?" he smilingly asked. "They did that to save you trouble.

"Considerate in them."

"Of course, we have the books—in our vaults."

"Buried?" I hazarded.

He nodded. "Beyond the hope of resurrection." He gave me a nod and took up his pen to show that the interview was ended; and I took up my hat.

"Do you mind telling me who your counsel is that you consulted in these matters? I might prevail on him to change his mind."

"Oh! no. Mr. Collis McSheen is our counsel—one of them."

"Has he specifically given you this advice?"

"He has." He turned to his stenographer. "Take this letter."

"So—o." I reflected a moment and then tilted back my chair.

"Mr. Gillis—one moment more of your valuable time, and I will relieve you."

"Well?" He turned back to me with a sudden spark in his gray eye. "Really, I have no more time to give you."

"Just a moment. You are mistaken in thinking you are giving me time. I have been giving you time. The next time we meet, you will be a witness in court under subpœna and I will examine you."

"Examine me? As to what, pray?" His face had grown suddenly dark and his insolence had turned to anger.

"As to what you know of the fraud that was perpetrated on the heirs of a certain Colonel Tibbs who built and once largely owned the road I have spoken of."

"Fraud, sir! What do you mean?"

"As to what you know—if anything—of the arrangement by which a certain Collis McSheen sold out his clients, the said heirs of the said Colonel Tibbs, to a certain Mr. Argand, whose private secretary you then were; and whose retained counsel he then became."

"What!"

His affected coolness was all gone. His countenance was black with a storm of passion, where wonder, astonishment, rage, all played their part, and I thought I saw a trace of dismay as well.

"What do you mean, sir! What do I know of the—the fraud—the arrangements, if there ever were any such arrangements as those you speak of?"

I was the insolent one now. I bowed.

"That is what I am going to ask you to tell in court. You have the books, and you will bring them with you when you come under the *subpœna duces tecum*. Good-day." I walked out.

As I approached my office, I saw Collis McSheen bolting out of the door and down the street, his face as black as a thunder-cloud. He was in such a hurry that he did not see me, though he nearly ran

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over me. He had evidently been summoned by telephone.

I was working on my bill a few days later when to my surprise Peck walked into my office. He looked unusually smug. He had just arrived that morning, he said. Mr. Poole had some important interests in a railway property which required looking after, and he had come on to see about them. There was not much to do, as the road was being capitally managed; but they thought best to have someone on the ground to keep an eye on the property, and remembering our old friendship, he had suggested that I be retained to represent Mr. Poole, if anything should at any time arise, and Mr. Poole had, of course, acted on his advice. Mr. Poole had in fact, always been such a friend of mine, etc. The trouble with Peck was that he always played a trump even when it was not necessary.

I expressed my sense of obligation to both him and Mr. Poole, but in my heart could not help recalling the chances Mr. Poole had thrown away to help me in the past.

"What sort of interests are they?" I inquired.

"Railway interests. He has both stocks and bonds—second mortgage bonds. But they are as good as gold—pay dividends straight along. The railway has never failed to increase its net earnings every year for ten years, and is a very important link in a transcontinental line."

"What railway did you say it was?" I inquired, for I had observed that he had not mentioned the line.

"Oh! ah! the P. D. & B. D."

"Oh!" I confess that for a moment I was almost sorry that I had not been retained earlier, but it was only for a moment.

"Well, the fact is, Peck, I don't know that I could represent Mr. Poole in any litigation connected with that road."

"Oh! it is not litigation, my dear fellow. You'd as well talk about litigation over the Bank of England. It is to represent him as a sort of regular——"

"I know," I cut him short, "but I think there will be some litigation. The fact is, I have a claim against that road."

"A claim against the P. D. & B. D.! For damages, I suppose?"

"No. To upset the reorganization that took place——"

Peck burst out laughing. "To upset the reorganization of that road which took place ten—twenty—How many years ago was it? You'd better try to upset the government of the United States."

"Oh! No——"

"Come now. Don't be Quixotic. I've come here to give you a good case that may be the beginning of a great practice for you. Why you may become general counsel."

"I thought Mr. McSheen was general counsel? You said so, I remember, when you were here before."

"Why, ah! yes. He is in a way. You would, of course, be—in a way, his—ah——"

"Peck," I said, and I kept my eye on him blandly. "Have you seen Mr. McSheen since your arrival?"

"Why, yes, I have. I had to see him, of course, because he is, as I told you, the general counsel——"

"In a way?" I interpolated.

"Yes. And of course I had to see him. It would not have been quite professional if I had not."

"And he assents to your proposition?"

"Oh! yes, entirely. In fact, he——" He paused and then added, "is entirely satisfied. He says you are an excellent lawyer."

"Much obliged to him. I beat him in the only case I ever had against him."

"What was that?"

"Oh, a small case against the Argand estate."

"Oh! Well now, Glave, don't be Quixotic. Here is the chance of your life. All the big people—the Argand Estate, Mr. Leigh, Mr. McSheen, Mr. Canter. Why, it may lead you—no one can tell where!"

"That is true," I said, quietly. Then quite as quietly I asked: "Did Mr. McSheen send for you to come on here?"

"Did Mr. McSheen send for me to come on here? Why, no. Of course, he did not. I came on to look after Mr. Poole's interest."

"And to employ me to represent him?"

"Yes."

"And to give up my clients as McSheen did?"

"What!"

"Peck, tell Mr. McSheen that neither my dog nor myself is for sale."

"What! I—I don't understand," stammered Peck.

"Well, maybe so. But you give McSheen the message. He will understand it. And

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now I will explain it to you, so you may understand." I explained briefly to him my connection with the matter and my proposed line of action; and he naturally endeavored to satisfy me as to the absolute futility of such a course as I proposed.

"Why, consider," he said, "the people you will have to contend with—the idea that you can prove fraud against such persons as Mr. Leigh, the Argands, Mr. McSheen."

"I don't expect to prove fraud on Mr. Leigh," I quickly interposed.

"You will have to sue him. He is a director."

"I know it. But he came in after the transaction was completed and I believe knew nothing about it. But why are you so interested in Mr. Leigh? His interests in the street-car lines are directly opposed to Mr. Poole's."

"I am not interested in Mr. Leigh, but in you. Why, do you imagine any judge in this city would even consider a bill charging fraud against such persons as those I have mentioned? For I tell you they will not. You will just make a lot of enemies and have your trouble for your pains."

"Perhaps so—but Peck you have not mentioned all the people I shall have to sue."

"Who do you mean? I have only mentioned one or two."

"Mr. Poole."

Peck's countenance fell.

"Mr. Poole! What did he have to do with it?"

"He was one of them—one of those who engineered the reorganization—and swin— engineered the heirs of Colonel Tibbs and some others out of their interest. Well, give my message to Mr. McSheen," I said rising, for Peck's duplicity came over me like a wave. "You may understand it better now. Neither my dog nor I is for sale. Peck, you ought to know me better."

Peck left with that look on his face that used to annoy me so at college—something that I can best describe as a mechanical simper. It had no warmth in it and was the twilight between indifference and hate.

Not long after I was walking along the street on my way home from my office late one night when I was struck by Dix's conduct. It was very strange. Instead of trotting along zigzag going from corner to corner and inspecting alleyways for chance cats to enliven life as he usually did at night when the streets were fairly empty, he kept close at my heels, now and then actually rubbing against my knee as he walked, as he did in the crowded section when I took him along. And once or twice he stopped and half turning his head, gave a low, deep growl, a sure signal of his rising anger. I turned and gazed around, but seeing no cause for his wrath, concluded that a dog was somewhere in the neighborhood, whom he detected though I could not see him. I was aware afterward that I had seen two men pass on the other side of the street and that they crossed over to my side near the corner ahead of me; but I took no notice of them. I had a pleasanter subject of thought as I strolled along. I was thinking of Eleanor Leigh and building air castles in which she was always the chatelaine.

Dix's low growl fell on my ear, but I paid no heed. The next second—it was always a little confused in my mind, the blow came so quickly—I was conscious of a man—or two men, they seemed, springing from behind something just at my side and of Dix's launching himself at them with a burst of rage, and at the same moment, something happened to me—I did not know what. A myriad stars darted before my eyes and I felt a violent pain in my shoulder. I staggered and fell to my knees; but sprang up again under a feeling that I must help Dix, who seemed to have been seized by one of the men in his arms, a stout, stumpy fellow, while the other was attempting to kill him with a bludgeon which he carried. I flung myself on the latter, and seizing him by the throat bore him back against the wall, when he suddenly twisted loose and took to his heels. Then I turned on the other who, I thought, was trying to carry Dix off. I found, however, that instead he was making a fight for his life. At the moment he dropped a pistol which he was drawing and I sprang for it and got it. Dix had leaped straight for his throat and, having made good his hold, had hung on and the man was already nearly strangled. "For God's sake, take him off. Kill him. I'm choking," he gasped as with weakening hands he tore at the dog's massive shoulders. "I'm choking." And at that moment he staggered, stumbled and sank to his knees with a groan.

Fearing that he would be killed on the spot, though I was sick and dizzy from the

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blow, I seized Dix by the throat and with a strong wrench of his windpipe at the same time that I gave him an order, I broke his hold.

The wretch staggered to his feet with an oath and supported himself against the wall while I pacified Dix, who was licking his chops, his eyes still on his enemy.

"Are you hurt?" I asked, for, though still dizzy, the need to act had brought my senses back.

"What business is that of yours?" he demanded brutally. "Wait a minute. I'll kill that d——d dog."

The reply to my inquiry was so brutal that my anger rose.

"You drunken beast! Say a word and I'll give you to him again and let him worry you like a rat. You see him! Keep back, Dix!" for the dog recognizing my anger, had advanced a little and flattened himself to spring on the least provocation.

"I didn't mean no offence," the fellow growled. "But I don't like a d——d dog to be jumpin' at me."

"You don't! What did you mean by trying to murder me?"

"I didn't try to murder you."

"You did. I have no money—not a cent. I'm as poor as you are."

"I wa'n't after no money."

"What then? What had I ever done to you that you should be after me?"

"I wa'n't after you."

"You were. You tried to kill me. You've cut my head open and no thanks to you that you didn't kill me."

"'T wa'n't me. 'Twas that other fellow, the skunk that runned away and left me."

"What's his name?"

"I don' know. I never seen him before."

"What are you lying to me for? What's his name and why was he after me? Tell me and I'll let you go—otherwise—I'll give you to the police."

"I'll tell you this—he's a friend of a man you know."

"Of a man I know? Who?"

'He's a big man, too."

"A big man! Do you mean— You don't mean Coll McSheen?"

"I didn't tell you, did I? You can swear to that. Now give me $5.00 and let me go."

"I haven't any money at all, but I'll take you to a doctor and get your wound dressed I have to go to one, too."

"I don' want no doctor—I'm all right.

"No, I won't give you up," I said, "if you'll tell me the truth. I'm not after you. If I'd wanted to give you up, I'd have fired this pistol and brought the police. Come on. But don't try to run off or I'll let you have it."

He came along, at first surlily enough; but presently he appeared to get in a better temper, at least with me, and turned his abuse on his pal for deserting him. He declared that he had not meant to do me any harm, in fact, that he had only met the other man accidentally and did not know what he was going to do, etc.

I was so fortunate as to find my friend Dr. Traumer at home, and he looked after the wound in the scoundrel's throat and then took a look at my hurt.

"You had a close graze," he said, "but I don't think it is anything more serious than a bad scrape on your head, and a laceration and bruise on the shoulder."

While he was working on the footpad I telephoned Langton, got hold of him and asked him to come there, which he said he would do at once. Just as the doctor was through with me, Langton walked in. I never saw so surprised an expression on his face as that when his eyes fell on my thug. I saw at once that he knew him. But as usual he said nothing. The thug, too, evidently knew he was an officer; for he gave me one swift glance of fear. I, however, allayed his suspicion.

"It's all right," I said, "if you tell me the truth. "Who is he?" I asked Langton. He smiled.

"Red Talman. What've you been up to?" he asked.

"Nothin'."

"I brought him here to have his wound dressed, and he's going directly. I have promised him."

He nodded.

"Coll McSheen put him on to a little job and he bungled it, that's all."

Langton actually looked pleased; but I could not tell whether it was because his warning had been verified or because I had escaped.

"'T was that other skunk," muttered Talman sullenly.

"Who? Dutch?"

The footpad coughed. "Don' know who 't was."

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"You don't? You don't know who I am either?"

The man gave him a keen look of inspection, but he evidently did not know him. Langton leaned over and dropped his voice "Did you ever know —?" I could not catch the name. But the thug's eyes popped and he turned white under his dirt.

"I didn't have nothin' 't all to do with it. I was in Canady," he faltered.

Langton's eyes suddenly snapped. "I know where you were. This gentleman's a friend of mine," he said. "He saved my life once, and if you ever touch him, I'll have you—" He made a gesture with his hand to his throat. "Understand? And not all the bosses in the city will save you. Understand?"

"I ain't goin' to touch him. I got nothin' against him."

"You'd better not have,' said Langton, implacably. "Come here." He took him out into the doctor's front office and talked to him for some little time while I told the doctor of my adventure.

"Who is Langton when he is at home?" I asked him.

He chuckled. "He is the best man for you to have in this city if Coll McSheen is your enemy. He is a retainer of Mr. Leigh's."

Just then Langton and the thug came in.

"Say, I'm sorry I took a hand in that job," said the latter. "But that skunk that runned away, he put 't up, and he said 's another friend of his got him to do it."

"Coll McSheen?"

"I don't know who 't was," he persisted.

I glanced at Langton, and he just nodded.

"Good-by. If ever you wants a job done——"

"Get out," said Langton.

"Don't you give 't to that other skunk. I didn't know. Good-by. Obliged to you." And he passed through the door which Langton held open for him.

"It's all right," said the latter as he closed the door. "You had a close graze—that's one of the worst criminals in the country. He don't generally bungle a job. But he's all right now. But there are others."

"My dog saved my life—he got his throat."

"Better keep him close to you for a while."

XXV

THE FACTORY

A GREAT factory with the machinery all working and revolving with absolute and rhythmic regularity and with the men all driven by one impulse and moving in unison as though a constituent part of the mighty machine, is one of the most inspiring examples of directed force that the world shows. I have rarely seen the face of a mechanic in the act of creation which was not fine, never one which was not earnest and impressive.

Such were the men, some hundreds of them, whom I used to gaze at and admire and envy through the open windows of several great factories and mills along the street through which lay my way to my office. I chose this street for the pleasure of seeing them of a morning, as with bared and brawny arms and chests and shining brows, eager and earnest and bold, they bent over glowing fires and flaming furnaces and rolled massive red-hot irons hither and yon, tossing them about, guiding them in their rush and swing and whirl, as though they were very sons of Vulcan, and ever with a catch of song or a jest, though a swerve of the fraction of an inch might mean death itself.

I had come to know some of them well, and numbers of them I began to know in a sort, as day after day I fell in beside them on their way to or from their work; for, lawyer and gentleman as I was, they, I think, felt in me the universal touch of brotherhood. We used to talk together, and I found them human to the core and most intelligent. Wolffert was an idol among them. They looked to him as to a champion.

"He has learned," said one of them to me once, "the secret of getting at us. He takes us man for man and don't herd us like cattle. He speaks to me on a level, man to man, and don't patronize me."

He was a strong-visaged, clear-eyed man with a foreign accent.

"We haf our own home," he said with pride, "and the building company is 'most off my back. If we can but keep at vork we'll soon be safe, and the young ones are all at school. The sun shines bright after the storm," he added with a shake of his strong head.

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"Ah, well, we are having good times now The sun is shining for many of us. Let us pray that it may keep shining." I was thinking of Miss Eleanor Leigh and the way she had smiled the last time Heaven had favored me with a sight of her. That was sunshine enough for me.

"God grant it," he said, solemnly.

The good times, however, of which my mill-friends and I talked were rapidly passing.

Within a day or two I began to observe in the press ominous notices of an approaching strike. All the signs, it was declared, pointed to it. Meetings were being held, and the men were rapidly getting out of hand of their conservative leaders, who, it being on the verge of winter, were averse to their undertaking the strike at this time, notwithstanding what they admitted were their undoubted and long-standing grievances. As I ran over the accounts in many of the papers I was surprised to find that among these "conservatives" was mentioned the name of Wringman. It was evident, however, that the efforts of the conservative element were meeting with success; for in the workingmen's section through which I passed every day there was not as yet the least sign of excitement of any kind, or, indeed, of any dissatisfaction. The railway men all appeared quiet and contented, and the force in the several large factories along my route whom I mingled with in my tramp back and forth from my office were not only free from moroseness, but were easy and happy. The only strikes going on in the city were those on the lines in which the Argand interests were, and they were frequently spoken of as "chronic."

The mills were all running as usual; work was going on; but a shadow was deepening over the community of the operatives. The strike which the newspapers had been prophesying for some time was decreed—not yet, indeed, by the proper authorities; but it was determined on by the leaders, and its shadow was darkening the entire section. The first knowledge I had of it was the gloom that appeared on the countenances of the men I saw in the morning. And when I met Wolffert he was more downcast than I had seen him in a long time. "The poor fools!" was all he could say. "They are the victims of their ignorance."

From my earliest arrival in the city I had been aware of something about the laboring element—something connected with the union, yet different from what I had been accustomed to elsewhere. I had ever been an advocate of the union of workingmen to protect themselves against the tyranny and insolence of those who, possibly by fortuitous circumstances, were their employers. I had seen the evil of the uncurbed insolence added to the unlimited power of the boss to take on or to fling off whom he pleased and while the occupation lasted, to give or reduce wages as he pleased. And I had seen the tyrannous exercise of this power—had seen men turned off for nothing but the whim of a superior; had seen them hacked about; ordered around as if they had been beasts of burden and if they ever murmured, told to go elsewhere, as though a poor man with a family of children could "go elsewhere" at an hour's notice; hundreds of men, thousands of men "laid off," because, it was said, "times were dull," though the returns from their work in good times had made their employers rich beyond anything their fathers had ever dreamed of. And I had witnessed with that joy that a man feels in seeing justice meted out, the rise of a power able to exact, if not complete, at least, measurable justice for the down-trodden.

But here was something different. It was still the union; but bore a new complexion and a different relation alike to the workingman, the employer and the public. It was a strange power and its manifestation was different. It was not in active exercise when I first went among the workingmen. Yet it was ever present. A cloud appeared to hang over the population; there was a feeling that a volcano, as yet quiet, might burst forth at any time and no man could tell what the end might be. It was ever in men's minds, not only the workingmen's, but the tradesmen's, the middlemen's. It appeared to keep on edge a keen antagonism between all laboring men as such and all other men. It was nearer and more important than politics or religion. It had entered into their lives and created a power which they feared and obeyed. To a considerable extent it had taken away their liberties, and their lives were regulated by their relation to it. I saw the growth of the system and was mystified by it, for I saw individuality and personal liberty pass-

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ing away—saw men deliberately abandoning their most cherished privileges to submit to a yoke that was being put on them. I noted the decline of excellence in the individual's work and of ambition for excellence in himself—the decay of the standard of good workmanship. I marked the mere commercial question of wages—higher wages irrespective of better work—take the place of the old standard of improved workmanship and witnessed the commercialism which in large figures had swept over the employer class, now creep over and engulf the laboring class to the destruction of all fine ambition and the reduction of excellence to a dead level of indifferent mediocrity. They deliberately surrendered individual liberty and all its possibilities and became the bondmen of a tyrannous dictator which they set up.

I was familiar with the loafer and the shirker. He is incident to humanity. He exists in every calling and rank of life. But it was novel to me to find an entire class deliberately loafing and shirking and slurring on principle. I saw gangs of workmen waiting around, shivering in the wind, for the hour to come when they might take up the tools which lay at hand with which they might have warmed themselves. I saw them on the stroke, drop those tools as though the wave of sound had paralyzed their arms. I saw them leave the stone half set, the rivet half driven, the bar half turned; the work, whatever it was, half done. I saw bright, alert, intelligent men, whose bodies were twice and their brains ten times as active as their fellows', do double work in the same time as the latter and then dawdle and loaf and yawn empty-handed beside the unfinished work with which they might readily have doubled their income. I asked some of my friends why it was and the answer was always the same: "the Union."

A strike was going on on the other side of the town, but the direct results were not yet felt among us, and as the enterprizes there where the trouble existed were in conflict with those on our side, and therefore our rivals, it did not appear likely that we should be affected except possibly to our advantage. The population of our section, therefore, looked on and discussed the troubles with the placid satisfaction of men who, secure on land, discuss and commiserate those tossed by storms far off, whose existence is known only by the long surges that with spent force roll against their shore. They enjoyed their own good fortune, rejoiced in the good times and to a considerable extent spent their earnings like children, almost indifferent as to the future.

(To be continued.)

COR CORDIUM

By George Cabot Lodge

BREATHLESS and unforeseen, it comes!—the hour
When, on the breast of the Beloved, we feel
Almost the secret sense of life reveal
Its meaning, and the source of life its power;—
When, as in some vast sunrise, like a flower,
Our soul stands open and our eyes unseal,
While all that fear and ignorance conceal
Seems in perfection life's predestined dower.
Then, as it were against the inward ear,
We hold, in silence, like a chambered shell,
The dazed one human heart—and seem to hear
Forever and forever rise and swell
And fail and fall on Death's eventual shore,
Tragic and vast, Life's inarticulate roar! . . .

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AMERICAN PAGEANTS AND THEIR PROMISE

By Percy MacKaye

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC PAPE

ON the fourth of next August the seaport city of Gloucester, Mass., will hold an out-door fête unique in the annals of New England. At night, overlooking the harbor from a natural amphitheatre seating fifteen thousand people, a combined masque and pageant of the fourteenth century will be performed.

The descendants of the Pilgrims of Gloucester will give welcome to the Pilgrims of Canterbury. For the first time in more than five hundred years, Chaucer himself will ride in pilgrimage—surrounded by the motley characters of his imagination—not in the vellum of William Morris, nor between the covers of a text-book, but on solid ground, under the stars. Moored within a few hundred yards, twentieth-century war-ships will blend their search-lights with the many-colored fires of the pageant. From across the bay—when the pealing of chimes gives cue from imaginary spires in the masque—the bells of Puritan steeples in the town will—for the first time in their history—ring for mass—at the ancient shrine of Becket! Among the thousands of spectators, as chief guest of honor, the President of the United States has accepted the city's invitation to be present.

In view of so unusual a celebration by a city so distinctively American, it seems worth while to consider the local significance of this pageant-masque, and to correlate it with some of the larger meanings of pageantry and drama for our time and country.

The first settlement of Gloucester was in 1623, at Stage Fort. There, in the same year, was erected the house of Roger Conant, first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—a quaint, gabled structure now no longer standing. In March of the present year, through the Gloucester Committee, the city authorities unanimously decided to take steps to reproduce this ancient landmark on the original site, as a permanent historic museum.

To this end they authorized the Coburn Players, in conjunction with the city, to organize the production, at Stage Fort, of an out-door dramatic pageant, or masque, depicting scenes from "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a play by the writer, all receipts, above expenses, going to the city for the purpose stated. In co-operation with the Chaucerian players, hundreds of school children, college students, and citizens will take part in the pageant.*

The Pageant-Masque itself will be performed at the base of Stage Fort Rock, a colossal, bowlder-like outcrop, rising some sixty feet in height and two hundred in width, like the rough skênê of a primitive Greek theatre. This rock was anciently a ritual stone of the Indians.

The three episodes of the masque chosen from "The Canterbury Pilgrims" will comprise portions of the published play, which emphasize the elements of peasant comedy, poetic vision, and scenic ritual.

Heralded by men's voices singing, the oft-wedded Wife of Bath, accoutred in wide hat, gaudy wimple, scarlet hose and spurs, enters the scene astride of a milk-white ass, panoplied like a fairy creature, accompanied by the Pardoner, Summoner, and Manciple in chorus. Reining up with a "Whoa-oop!" she flings a tankard at the head of Bob the Miller, whose bagpipe is emitting wry music, to which the more revellous pilgrims join in round-dance and song. Eglantine, the shy Prioress, rescues her "little hound" from the midst of a door-ramming contest, through the intervention of Chaucer, who moves quietly among the

* Associated with the players, as artistic director, and with Gloucester as one of its permanent citizens, Mr. Eric Pape will have entire charge of the artistic features of the occasion. The music will be composed and arranged by Mr. Walter Damrosch, as musical director for the players. In this, Mr. Charles L. Safford, his assistant, will be conductor. The Coburn Shakspearian Players, led by Mr. Charles Douville Coburn in the rôle of Chaucer, have this season produced "The Canterbury Pilgrims," as a play, at Harvard, Yale, and most of the Eastern universities.

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Drawn by Eric Pape.

Masque given at Cornish, New Hampshire, in honor of Saint-Gaudens.

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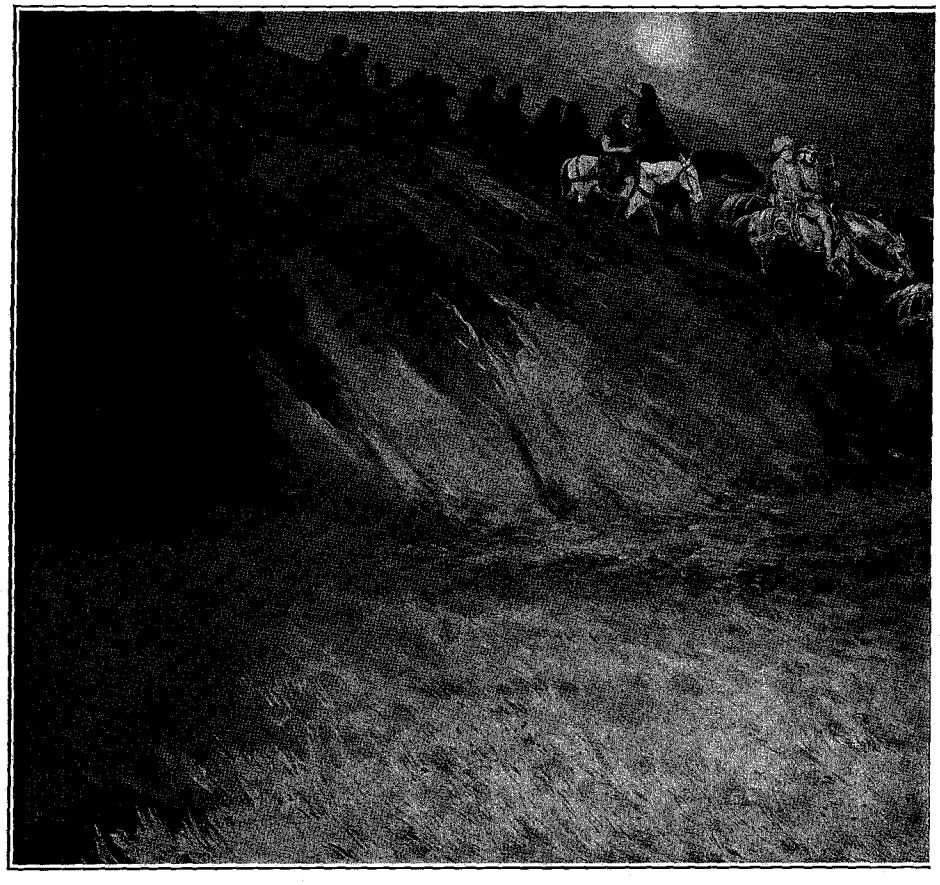

So onward to
The Gloucester

world's pilgrims, "at heart a bird of every feather"—England's laureate poet, *incognito*. Bailey, the Host, summons all to "meat," and, seated at the Tabard board, the pilgrimage to Canterbury is proposed and acclaimed. The curtain of night falls. In the honeysuckle garden at Bob-up-and-down, the Squire woos his lady the Marchioness under the moon; the Prioress, in the reverie of her innocent love for Chaucer, beholds in vision the spirit of their love fulfilled in "some other star"; and the wily woman of Bath, in guise of the Knight, outwitting the Prioress, wins her bet with Goodman Geoffrey [Chaucer], whom she claims for betrothed husband. So onward to the cathedral doors at Canterbury, where venders hawk, flower-girls dance, priests intone Gregorian chants, King Richard and John of Gaunt ride with retainers, the Man-of-law announces that "No woman may be married but five times—save to a Miller," Bob the bag-piper wins the Wife of Bath, and Chaucer parts with the Prioress and his pilgrim friends, to peal of chimes and processional.

Thus a distinctive feature of the Gloucester pageant is its close alliance with dramatic form. Therein lies one of its chief significances. Within the last ten or fifteen years rural and local festivals have widely increased in America. During the outdoor season, at Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., at Bar Harbor, Me., at Onteora in the Catskills, at East Hampton, Long Island, at Pasadena and Santa Barbara, Cal., and at very numerous other places, local pageants and fêtes have been informally contrived, with great effectiveness, but with no other motive than the pleasure and beauty of the passing occasion. They have been sporadic, un-

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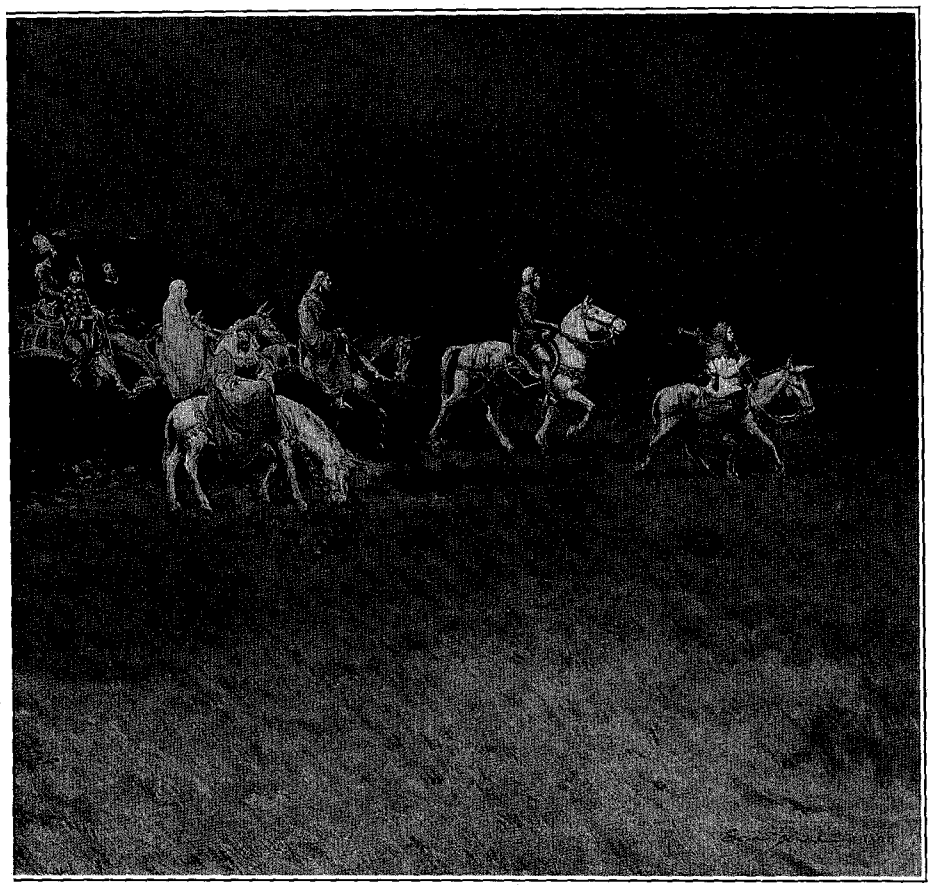

Canterbury.
Pageant.

correlated, and unconstructive of any organized type of festival art.*

On the other hand, quickened largely by the inspiration of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison's out-door acting, a few years ago, in "Everyman" and the plays of Shakespeare, an impulse to produce outdoor plays has grown with extraordinary vitality, especially among the universities.

The correlation of these two movements, however, and their reconciliation in a splendid community type of dramatic art have yet to be achieved. The opportunity is practical and inspiring, and possesses—so far as the writer's actual experience can testify—at least two American precedents to work upon, the one unique, the other annually recurrent. These are the Saint-Gaudens Masque at Cornish, N. H., in June, 1905, and the midsummer Redwood Play (better known as the "High Jinks") of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco—an established custom of thirty years' standing.

In 1905, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Cornish colony by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, an outdoor masque was performed by his neighbors in a pine grove at Aspet, his estate.

The masque, written by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, the dramatist, with a prologue by myself, was produced under the direction of Mr. John Blair, the actor. More than seventy persons took part, among whom were some forty artists and writers of craftsmanly repute, who had spent many weeks in careful preparation.

About twilight, on the longest day of the

* Exceptional to this, as possessing dialogue and dramatic scheme, were the Pageant of the Renaissance at Chicago, in 1908, and—less ambitious but well conceived—the Colonial Pageant at Springfield, Mass., last March. The remarkable pageant at Boston, illustrating the history of education, was not allied with any dramatic scheme. The famous Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans, is, of course, a carnival type of fête, not a masque.

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year, the sculptor, with his family and some hundreds of guests, were seated in front of a green-gray curtain, suspended between two pines, on which hung great gilded masks (executed by Mr. Maxfield Parrish). Close by, secreted artfully behind evergreens, members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra awaited the *baton* signal of Mr. Arthur Whiting, conductor and composer of the music.

First, then, in the softened light, there emerged from between the curtains the tall, maidenly figure of Iris, in many-hued diaphanous veils, holding in one hand a staff of living fleur-de-lis.

"Fresh from the courts of dewy-colored eve,
Jove summons me before you."

With these words, she began the prologue—a brief tribute in verse to Saint-Gaudens, as artist and neighbor—at the close of which commenced the first strains of the hidden wind-instruments, and the curtains parted. Visionary as some Keatsian glade, the natural stage disclosed at its farther end a sculptured altar, beneath a little temple of Ionic columns, from whose capitals suspended laurel-ropes and flowers stretched to a nearer column on either hand. Still nearer, on both sides, stood classic benches. Behind the temple, from a precipitate ravine among the pines, rose faintly the murmurous roar of a stream.

Enter, then, with staff and crown and snaky caduceus, Juno, Jupiter, and Mercury. The motive of the masque, composed in a spirit of chaffing comedy and local allusion, was to compass—with pictorial effectiveness and practical groupings—the presentation to Saint-Gaudens of a golden bowl of ancient Greek design—a token from the Cornish colony. To this end, Jupiter, declaring that he has an important communication to make, despatches Mercury to summon all greater and lesser divinities to hear it. Mercury departs, and the interval till his return passes in a brief scene of local banter between Jupiter and Juno and a Rural Native, who strolls by. Mercury returns and announces the various groups of deities. From the only contemporary record of this fête, written by Mr. Kenyon Cox in *The Nation* for July 1, 1905, I quote the following color-schemes:

"First came sombre Pluto and his court, in black and gold and purple; then Neptune and Amphitrite, with their attendant Nereids in sea-green and blue; Venus and her body-guard in varying shades of tender rose; Diana and her nymphs, in white and silver and pale blue; the Wood-gods, in green and dun and yellow; Apollo and the Muses, all in white and gold, grouping themselves about the altar; Ceres, all in yellow, crowned with corn; Pan, gilded all over and exactly imitating an archaic Greek statue; Mars, a gigantic figure, in blood-red draperies and armor; last, Chiron, the Centaur—the one frankly comic figure in the masque—at the head of a rout of children."

All being assembled, they are informed by Jupiter that he has decided to abdicate; Pluto and Neptune dispute the succession; Minerva, calling upon Fame to decide,* makes invocation, and strikes the altar with her spear. Immediately smoke and varicolored fire transfigure the temple and the irradiated pines, and out of the altar rises a Sibyl of burning gold, maidenly Olympian, holding aloft in both hands the golden bowl. This Minerva takes and draws from it the name of—Saint-Gaudens.

The cry is taken up by all voices, the bowl is delivered to the master-artist, and group by group the divinities are presented before him. Then, as these form in procession, a chariot, embellished with a medallion of the sculptor, is dragged from its covert by fauns, nymphs, and satyrs, Saint-Gaudens and his wife enter it, and are dragged across the long, golf-turfed slope to the pergola of the studio, where a banquet is spread under twinkling Japanese lamps.

As Mercury, it was my prerogative to head the procession just behind the chariot, in which the sculptor stood looking back with emotion upon the astonishing beauty of the scene. In the afterglow of sunset, that edged with gold the blue, volcanoesque summit of Ascutney, the pied procession of those ephemeral gods swayed and then broke into glorified groups of frolic over the vivid sward: Apollo skipped flower-rope for the laughing Muses. Swart Pluto gambolled among the sea-nymphs. Semi-nude faun children twitched the hind legs of the Centaur. Graces locked arms with the dun-hued Fates. Cupid, with little wings, danced with the statued Pan. And still,

* Here a dance of invocation by Terpsichore was to have occurred, but was omitted through the unavoidable absence of the *danseuse*.

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while a lump rose in the throat of each, and revelry spread glamour over all, there echoed, rhythmical, from the New Hampshire hillside, the long, spontaneous shout of "Saint-Gaudens!"

The masque at Aspet, then, is differentiated from the unconstructive type of rural pageant by having been focussed in a dramatic scheme, executed by craftsmen in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, under the direction of craftsmen in the drama, and in being the organized expression of community spirit.

The Midsummer High Jinks, in California, presents a kindred type of pageant-masque. The name "Jinks," which gives no conception of its present nature, derives from its informal origins nearly half a century ago. An official history of its development, fascinating in the descriptions of its forest stage, its artistic and community spirit, and its annual Grove Plays, has been written by Mr. Porter Garnett, of the University of California. It is safe to say that no other book deals with material of so distinctive, sustained, and noble a contribution to American art as these forest festivals present.

For a comprehensive idea of their dignity and creativeness, I must refer the reader to Mr. Garnett's book. In this article I can give only a brief personal impression.

About the full moon of August, 1908, it was my privilege to be invited, with my friend Charles Rann Kennedy, as a guest of the Bohemian Club, to spend some days in the club's redwood grove, and witness "The Sons of Baldur," by Mr. Hermann Scheffauer—the Grove Play of that season.

After three magical dawns, mysterious noons, divine midnights, spent in fellowship with the nobly pagan brotherhood of that natural monastery, steeped in the sylvan seclusion of three thousand years, I found myself, by moonlight, seated between Kennedy and Scheffauer on one of the giant logs that form the seats of the forest auditorium, facing the canyon hillside which forms the stage. Above us, interminable tree boles touched the stars. Around us, robed and cowled like ourselves in red and black, huddled the unbelievable audience. Before us, from the glowworm lights of a pit, rose the prelusive magic of violins. Slowly then, as the overture waned, out of the moon-flecked darkness waxed an imaginary world. Of plot, or theme, or episode, I was only half aware—held by a grandeur that gripped the throat and stung the spirit by its keen beauty. At times, almost intolerably, I felt an impulse to put my brow to the earth, like an aboriginal. I remember that, for an instant—some two hundred feet in mid-air—between the giant tree trunks, a Spirit of rose-hued fire appeared suddenly, and as a spirit spoke to those on the stage beneath. I remember again—descending as on viewless rounds of a ladder let down from some heaven of William Blake—little children, fluttering white, in rhythmic chant and choir. And again, the death of a warrior—his soul as it flashed skyward, tingeing the sequoia tops with silver flame. How to convey a sense of it! Impossible!

The drama being ended, and the colossal grove illumined from end to end with preternatural light, actors and audience filed in fantastic procession to a farther glade, where the traditional pyre stood piled for the Cremation of Care. And as the eloquent wit and poetry of the white-robed orator flowed on in the mystical night, I whispered to my neighbor: "Are we in ancient Delphos, or California?" "Both," he answered; "the rites of Pan and Apollo can never be quelled."

Probably the most technically distinctive Grove Plays yet evolved have been "The Hamadryads," by Mr. Will Irwin, 1904, and "The Triumph of Bohemia," by Mr. George Sterling, 1907. The Bohemian Club (which numbers, by the way, nearly a thousand of San Francisco's most gifted citizens), being an association composed exclusively of men, has thereby been enabled—as in both the plays named—to utilize the impressive effect of the naked actor, in a natural setting of supreme grandeur. The accompanying illustration by Mr. Eric Pape, represents the dramatic moment in "The Hamadryads," where Apollo, suddenly appearing on the forest hillside, slays with a shaft of light Meledon—the Spirit of Care—in the darkness below.

Comparing, then, these three American pageant-masques—the Gloucester Pageant, the Masque at Aspet, and the California Redwood Festival—we find, in all three, the expression of a community spirit focussed by co-operating artists in dramatic form.

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We find, in short, the elements—and the promise—of a constructive art of pageantry.

How does such an art concern the American people at large?

Pageantry is poetry for the masses. The parades of Election and Saint Patrick's Day, the processions of Antics and Horribles, the clanging brigades of firemen, the May-queen rituals of children, the marching of drum-corps and regiments—these make an elemental appeal to every man in the street, as to every woman who throws open her shutters to look and listen. And as long as the music lasts and the uniforms still glitter, something of the mystery and meaning of life has been revealed.

What is this elemental appeal? Is it not the appeal of symbolism, the expression of life's meanings in sensuous form?

Crude though it often be, then, pageantry satisfies an elemental instinct for art, a popular demand for poetry. This instinct and this demand, like other human instincts and demands, are capable of being educated, refined, developed into a mighty agency of civilization. Refinement of this deep popular instinct will result from a rational selection and correlation of the elements of pageantry.

Now Painting, Dancing, Music, Sculpture (the latter as applied to plastic groupings) are appropriately the special arts for selecting those elements; Drama is the special art for correlating them.

Craftsmen in the former arts, then, are appropriately the selective experts in the art of pageantry; craftsmen in the drama its constructive directors. Unfortunately, however, as yet, such craftsmen are very seldom active leaders of the people. It behooves, therefore, our leading citizens to realize the educative possibilities of pageantry in providing a fine art for the people. This raises the vital question of the function of art in the democracy. Space does not admit of that discussion here; yet I may fittingly close this article by submitting the following suggestive propositions to the mayors, leading citizens, and civic committees of our American cities:

No advertisement of a community is more legitimate and effectual than a splendidly organized pageant. Compare, for instance, the late magnificent pageants at Oxford and Quebec.*

Effectual pageants can only be organized by efficient artists. Artistic competition in pageantry between cities would stimulate industry, trade, and education. To this end, a Master of Pageants should regularly be appointed to public service in each city. Such appointment would necessarily associate civic leaders with leaders in the fine arts, an association which would enlarge the horizon of both.

The form of pageantry most popular and impressive in appeal as a fine art is that of the dramatic pageant, or masque. It should be capable, for instance, of combining the popular appeal of an Isadora Duncan-Damrosch concert, a Sorolla exhibition, and a Maude Adams-Barrie play.

The masque is not limited to historic themes of the past. All vital modern forces and institutions of our nation—the press, the law, the railroads, the public-school system, athletics, the universities, the trades unions in all their variety, the vast industries of steel and copper and wheat and fisheries and agriculture, and hundreds more—might appropriately find symbolic expression in majestic masques, educative and entertaining to all the people.

By such means, artistic gifts, which are now individualized and dispersed, would be organized to express the labors and aspirations of communities, reviving—for the nobler humanism of our own time—the traditions of Leonardo, Ben Jonson, and Inigo Jones. By so doing, the development of the art of public masques, dedicated to civic education, would do more than any other agency to provide popular symbolic form and tradition for the stuff of a noble national drama. The present theatres cannot develop such a public art, since they are dedicated to a private speculative business.

The association of artists and civic leaders in the organization of public masques would thus tend gradually to establish a civic theatre, owned by the people and conducted by artists, in every city of the nation.

* I quote from "The Quebec Tercentenary Commemorative History" (page 15): "Visitors were continually flocking to the city from all parts of the world. Hotel accommodation was not sufficient to meet the demands. To house the numerous thousands a tented city was erected, in which was a post-office, a baggage-office, hotel parlors, and all other conveniences. Nothing was lacking."

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THE DAUNT DIANA

By Edith Wharton

I

"WHAT'S become of the Daunt Diana? You mean to say you never heard the sequel?"

Ringham Finney threw himself back into his chair with the smile of the collector who has a good thing to show. He knew he had a good listener, at any rate. I don't think much of Ringham's snuff-boxes, but his anecdotes are usually worth while. He's a psychologist astray among *bibelots*, and the best bits he brings back from his raids on Christie's and the Hôtel Drouot are the fragments of human nature he picks up on those historic battle-fields. If his *flair* in enamel had been half as good we should have heard of the Finney collection by this time.

He really has—queer fatuous investigator!—an unusually sensitive touch for the human texture, and the specimens he gathers into his museum of heterogeneous memories have almost always some mark of the rare and chosen. I felt, therefore, that I was really to be congratulated on the fact that I didn't know what had become of the Daunt Diana, and on having before me a long evening in which to learn. I had just led my friend back, after an excellent dinner at Foyot's, to the shabby pleasant sitting-room of my *rive-gauche* hotel; and I knew that, once I had settled him in a good arm-chair, and put a box of cigars at his elbow, I could trust him not to budge till I had the story.

II

You remember old Neave, of course? Little Humphrey Neave, I mean. We used to see him pottering about Rome years ago. He lived in two tiny rooms over a wine shop, on polenta and lentils, and prowled among the refuse of the Ripetta whenever he had a few *soldi* to spend. But you've been out of the collector's world for so long that you may not know what happened to him afterward. . .

He was always a queer chap, Neave; years older than you and me, of course—and even when I first knew him, in my raw Roman days, he gave me an extraordinary sense of age and experience. I don't think I've ever known any one who was at once so intelligent and so simple. It's the precise combination that results in romance; and poor little Neave was romantic.

He told me once how he'd come to Rome. He was *originaire* of Mystic, Connecticut—and he wanted to get as far away from it as possible. Rome seemed as far as anything on the same planet could be; and after he'd worried his way through Harvard—with shifts and shavings that you and I can't imagine—he contrived to get sent to Switzerland as tutor to a chap who'd failed in his examinations. With only the Alps between, he wasn't likely to turn back; and he got another fellow to take his pupil home, and struck out on foot for the seven hills.

I'm telling you these early details merely to give you a notion of the man's idealism. There was a cool persistency and a headlong courage in his dash for Rome that one wouldn't have guessed in the little pottering chap we used to know. Once on the spot, he got more tutoring, managed to make himself a name for coaxing balky youths to take their fences, and was finally able to take up the more congenial task of expounding "the antiquities" to cultured travellers. I call it more congenial—but how it must have seared his soul! Fancy unveiling the sacred scars of Time to ladies who murmur: "Was this *actually* the spot —?" while they absently feel for their hat-pins! He used to say that nothing kept him at it but the exquisite thought of accumulating the *lire* for his collection. For the Neave collection, my dear fellow, began early, began almost with his Roman life, began in a series of little nameless odds and ends, broken trinkets, torn embroideries, the amputated extremities of maimed marbles: things that even the rag-picker had pitched away when he sifted his haul. But they weren't nameless or meaningless to Neave; his strength lay in his instinct for identifying, putting together, seeing sig-

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nificant relations. He was a regular Cuvier of bric-a-brac. And during those early years, when he had time to brood over trifles and note imperceptible differences, he gradually sharpened his instinct, and made it into the delicate and redoubtable instrument it is. Before he had a thousand francs' worth of *anticaglie* to his name he began to be known as an expert, and the big dealers were glad to consult him. But we're getting no nearer the Daunt Diana. . .

Well, some fifteen years ago, in London, I ran across Neave at Christie's. He was the same little man we'd known, effaced, bleached, indistinct, like a poor "impression"—as unnoticeable as one of his own early finds, yet, like them, with *a quality*, if one had an eye for it. He told me he still lived in Rome, and had contrived, by fierce self-denial, to get a few decent bits together —"piecemeal, little by little, with fasting and prayer; and I mean the fasting literally!" he said.

He had run over to London for his annual "look-round"—I fancy one or another of the big collectors usually paid his journey —and when we met he was on his way to see the Daunt collection. You know old Daunt was a surly brute, and the things weren't easily seen; but he had heard Neave was in London, and had sent—yes, actually sent!—for him to come and give his opinion on a few bits, including the Diana. The little man bore himself discreetly, but you can imagine his pride. In his exultation he asked me to come with him—"Oh, I've the *grandes et petites entrées*, my dear fellow: I've made my conditions—" and so it happened that I saw the first meeting between Humphrey Neave and his fate.

For that collection *was* his fate: or, one may say, it was embodied in the Diana who was queen and goddess of the realm. Yes —I shall always be glad I was with Neave when he had his first look at the Diana. I see him now, blinking at her through his white lashes, and stroking his seedy wisp of a moustache to hide a twitch of the muscles. It was all very quiet, but it was the *coup de foudre*. I could see that by the way his hands trembled when he turned away and began to examine the other things. You remember Neave's hands—thin, sallow, dry, with long inquisitive fingers thrown out like antennæ? Whatever they hold—bronze or lace, hard enamel or brittle glass—they have an air of conforming themselves to the texture of the thing, and sucking out of it, by every finger-tip, the mysterious essence it has secreted. Well, that day, as he moved about among Daunt's treasures, the Diana followed him everywhere. He didn't look back at her—he gave himself to the business he was there for—but whatever he touched, he felt her. And on the threshold he turned and gave her his first free look—the kind of look that says: "*You're mine.*"

It amused me at the time—the idea of little Neave making eyes at any of Daunt's belongings. He might as well have coquetted with the Kohinoor. And the same idea seemed to strike him; for as we turned away from the big house in Belgravia he glanced up at it and said, with a bitterness I'd never heard in him: "Good Lord! To think of that lumpy fool having those things to handle! Did you notice his stupid stumps of fingers? I suppose he blunted them gouging nuggets out of the gold fields. And in exchange for the nuggets he gets all that in a year—only has to hold out his callous palm to have that great ripe sphere of beauty drop into it! That's my idea of heaven—to have a great collection drop into one's hand, as success, or love, or any of the big shining things, drop suddenly on some men. And I've had to worry along for nearly fifty years, saving and paring, and haggling and intriguing, to get here a bit and there a bit—and not one perfection in the lot! It's enough to poison a man's life."

The outbreak was so unlike Neave that I remember every word of it: remember, too, saying in answer: "But, look here, Neave, you wouldn't take Daunt's hands for yours, I imagine?"

He stared a moment and smiled. "Have all that, and grope my way through it like a blind cave fish? What a question! But the sense that it's always the blind fish that live in that kind of aquarium is what makes anarchists, sir!" He looked back from the corner of the square, where we had paused while he delivered himself of this remarkable metaphor. "God, I'd like to throw a bomb at that place, and be in at the looting!"

And with that, on the way home, he unpacked his grievance—pulled the bandage off the wound, and showed me the ugly mark it had made on his little white soul.

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It wasn't the struggling, stinting, self-denying that galled him—it was the inadequacy of the result. It was, in short, the old tragedy of the discrepancy between a man's wants and his power to gratify them. Neave's taste was too exquisite for his means—was like some strange, delicate, capricious animal, that he cherished and pampered and couldn't satisfy.

"Don't you know those little glittering lizards that die if they're not fed on some wonderful tropical fly? Well, my taste's like that, with one important difference—if it doesn't get its fly, it simply turns and feeds on me. Oh, it doesn't die, my taste—worse luck! It gets larger and stronger and more fastidious, and takes a bigger bite of me—that's all."

That was all. Year by year, day by day, he had made himself into this delicate register of perceptions and sensations—as far above the ordinary human faculty of appreciation as some scientific registering instrument is beyond the rough human senses—only to find that the beauty which alone could satisfy him was unattainable—that he was never to know the last deep identification which only possession can give. He had trained himself in short, to feel, in the rare great thing—such an utterance of beauty as the Daunt Diana, say—a hundred elements of perfection, a hundred *reasons why*, imperceptible, inexplicable even, to the average "artistic" sense; he had reached this point by a long austere process of discrimination and rejection, the renewed great refusals of the intelligence which perpetually asks more, which will make no pact with its self of yesterday, and is never to be beguiled from its purpose by the wiles of the next-best-thing. Oh, it's a poignant case, but not a common one; for the next-best-thing usually wins. . .

You see, the worst of Neave's state was the fact of his not being a mere collector, even the collector raised to his highest pitch of efficiency. The whole thing was blent in him with poetry—his imagination had romanticized the acquisitive instinct, as the religious feeling of the Middle Ages turned passion into love. And yet his could never be the abstract enjoyment of the philosopher who says: "This or that object is really mine because I'm capable of appreciating it." Neave *wanted* what he appreciated—wanted it with his touch and his sight as well as with his imagination.

It was hardly a year afterward that, coming back from a long tour in India, I picked up a London paper and read the amazing headline: "Mr. Humphrey Neave buys the Daunt collection". . . I rubbed my eyes and read again. Yes, it could only be our old friend Humphrey. "An American living in Rome . . . one of our most discerning collectors"; there was no mistaking the description. I clapped on my hat and bolted out to see the first dealer I could find; and there I had the incredible details. Neave had come into a fortune—two or three million dollars, amassed by an uncle who had a corset-factory, and who had attained wealth as the creator of the Mystic Super-straight. (Corset-factory sounds odd, by the way, doesn't it? One had fancied that the corset was a personal, a highly specialized garment, more or less shaped on the form it was to modify; but, after all, the Tanagras were all made from two or three moulds—and so, I suppose, are the ladies who wear the Mystic Super-straight.)

The uncle had a son, and Neave had never dreamed of seeing a penny of the money; but the son died suddenly, and the father followed, leaving a codicil that gave everything to our friend. Humphrey had to go out to "realize" on the corset-factory; and his description of *that* . . . Well, he came back with his money in his pocket, and the day he landed old Daunt went to smash. It all fitted in like a Chinese puzzle. I believe Neave drove straight from Euston to Daunt House: at any rate, within two months the collection was his, and at a price that made the trade sit up. Trust old Daunt for that!

I was in Rome the following spring, and you'd better believe I looked him up. A big porter glared at me from the door of the Palazzo Neave: I had almost to produce my passport to get in. But that wasn't Neave's fault—the poor fellow was so beset by people clamouring to see his collection that he had to barricade himself, literally. When I had mounted the state *Scalone*, and come on him, at the end of half a dozen echoing saloons, in the farthest, smallest *rèduit* of the vast suite, I received the same welcome that he used to give us in his little den over the wine shop.

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"Well—so you've got her?" I said. For I'd caught sight of the Diana in passing, against the bluish blur of an old *verdure* —just the background for her poised loveliness. Only I rather wondered why she wasn't in the room where he sat.

He smiled. "Yes, I've got her," he returned, more calmly than I had expected.

"And all the rest of the loot?"

"Yes. I had to buy the lump."

"Had to? But you wanted to, didn't you? You used to say it was your idea of heaven—to stretch out your hand and have a great ripe sphere of beauty drop into it. I'm quoting your own words, by the way."

Neave blinked and stroked his seedy moustache. "Oh, yes. I remember the phrase. It's true—it *is* the last luxury." He paused, as if seeking a pretext for his lack of warmth. "The thing that bothered me was having to move. I couldn't cram all the stuff into my old quarters."

"Well, I should say not! This is rather a better setting."

He got up. "Come and take a look round. I want to show you two or three things—new attributions I've made. I'm doing the catalogue over."

The interest of showing me the things seemed to dispel the vague apathy I had felt in him. He grew keen again in detailing his redistribution of values, and above all in convicting old Daunt and his advisers of their repeated aberrations of judgment. "The miracle is that he should have got such things, knowing as little as he did what he was getting. And the egregious asses who bought for him were no better, were worse in fact, since they had all sorts of humbugging wrong reasons for admiring what old Daunt simply coveted because it belonged to some other rich man."

Never had Neave had so wondrous a field for the exercise of his perfected faculty; and I saw then how in the real, the great collector's appreciations the keenest scientific perception is suffused with imaginative sensibility, and how it's to the latter undefinable quality that in the last resort he trusts himself.

Nevertheless, I still felt the shadow of that hovering apathy, and he knew I felt it, and was always breaking off to give me reasons for it. For one thing, he wasn't used to his new quarters—hated their bigness and formality; then the requests to show his things drove him mad. "The women—oh, the women!" he wailed, and interrupted himself to describe a heavy-footed German Princess who had marched past his treasures as if she were inspecting a cavalry regiment, applying an unmodulated *Mugneeficent* to everything from the engraved gems to the Hercules torso.

"Not that she was half as bad as the other kind," he added, as if with a last effort at optimism. "The kind who discriminate and say: 'I'm not sure if it's Botticelli or Cellini I mean, but *one of that school*, at any rate.' And the worst of all are the ones who know—up to a certain point: have the schools, and the dates and the jargon pat, and yet wouldn't know a Phidias if it stood where they hadn't expected it."

He had all my sympathy, poor Neave; yet these were trials inseparable from the collector's lot, and not always without their secret compensations. Certainly they did not wholly explain my friend's attitude; and for a moment I wondered if it were due to some strange disillusionment as to the quality of his treasures. But no! the Daunt collection was almost above criticism; and as we passed from one object to another I saw there was no mistaking the genuineness of Neave's pride in his possessions. The ripe sphere of beauty was his, and he had found no flaw in it as yet. . .

A year later came the amazing announcement—the Daunt collection was for sale. At first we all supposed it was a case of weeding out (though how old Daunt would have raged at the thought of anybody's weeding *his* collection!) But no—the catalogue corrected that idea.. Every stick and stone was to go under the hammer. The news ran like wildfire from Rome to Berlin, from Paris to London and New York. Was Neave ruined, then? Wrong again—the dealers nosed that out in no time. He was simply selling because he chose to sell; and in due time the things came up at Christie's.

But you may be sure the trade had found an answer to the riddle; and the answer was that, on close inspection, Neave had found the collection less impeccable than he had supposed. It was a preposterous answer—but then there was no other. Neave, by this time, was pretty generally recognized as having the subtlest *flair* of any collector in Europe, and if he didn't choose to keep

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the Daunt collection it could be only because he had reason to think he could do better.

In a flash this report had gone the rounds and the buyers were on their guard. I had run over to London to see the thing through, and it was the queerest sale I ever was at. Some of the things held their own, but a lot—and a few of the best among them—went for half their value. You see, they'd been locked up in old Daunt's house for nearly twenty years, and hardly shown to any one, so that the whole younger generation of dealers and collectors knew of them only by hearsay. Then you know the effect of suggestion in such cases. The undefinable sense we were speaking of is a ticklish instrument, easily thrown out of gear by a sudden fall of temperature; and the sharpest experts grow shy and self-distrustful when the cold current of depreciation touches them. The sale was a slaughter—and when I saw the Daunt Diana fall at the wink of a little third-rate *brocanteur* from Vienna I turned sick at the folly of my kind.

For my part, I had never believed that Neave had sold the collection because he'd "found it out"; and within a year my incredulity was justified. As soon as the things were put in circulation they were known for the marvels they are. There was hardly a poor bit in the lot; and my wonder grew at Neave's madness. All over Europe, dealers began to be fighting for the spoils; and all kinds of stuff were palmed off on the unsuspecting as fragments of the Daunt collection!

Meanwhile, what was Neave doing? For a long time I didn't hear, and chance kept me from returning to Rome. But one day, in Paris, I ran across a dealer who had captured for a song one of the best Florentine bronzes in the Daunt collection—a marvellous *plaquette* of Donatello's. I asked him what had become of it, and he said with a grin: "I sold it the other day," naming a price that staggered me.

"Ye gods! Who paid you that for it?"

His grin broadened, and he answered: "Neave."

"*Neave?* Humphrey Neave?"

"Didn't you know he was buying back his things?"

"Nonsense!"

"He is, though. Not in his own name—but he's doing it."

And he *was*, do you know—and at prices that would have made a sane man shudder! A few weeks later I ran across his tracks in London, where he was trying to get hold of a Penicaud enamel—another of his scattered treasures. Then I hunted him down at his hotel, and had it out with him.

"Look here, Neave, what are you up to?"

He wouldn't tell me at first: stared and laughed and denied. But I took him off to dine, and after dinner, while we smoked, I happened to mention casually that I had a pull over the man who had the Penicaud—and at that he broke down and confessed.

"Yes, I'm buying them back, Finney—it's true." He laughed nervously, twitching his moustache. And then he let me have the story.

"You know how I'd hungered and thirsted for the *real thing*—you quoted my own phrase to me once, about the 'ripe sphere of beauty.' So when I got my money, and Daunt lost his, almost at the same moment, I saw the hand of Providence in it. I knew that, even if I'd been younger, and had more time, I could never hope, nowadays, to form such a collection as *that*. There was the ripe sphere, within reach; and I took it. But when I got it, and began to live with it, I found out my mistake. It was a *mariage de convenance*—there'd been no wooing, no winning. Each of my little old bits—the rubbish I chucked out to make room for Daunt's glories—had its own personal history, the drama of my relation to it, of the discovery, the struggle, the capture, the first divine moment of possession. There was a romantic secret between us. And then I had absorbed its beauties one by one, they had become a part of my imagination, they held me by a hundred threads of far-reaching association. And suddenly I had expected to create this kind of intense personal tie between myself and a roomful of new cold alien presences—things staring at me vacantly from the depths of unknown pasts! Can you fancy a more preposterous hope? Why, my other things, my *own* things, had wooed me as passionately as I wooed them: there was a certain little bronze, a little Venus Callipyge, who had drawn me, drawn me, drawn me, imploring me to rescue her from her unspeakable surroundings in a vulgar bric-a-brac shop at Biarritz, where she shrank out of sight among

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sham Sèvres and Dutch silver, as one has seen certain women—rare, shy, exquisite—made almost invisible by the vulgar splendours surrounding them. Well! that little Venus, who was just a specious seventeenth century attempt at the 'antique,' but who had penetrated me with her pleading grace, touched me by the easily guessed story of her obscure, anonymous origin, was more to me imaginatively—yes! more than the cold bought beauty of the Daunt Diana. . ."

"The Daunt Diana!" I broke in. "Hold up, Neave—*the Daunt Diana?*"

He smiled contemptuously. "A professional beauty, my dear fellow—expected every head to be turned when she came into a room."

"Oh, Neave," I groaned.

"Yes, I know. You're thinking of what we felt that day we first saw her in London. Many a poor devil has sold his soul as the result of such a first sight! Well, I sold *her* instead. Do you want the truth about her? *Elle etait bête à pleurer.*"

He laughed, and stood up with a little shrug of disenchantment.

"And so you're impenitent?" I paused. "And yet you're buying some of the things back?"

Neave laughed again, ironically. "I knew you'd find me out and call me to account. Well, yes: I'm buying back." He stood before me half sheepish, half defiant. "I'm buying back because there's nothing else as good in the market. And because I've a queer feeling that, this time, they'll be *mine*. But I'm ruining myself at the game!" he confessed.

It was true: Neave was ruining himself. And he's gone on ruining himself ever since, till now the job's nearly done. Bit by bit, year by year, he has gathered in his scattered treasures, at higher prices than the dealers ever dreamed of getting. There are fabulous details in the story of his quest. Now and then I ran across him, and was able to help him recover a fragment; and it was wonderful to see his delight in the moment of reunion. Finally, about two years ago, we met in Paris, and he told me he had got back all the important pieces except the Diana.

"The Diana? But you told me you didn't care for her."

"Didn't care?" He leaned across the restaurant table that divided us. "Well, no, in a sense I didn't. I wanted her to want me, you see; and she didn't then! Whereas now she's crying to me to come to her. You know where she is?" he broke off.

Yes, I knew: in the centre of Mrs. Willy P. Goldmark's yellow and gold drawing-room, under a thousand-candle-power chandelier, with reflectors aimed at her from every point of the compass. I had seen her wincing and shivering there in her outraged nudity at one of the Goldmark "crushes."

"But you can't get her, Neave," I objected.

"No, I can't get her," he said.

Well, last month I was in Rome, for the first time in six or seven years, and of course I looked about for Neave. The Palazzo Neave was let to some rich Russians, and the splendid new porter didn't know where the proprietor lived. But I got on his trail easily enough, and it led me to a strange old place in the Trastevere, an ancient crevassed black palace turned tenement house, and fluttering with pauper clothes-lines. I found Neave under the leads, in two or three cold rooms that smelt of the *cuisine* of all his neighbours: a poor shrunken little figure, seedier and shabbier than ever, yet more alive than when we had made the tour of his collection in the Palazzo Neave.

The collection was around him again, not displayed in tall cabinets and on marble tables, but huddled on shelves, perched on chairs, crammed in corners, putting the gleam of bronze, the opalescence of old glass, the pale lustre of marble, into all the angles of his low dim rooms. There they were, the proud presences that had stared at him down the vistas of Daunt House, and shone in cold transplanted beauty under his own painted cornices: there they were, gathered in humble promiscuity about his bent shabby figure, like superb wild creatures tamed to become the familiars of some harmless old wizard.

As we went from bit to bit, as he lifted one piece after another, and held it to the light of his low windows, I saw in his hands the same tremor of sensation that I had noticed when he first examined the same objects at Daunt House. All his life was in his finger-tips, and it seemed to communi-

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cate life to the exquisite things he touched. But you'll think me infected by his mysticism if I tell you they gained new beauty while he held them. . .

We went the rounds slowly and reverently; and then, when I supposed our inspection was over, and was turning to take my leave, he opened a door I had not noticed, and showed me into a slit of a room beyond. It was a mere monastic cell, scarcely large enough for his narrow iron bed and the chest which probably held his few clothes; but there, in a niche of the bare wall, facing the foot of the bed—there stood the Daunt Diana.

I gasped at the sight and turned to him; and he looked back at me without speaking.

"In the name of magic, Neave, how did you do it?"

He smiled as if from the depths of some secret rapture. "Call it magic, if you like; but I ruined myself doing it," he said.

I stared at him in silence, breathless with the madness and the wonder of it; and suddenly, red to the ears, he flung out his boyish confession. "I lied to you that day in London—the day I said I didn't care for her. I always cared—always worshipped—always wanted her. But she wasn't mine then, and I knew it, and she knew it . . . and now at last we understand each other." He looked at me shyly, and then glanced about the bare cold cell. "The setting isn't worthy of her, I know; she was meant for glories I can't give her; but beautiful things, my dear Finney, like beautiful spirits, live in houses not made with hands. . ."

His face shone with extraordinary sweetness as he spoke; and I saw he'd got hold of the secret we're all after. No, the setting isn't worthy of her, if you like. The rooms are as shabby and mean as those we used to see him in years ago over the wine shop. I'm not sure they're not shabbier and meaner. But she rules there at last, she shines and hovers there above him, and there at night, I doubt not, steals down from her cloud to give him the Latmian kiss. . .

UNFREQUENTED CHÂTEAUX NEAR FONTAINEBLEAU

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

MELUN is but a short hour southward from Paris and the first stop of the fast trains for the Riviera. It is on the northern confines of the Forest of Fontainebleau, and the stags, pursued by the pack of baying hounds, often make their last stand in the Bois de la Rochette which adjoins Melun to the south.

Should you alight from the train in autumn at about four o'clock, you would surely wonder, as you glanced at the long provincial street with its single trolley track, why so goodly an array of handsome traps and motor-cars were drawn up before the station, and why so smart a crowd of footmen stood anxiously scanning the crowd for the master's familiar face. Presently the carriages would whisk off in different directions, some down under the railroad bridge toward Vives-Eaux and Fortoiseau; some up the long street and out over the plains to the north toward Vaux-Praslin, others to follow along the banks of the Seine to La Rochette on one side or Vaux-le-Pénil on the other.

Did you take one of these carriages sent six miles across country by some kind host to meet you, you would now follow the clear white road up over the plateau, skirting broad fields of stubble where pheasants would occasionally run out from under the hedgerows or a rabbit scamper across the road. You would note, too, the *abris* where the guns take cover during the shoot, when the

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"beaters" drive up the game. Great straw-stacks — *bonhommes de paille*, thatched with that deft nicety so characteristic of everything that the French farmer does — swell their comfortable rounded masses in colonies of six or eight against the setting sun, and presently you whirl through the pretty little town of Dammarie-les-Lys with its rose-embowered walls and ivy-clad gate-posts, topped with vases of geraniums, only to find yourself once more out upon the broad plain which now sweeps downward toward a bend of the Seine.

A turn, and you enter a double avenue of lofty trees, a century or two old, and at its end see a high wrought-iron grill, one gate of which stands invitingly open. Great stone retaining-walls, topped with ivy extend far on either hand, while beyond the grill, a *tapis vert* stretches up to the château, gleaming cream-white among the clipped trees. The roadway describes a broad circle, and as you draw up under the glass marquise a tall footman runs down the carpeted steps to open the carriage door. A great wood fire greets you in the big drawing-room, whose windows cheerily face on the one hand the *tapis vert*, and on the other the broad expanses of the formal garden.

With what pleasure I recall the dinners in the hospitable dining-room; the evenings in the library with its dim array of aged volumes, its rare lithographs and sanguines by Boucher and his school glowing down from the walls, and Holbein's portrait of Erasmus peeping from a corner as we sat about the glow of the great chimney piece. And the alcove-beds upstairs with their faded chintz hangings, and the old wall panellings of Trianon gray, enlivened with oval old-time paintings over the doors and mantel shelves! . . .

But it is not alone on account of this charming hospitality that one would wish to visit the châteaux near Fontainebleau. They offer many another attraction.

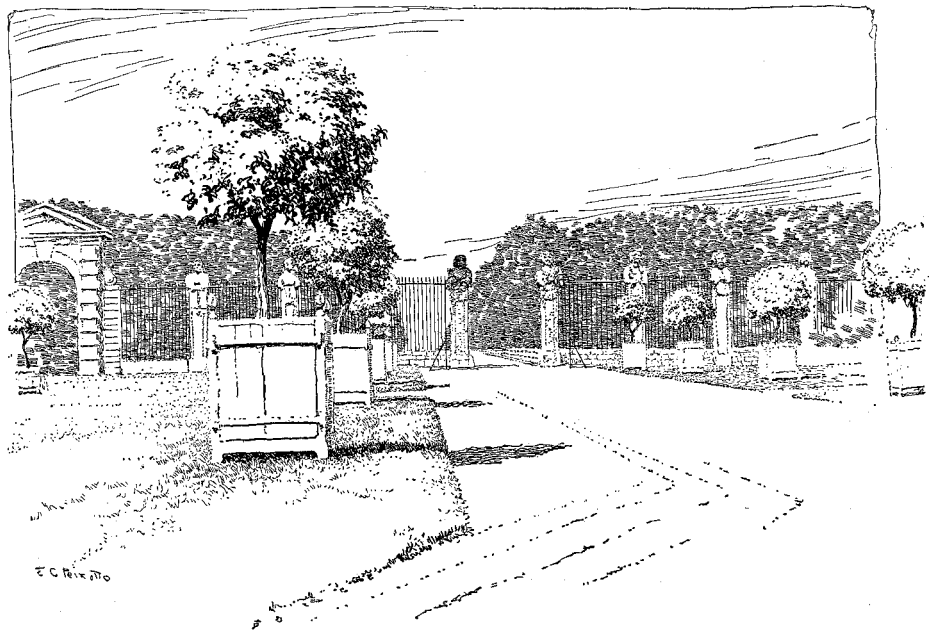
To me they were an old story, for I had lived long in their vicinity. Therefore it was a constant surprise that so few of our friends had even heard of them.

In fact so little are they known that, instead of calling them unfrequented châteaux, I might almost allude to them as unknown châteaux.

I

VAUX-LE-VICOMTE

Of these châteaux about Melun the most important historically as well as artistically is Vaux-le-Vicomte. While Louis



The entrance gates, Vaux.

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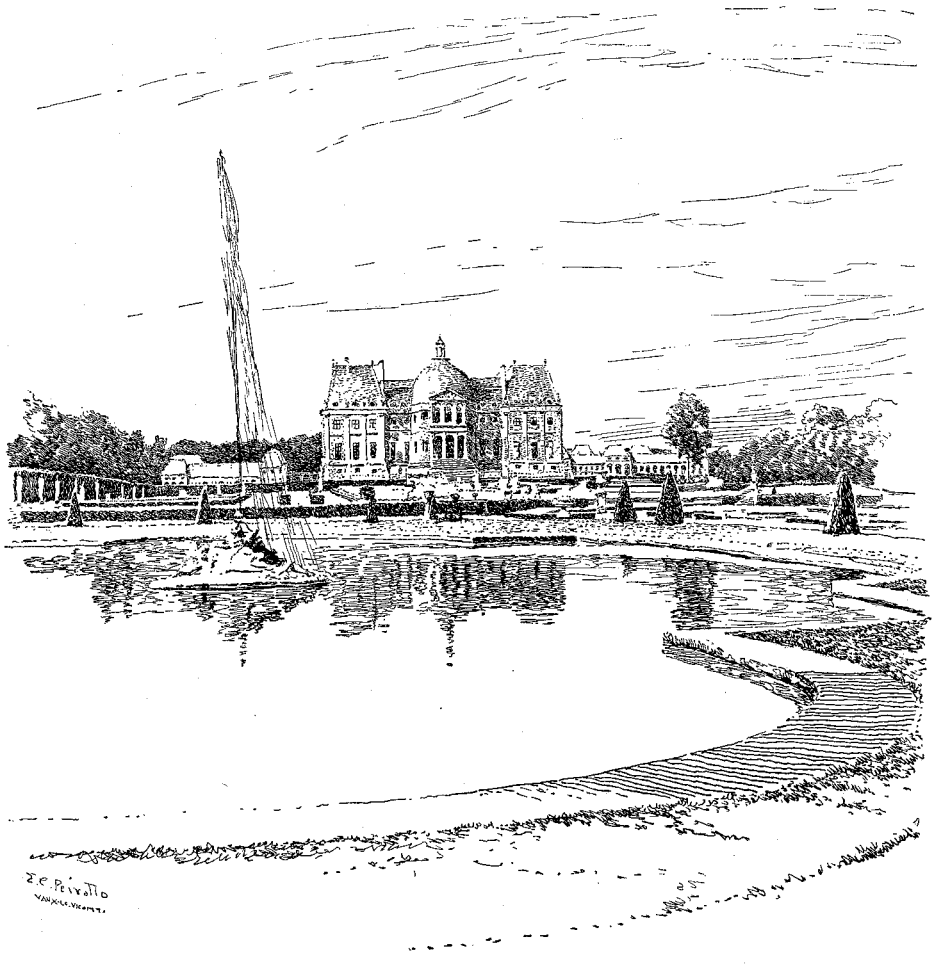

Vaux-le-Vicomte—from the parterres.

XIV was still contenting himself with the comparative luxury of his palaces at St. Germain and Fontainebleau as they then existed, his chancellor, Fouquet, having carefully administered the affairs of state largely to his own profit, determined to build for himself a château that would eclipse anything his royal master then possessed. He appointed Le Vau his architect and Le Brun his artist-in-chief, and with their help perfected a magnificent set of plans which cost sixteen million francs (an enormous sum for those days) to complete. When Le Vau's work was finished, Le Brun's began. He assembled at Vaux a veritable army of artisans and artists, and established himself there with his wife like a grand seigneur in an entire apartment on the first floor. A tapestry factory was established nearby at Maincy, where the elaborate hangings for the rooms and for the furniture were woven.

Le Nôtre, then at the beginning of his career, was next called in to plan the gardens, and they were his first great opportunity. Posterity has united in saying that he made the most of it. Hundreds of workmen changed this barren plain to a garden of enchantment, replete with every device that Le Nôtre's imagination gave to the French school of landscape architects.

If we consider the amount of artistic effort expended in the construction and decoration of Vaux, in the architecture of its gardens and the making of its furnishings; if we stop to consider that Fouquet was a renowned collector of pictures, tapestries, statues and rare prints; that his numerous portraits were graven in steel by twenty different engravers; that he collected coins and had nu-

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merous medals struck for himself—we can understand why he was called the Mæcenas of his day and why he merited the title.

But alas, his "fool's paradise," as it was called, proved his undoing!

When the château was finished he invited a great party, including Monsieur and his bride Henrietta of England, and a series of brilliant fêtes was inaugurated. But Fouquet's ambition stopped at nothing short of entertaining the King himself, and of showing his sovereign what the combined genius of such a galaxy of stars as Le Vau, Le Brun, Le Nôtre, and Vatel, his ever-to-be-remembered chef, could accomplish.

His ambition was finally gratified, for the King consented to come. Such extravagant fêtes as those then organized had never before been known. In the bosquets of the garden the guests found booths where dainties and rare perfumes and gifts were distributed; men whose propensity for gambling was well known, on awakening in the morning, found purses filled with gold upon their dressing-tables. The King was disgusted at this vulgar show of wealth, and jealous, too, if the truth be told, and while he exclaimed, "What foolish extravagance!" he noted, with all too evident irritation, Fouquet's device carved everywhere about the house: a squirrel running up a tree with the motto, "Quo non ascendam?"

The crowning glory of these fêtes was the performance by Molière and his troupe of "Le Fâcheux," especially written for the occasion. It was given in the gardens by star-light. When the guests were seated, Molière appeared without make-up or costume, and apparently was dumbfounded at seeing the King. He apologized for neither having his players with him nor a play to give. Just then there rose from the waters of a fountain nearby a nymph in a shell. She gracefully stated that she had come from her home in the water's depths to behold the greatest monarch the world had ever seen.

Started in this flattering key, this dainty conceit of a play went on to praise Louis at the expense of his courtiers, satirizing them as *les fâcheux*—the bores—with their hobbies, their sycophancy and foibles, and pleasing the King so extravagantly that he called up and congratulated the author, even suggesting a new character to be introduced—the *grand veneur* and his interminable stories of the hunt.

From that evening Molière was assured of the lasting favor of his King, and it marked the turning-point of his career from troubles and petty jealousies to fame and favor. La Fontaine, also one of Fouquet's pensioners, was among the spectators that evening, and his "*Songe de Vaux*" was written in memory of the occasion:

> Tout combattit à Vaux pour le plaisir du roi:
> La musique, les leaux, les lustres, les étoiles.

But the King amid his pleasures could not forget his jealousy, which reached its culmination when he heard that Fouquet had dared raise his eyes to the royal favorite, Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Eighteen days later the chancellor was arrested by the King's command and sent to prison for life.

Vaux passed into the hands of the Duc de Praslin, and still is often called by his name, Vaux-Praslin.

Unlike the châteaux that have become the property of the state to be made into museums, cold, uninhabited and uninhabitable, Vaux retains to the utmost degree its pristine magnificence. Owned until very recently by a man of great wealth, who had the respect of its traditions, it has lost none of its beauty. Its incomparable gardens stretch green in the sunlight spreading their parterres and *boulingrins;* their fountains, statues and great *pièces d'eau* almost to the limits of the horizon. Armies of gardeners trim the pleached hedges, plant the elaborate borders, and remove every stray leaf from the gravel walks. It is the acme of formal French gardening.

The estate is separated from the county road by an imposing grill, with stone posts in the form of Hermes some thirty feet high. From this the main avenue, flanked by orange trees in tubs, slopes down between the *basse cour* and conservatories on one hand, and the carriage-houses and garages on the other to the drawbridge. The whole château stands nobly raised on a great stone terrace reflecting itself on all sides in the waters of a broad moat. One mounts a wide rise of steps to the vast stone vestibule, with its full equipment of liveried footmen in silk stockings and gold lace. From this vestibule the main *salons* lead off on either hand, with the beautiful paintings by Mignard and the two Le Bruns still glowing in alcove and lunette and in the coffers of the ceilings. The hangings, the furniture,

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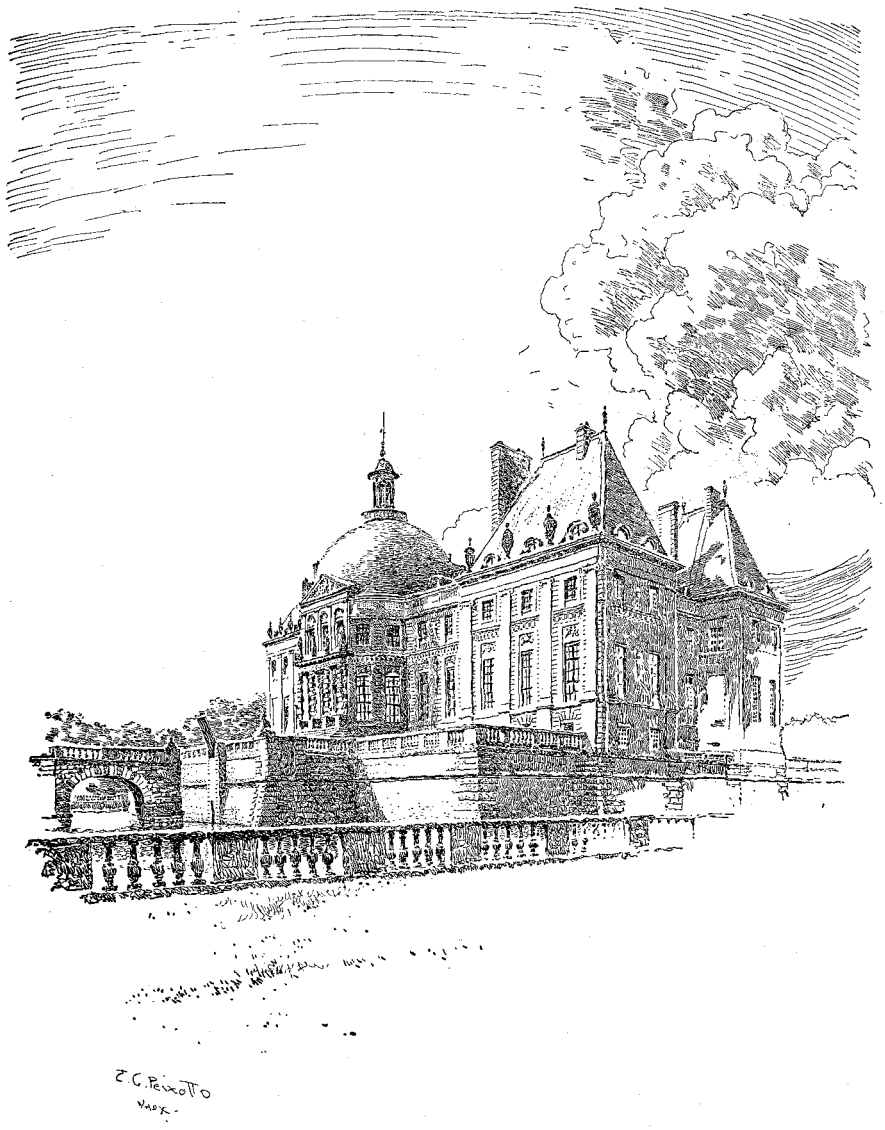

Vaux-le-Vicomte.

wood-work and panelling—much of it of the original period—are still fairly perfect in style, showing the faults, the pomposity, if you will, but the grave dignity of that courtly epoch of Le Grand Monarque.

The great feature of the interior is a vast stone rotunda capped with the dome that forms so conspicuous a part of the garden façade. This *salle* serves as connecting link between the house and garden, for it is half imbedded in the château and half of it projects out of doors. Its circumference is equally divided by doors and windows, the doors leading into various adjoining drawing-rooms, the windows opening to the ground and affording beautiful vistas of the garden.

It is only on stepping from this rotunda out upon the terrace, from which a long flight of steps leads down, that the splendor and spread of Le Nôtre's garden architecture count for their full value. The planting is, of course, denser and richer than in Fouquet's day. The broad parterres, wider even than at Versailles, stretch away to the little river confined by rustic cascades, beyond which a broad upland rises,

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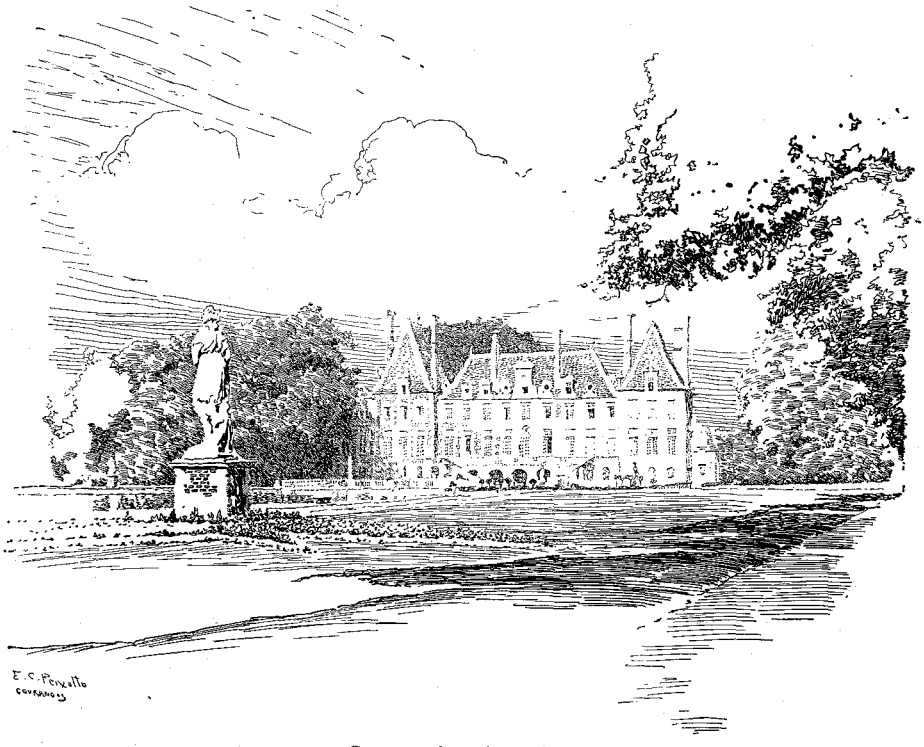

Courances from the gardens.

framed by a hemicycle of trees and decorated with an enormous gilded Farnese Hercules. The gardens are enriched with all the devices of Le Nôtre's art: fountains, great urns and vases, gilt statues, *rocailles* and *treillages*. Some of the sunken gardens, notably that of the Bassin de la Couronne, still simulate the old *parterres de broderie*—designs carried out in clipped box-borders, whose compartments are filled with colored stone and bits of glass. As a contrast to these vast sunlit spaces, the whole garden is surrounded by a *tonnelle* of clipped hornbeam, whose dense shade entices one in from the summer's sun and leads to shady boscages, cool seats, and niches where ghostly statues gleam in the shadows.

To many critics, though these gardens were Le Nôtre's first important work, they remain his greatest achievement.

II

COURANCES

On the route d'Arbonne the beeches were beginning to yellow; the cool depths of the forest near Franchard held a refreshing suggestion of chill—refreshing after the long summer warmth—and farther on, in the open spaces, the pines cast long bluish shadows over the drying heather that October morning. But the drive through the forest was none the less perfect and our horses sniffed the brisk morning air with very evident pleasure.

And when we reached the confines of the woods, broad meadows lay before us and the air grew warmer. We passed a little village, then turned out into the fields until we came again to small patches of woodland grown with youngish trees. A faint crepitation in the woods to the left—a sound I knew very well—made Felix crack his whip and declare, "*On chasse chez Monsieur le Marquis aujourd'hui.*" Now and then a stray pheasant or a brace of partridges, escaping the beaters, would hum over our heads to the highlands on the right. But except for a white flag or two on the edge of the wood, we saw never a sign of the guns whose volleys we could still hear from time to time.

Not long after a village came into sight, and we drew up in front of the single little

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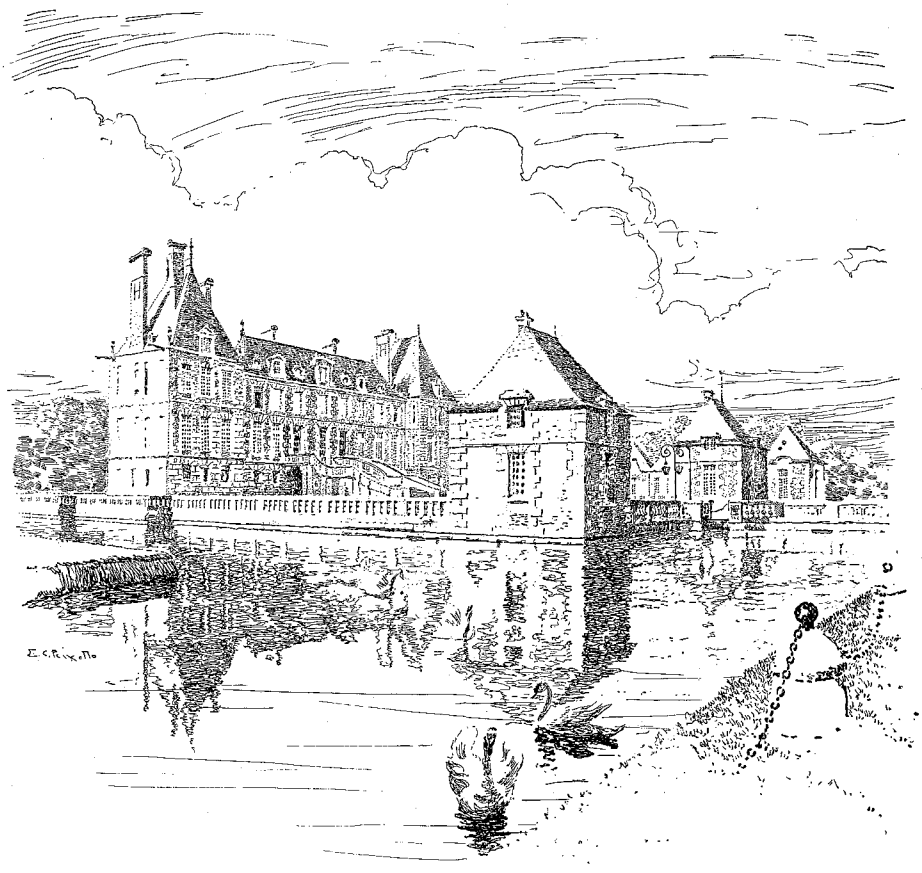
inn of which the town of Courances boasts. We knew it of old, and after the usual words of greeting the proprietor and his buxom wife bestirred themselves to prepare something befitting our arrival. And it was good when served, as it always is in these primitive French inns.

Afterward we wandered down the road to where the château lies, in a hollow far from the "beaten track," unsought, unknown to the tourist, unchronicled by Baedeker. We had driven there frequently before, but no matter how often seen, one can never escape an *impression* at the first glimpse of the great avenue that acts as approach.

This royal *allée*—a hundred yards in width and thrice as long, bordered on each side by wide canals, behind which double curtains of sycamores, centuries old, whose branches trimmed up high, droop down, down into the very water itself—leads from the entrance gate up to the square island where stands the château, whose peaked roofs and tall chimneys close the vista.

It is quite a walk up this avenue, and then you find yourself before the stone drawbridge. The château stands with its feet in the water, so to speak, mirroring itself in the silent waters of a broad moat to which groups of stately swans add life. The building, preceded by an immense stone forecourt, stands well back from the drawbridge and its four flanking pavilions. An exterior horse-shoe staircase, evidently inspired by, and at all events very reminiscent of, its neighbor at the Palace of Fontainebleau (in both cases a late excrescence and a disfigurement rather than an ornament), ascends to the main floor and entrance.

The château itself is a rarely perfect design of the time of Henry II, solid gray stone on its north or court side, brick and stone on its south or garden side, and the contrast be-



Courances.

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tween the sombre dignity of the one and the gay sunlit quality of the other is singularly effective.

Behind the château the axis of the great avenue is again taken up by the central line of the beautiful gardens embellished with statues, fountains, *corbeilles* and cascades—all very formal in arrangement and quite in accord with the dignified old pile that they frame. The gardens are surrounded on all sides by dense woods, damp, moss-grown and ivy-clad.

The interior of the château has been somewhat modernized, but the main floor retains all its old characteristics: rooms in sequence occupying the entire width without halls, their windows affording garden vistas to the south and views down the great *allée* to the north. They are furnished with taste and magnificence.

On the floor above a corridor skirts the north side of the building, and opposite each of its windows a door opens into a bedroom. Between these doors hang a series of rare Gobelin tapestries of exquisite workmanship of the time of Louis XV, completely covering all the wall spaces.

III

FLEURY-EN-BIÈRE

We picked up our carriage again in the town, and were off across the Marquis's broad acres toward his other château, Fleury-en-Bière.

The Forecourt, Fleury.

The landscape is beautifully undulating: hill slopes topped with woods and pastures adjoining fields of grain, and numerous clumps of coppice, ideal shelter for game with rich feeding-ground all about. The shooting that we had heard in the morning was again audible off to the right, and constantly grew nearer and nearer. Soon *rabatteurs* in white, carrying white flags, appeared coming toward us at a bend in the road, and presently a happy accident brought us into the very thick of the shoot.

It made a brave show indeed, stretching across the fields a quarter-mile or so—seven guns only, spaced well apart, each followed

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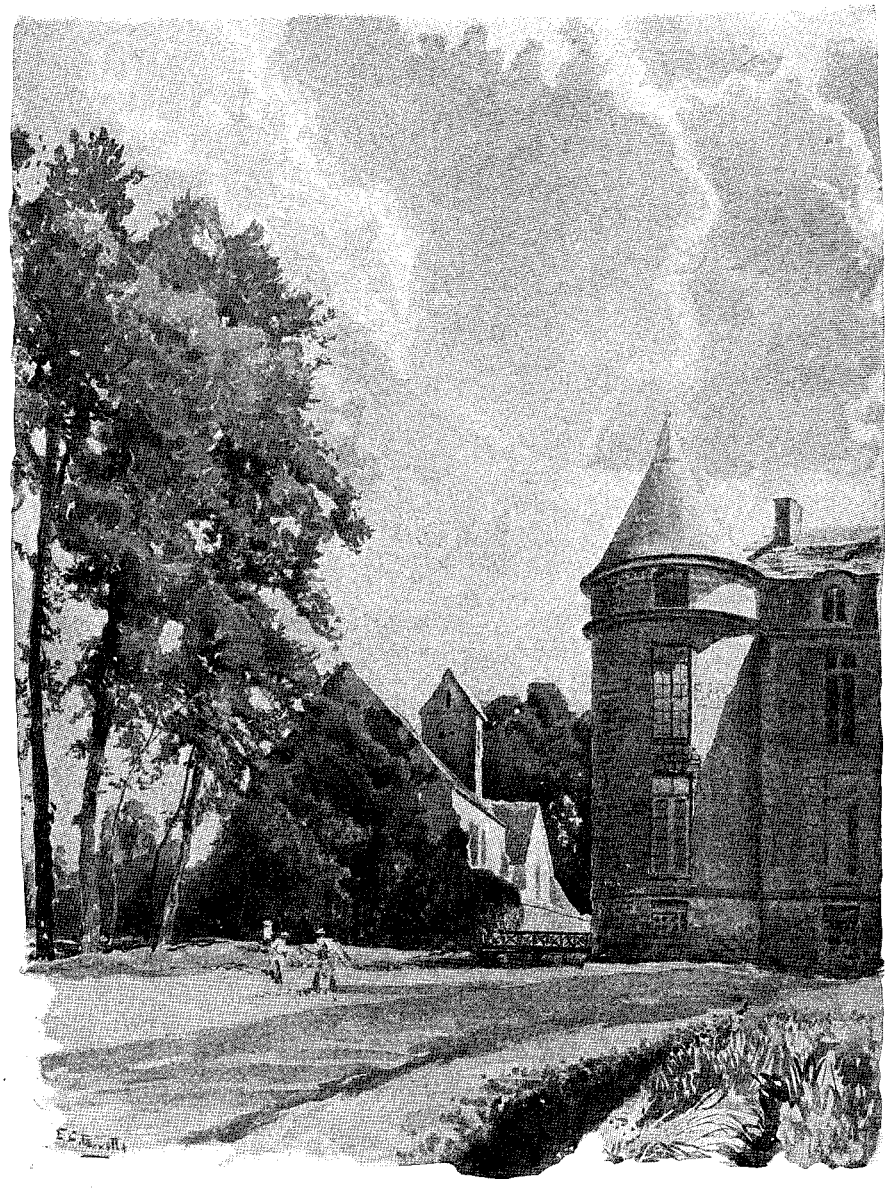

Fleury and its church.

by two men, one to reload and the other to pick up game while on the flanks, and behind trudged quite a little army, nearly seventy in all. Bringing up the rear was a commodious covered wagon, with extra guns and laden with game. As the long line approached each thicket where the birds had taken cover, the "beaters" advanced, and pheasants and partridges whirled out in clouds to be saluted with volleys from the rapid-fire guns.

We may all have our own ideas of how sportsmanlike a proceeding this is, and how much real pleasure is derived from the mere killing of quantities of game; but in the sunlight of this bright October afternoon it made a very pleasant picture and one to be remembered.

As I have said, Fleury was our objective point, and soon its long retaining wall of gray stone with angle watch-towers came into sight.

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Fleury-en-Bière.

The estate stands in open fields except for a tiny vassal town adjoining the château. This latter was built in the time of Francis I, and, in spite of its ruinous condition, remains an exceptionally fine type of the seigniorial residence of that period.

A high stone wall beautifully panelled in brick, with a fine gate-house in the middle, shuts off from the road a vast forecourt bordered on two sides by servants' quarters and stables panelled like the wall in brick, and at the back by the big château.

This is a simple stately building of gray stone with round corner-towers. At one end a wing projects, terminated by a very picturesque tower or group of towers, with high pitched roofs, and the whole group of buildings is moated.

The château has not been occupied for years and the interior has fallen into woeful disrepair, though the mantels and much of the old wood panelling still remain. Its present owner, the Marquis de G——, who lives at Courances, uses Fleury only as his farm. So one does not wonder to find the *basse cour* the real feature of the estate. It is a truly princely farmyard—the best that I remember to have seen—expect perhaps the one belonging to the Chapter of Notre Dame, near Larchant. It adjoins the fore-court to the south and is surrounded on all sides by stone barns and wagon-houses, whose walls are also divided into these same brick panels that form so characteristic a feature of Fleury's architecture.

Great doors capable of swallowing entire hay-wains and topped with gables, give access to the various granaries and hay-lofts. I can give no better idea of the size

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of these buildings than by saying that I have actually seen half a regiment of artillery encamped within their walls. Shepherds come in from the moist fields below the château with their flocks of sheep; at milking time the cows wander in from rich pastures; turkeys strut in the sunshine and spread their tails; troops of fat geese and ducks hiss and cackle at the wayfarer, and sleek pigeons preen themselves on the gables.

It all takes one back to the days of his childhood and the story of "Puss-in-Boots": "To whom do these broad acres belong?" "To the Marquis of Carabas." "To whom do these fat flocks belong?" "To the Marquis of Carabas."

. . . . . .

There are other châteaux in this same vicinity well worth a visit. Vaux-le-Pénil, on the banks of the Seine, is an imposing piece of eighteenth-century masonry; La Rochette, perched in the high woods across the river, dates from an earlier period; Fortoiseau is a happily preserved example of a summer home of the time of Louis XVI, Le Bréau is remarkable for its ample park; and the superb *boiseries* of its *salons*, where oval family portraits are framed in the upper panels.

HEART'S DESIRE

By Julia C. R. Dorr

"God give you your heart's desire,
Whatever it be," she said;
Then down the gallery's shining length
Like a thing of light she sped.

Her face was a stranger's face;
Her name I shall never know;
But softly her benediction fell
As the night-winds breathing low.

Who knoweth the heart's desire?
Its innermost secret dream?
Its holiest shrine where the altar lights
Forever and ever gleam?

Who guesseth the heart's desire?
Ah, neither you nor I!
It hideth away in darkling space
From the gaze of the passer-by.

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the child that cries for the moon?
Or the samite robe and the Holy Grail
To the soul that was born too soon?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the lover whose love lies dead?
Or the priest who faces the silence
With the living word unsaid?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the poet with harp unstrung,
When he droppeth the trembling lyre
With his noblest song unsung?

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"I will make her happy," she cried softly.—Page 53.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE MOTHER

By Emerson Taylor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE O'NEILL WILSON

"I CAN'T make her out. Can you?"

"Well, she's certainly very different."

"She's awfully pretty."

"Oh, do you think so! Not but what she's perfectly all right, you know. I didn't mean *that*, for a minute."

For a year or more after young and exquisite Mrs. Forsyth came back to the old Seymour place—her grandfather's—to live, the talk about her flickered up and down Burchester, bright and hot. You would have thought she must have felt the scorch of it; but as a matter of fact she walked through the fire so serenely that surely she could not have even dreamed how busy people were with her name and her way of living in and out of the house she had made so beautiful. Not but what the ladies had grounds for a *little* gossiping! Her simply fashioned clothes, somehow so impossible to copy, suggested shyly in the spring the changes which the Burchester ladies found in the fashion books the following autumn—and she had millions of them. Somebody had heard that she had been obliged to separate from the brute of a man to whom she had been married sixteen months—or was it six?—after the wedding. A look of sorrow almost tragical stole into her lovely face at times; and Burchester felt nervous in the presence of those emotions which let souls still on earth know for a flash of time the meaning of heaven or hell. She had been known to laugh elfishly when other people were very much in earnest. All this! And furthermore, what by itself was more than enough to insure her being talked of wonderingly—with either envy or mistrust, as one talks

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of those who are said to possess occult powers—her two maid servants worshipped her very shadow. One of them—think of it!—Mrs. Forsyth had transformed from the usual "general houseworker" into the deftest and smartest of Anglo-Franco parlor maids; the other she had lifted bodily, as it were, from the primary grade of cookery, from croquettes and lemon jelly, to a mastery of the very mysteries, to *canard en chemise* and *pêches cardinales*. They worshipped her, though she preferred to dine at seven instead of at the usual one or six o'clock, though she used china which would crack if you looked at it. Children worshipped her, too, all of them from six to sixty. Some few people like Dr. Cameron, the rector, the head of the girls' school, or Mrs. Green the grocer's wife, thought her the most wonderful woman in the world.

"But you cannot deny, my dear," said the good sense of the little city, which was as infallible as always, "that Mrs. Forsyth, however charming, is a ve-ry cu-ri-ous young woman. In every sense of the word."

That is how they judged her, being both open-minded and lenient. And so, when one day there appeared in her company little Margery Sloane, a shy and silent child with the shape of a statuette, whom Mrs. Forsyth casually announced as a distant cousin she had legally adopted, society first asked itself if anything so queer had ever happened in town before, shook its collective head over the chances of any child's making a fair start in life under such circumstances, and finished by inquiring why in the world Mrs. Forsyth had taken all the trouble of raising a child on her graceful shoulders anyhow.

That is the question which old Dr. Cameron asked her one evening point blank. They were dining together.

"Why did I do it?" she repeated after him, idly twisting the stem of her glass.

"I'm tremendously interested—personally."

"Really? But you asked me why I have adopted Margery exactly like a newspaper reporter," she answered, but with a consoling smile at his confusion across the great silver bowl of white roses. "I presume that your interview will be given to the public?"

He rallied gamely. "Of course. If I didn't love gossip—discreetly, I'd lose half my practice."

"It was Jane who suggested it," said Mrs. Forsyth, indifferently, with a slight shrug of her white shoulders. Her delicate eyebrows lifted a trifle.

"Jane——?"

"A doll," she explained, as if that accounted for everything. "A doll I bought last year at the church fair. I've grown very fond of her now that she has outgrown her early associations. She is really charming now. But I felt that she needed a child to play with. And so—" Her gesture finished her speech. The look she sent the doctor had a hint of defiance in it.

But he was very patient with her. "That will do for all of your acquaintances but one, dear lady."

She studied him. "Such a one as——"

"Your very real friend," said Dr. Cameron quietly.

"Forgive me!" she asked contritely. "Will you?"

"On one condition."

"You'll think me very ungracious," she warned him. "But friends, even a good one, with whom one can talk for hours, aren't quite enough—are they?—when one asks of life something more than friendship."

"You wanted an occupation," he hazarded.

"I wanted a child," she replied simply. "I never had one of my own. Thank Heaven!" she added. "Under the circumstances." She raised her dark eyes to his, then looked away wistfully to the velvety summer night beyond the open windows. "But one is very lonely sometimes. And one feels a bit defrauded, I think, without——"

"What will you do with her?" he interrupted gently.

Her reply came like a flash of flame.

"I will make her happy," she cried softly, yet with the passionate eagerness of one taking up a challenge. The color had flooded her cheeks. "She shall know all I didn't know, doctor. I will make her into the woman I might have been—into what we women all have the right to hope to be, but which most of us fail to become because we have to learn for ourselves, too late sometimes. She shall be mine—the daughter of my dreams and hopes. I shall give the world one good gift at least. After—after all, doctor."

"Fine!" he applauded. "But you've

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another reason for adopting Margery. You've almost told it to me."

"Well——!"

"Besides finding a companion for Jane," he went on.

She rose from her chair; but he continued seated, studying her lovely face, where the eager confidence of a moment before had given place to a tender, almost girlish confusion. She lowered her eyes for a second, then raised them tranquilly.

"I shall love being a mother," she whispered. "I have wanted to be that. And I'm *going* to be one," she smiled, bending to draw out one of the roses from the silver bowl, "even if it's only a make-believe mother after all. If you try very hard, can't you make your play seem real?" she asked "Say 'Yes.'"

"Yes!" he replied heartily. He raised his glass with a little bow. "My best wishes, my dear!"

She was cooling her cheek against the fresh white blossom.

"For make-believes?"

"For you and your daughter," he corrected. "I mean it, Donna Quixote."

In the months that followed he liked to recall, like a miser happy in a secret treasure, her every word, every shade of her elusive phrase, the tone of her voice, the sorrow and the shy hope in her dark eyes, as he had sensed them all that summer evening. He was so sure of her. He had been so proud to have had confidence where Burchester had only doubt and vague mistrust. He believed in her. And that is why, one morning, he stumped down the broad stairs from the beautiful room where little Margery was lying listless and white, as though tired from play, with a feeling of bewilderment and disappointment. On this critical day of her darling's sudden and sharp illness, Mrs. Forsyth was not on hand to hear his verdict. He had had to share his satisfaction over the child's improvement with a nurse whom he knew to be efficient, but whom he disliked most heartily.

"Most mothers," he grumbled aloud, struggling into his overcoat, "even make-believe mothers, would have——"

"Well, doctor——?"

Her voice came from the upper end of the hall, very low, but so clear as almost to convey a suggestion of threat or of defiance.

"Ho, there you are!"

The make-believe mother was sitting in a high Venetian chair, her round elbows propped on its arms, her fingers knit together under her chin. The pale violet of the soft house-gown she wore combined with the ivory color of the wall behind her to make her small head strangely vivid. Her eyes had the strangest of sombre lights in them. Oh, very beautiful, all of her! But the old gentleman's vexation was deepened by that very fact. On that morning, at this moment, to be posed like a pretty actress before the camera!

"I was wondering where you were," growled the doctor.

"Yes—?" Her voice was dry and tense. She did not stir. She only looked at him.

"We've won!" he said unsteadily, going up to her with outstretched hands. You would think he was pleading with her. "*Won!*"

"Are you sure?"

"So far as one can tell," he replied, utterly baffled. She had remained quite without expression, save that her beauty, usually so warm and glowing, was now the beauty of marble and jewels in moonlight. "And a hard case it's been, too!" he added, a bit heatedly.

"She'll live!" murmured Mrs. Forsyth. "Margery's going to live!"

And then, before he knew it, she was out of her chair in one supple motion. A pair of white arms were twisted about his neck and she was crying, just like a real mother at last, on the rough shoulder of his overcoat.

"Thank God!" she sobbed passionately. "Oh, thank God!"

He somehow felt immensely relieved.

"Cry away! That's the ticket. I'd cry myself if I didn't feel more like chucking up my hat and shouting for joy. We've won!" he said again, and in his heart was a double thanksgiving.

"You had to win!" she retorted almost fiercely, releasing him. "God can't let—let things happen to Margery yet a while." She turned away for a moment. Her hands were clenched tightly at her side. But when she faced him again, she was smiling. "It wouldn't have done at all for you to lose the fight, doctor, dear. There's too much happiness in store for Margery and for me both, to let an old meddler like Death interfere with our plans."

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"Go upstairs and see her," he ordered.

"May I? I—I was afraid to before. I couldn't. I could only *wait*."

"Do you know," he asked, when she had finished, "that I believe I owe you an apology of some sort?"

"I only know that you've made me very happy, old friend," she returned, going with him to the door.

"My conversation is always exhilarating. How much more fortunate you are than your small friend upstairs! During the five minutes in which you have had the pleasure of listening to me, she, poor soul, has been forced to content herself with the company of——"

"Miss Elliott?" she rippled.

The doctor looked up the staircase. "Worse!" he whispered traitorously. "An old party, very ill favored. Jane!"

"Jane?" Her smile kindled radiantly. "Really? Did she ask for her? Oh, I am so glad!"

He surveyed her curiously, his hand on the door-knob.

"Why Jane, you most extraordinary of women?"

"Reasons! No, you shall not know them, because you'd never say again that I was anything but foolish."

He was gone. She watched him drive away; and then, very slowly, as if to savor in advance the joy that was in store for her, she ascended the broad stairs and entered the room where little Margery was lying. A pair of thin little arms reached out to her silently. Her gesture asked permission of the nurse, icily correct and professional in her blue-and-white uniform.

"May I stay?"

"For a minute or two. She's been asking for you. But she said that Jane would do until you came."

"The darling! To think—!" And Mrs. Forsyth went to her knees at the white bedside, treasuring the hands for which she felt a little blindly. "Mine again!" she whispered brokenly. "Mine—for a little longer!"

"I've been telling Jane all the good times we're going to have when I get well," Margery was saying when the nurse came back into the room. "We're going to New York, an' we're going——"

"Where *is* Jane, dearest? Just a second more, Miss Elliott."

"Here," said Margery, pushing down the bedclothes a little. "I thought she ought to know for herself what it means to lie on a bed of pain."

And there was revealed, disconsolate and dingy, yet somehow debonair, the face and person of an old-fashioned linen doll.

"She says she loves you, just the same as I do," the youngster explained.

"Dear Jane——!"

"It takes a 'ceptional being—what's that, Aunt Elsie?—to love you. Dr. Cameron says so. And he knows everything."

"Everything!" she agreed; and her happy laughter bubbled up, clear and sweet as a spring. "Jane's a person of remarkable insight, Miss Elliott. And you, Penny Whistle," she added, stooping to kiss the forehead under the silky tangle of hair, "are the darlingest of gooses."

She stooped for a second to leave a light caress with the placid, friendly doll too.

"Help her to get well, Jane, won't you, dear?"

"It seemed *so* good to have her again!" sighed Margery happily. . . .

She went to her own room, an affair of palest gray and most delicate shell pink, that suited her like a becoming dress. There, before the great oval mirror on her dressing table, she stopped for a bit of talk with the beautiful woman who smiled at her from the glass's depths. Her most intimate confidant, the lady in the mirror! A friend she was, not an idol to be flattered, nor a somebody hard to look straight in the eye. Slim and young and supple, she leaned toward her friend as if to tell a secret, but kissed her instead, once, twice, on the smiling mouth.

"So happy!" whispered the make-believe mother. "This is the heart of the mother-happiness, I'm sure! Last night—all the nights, when I feared lest Margery might die—ah! Then this last minute, when I found her with Jane, old Jane. My first present! That was what she wanted—the present I gave her when she was a little girl. . . . Which is sweetest, friend in the mirror, the worry our children give us, or the affection we try to earn or bribe from them? I have sensed the meaning of it," she exulted softly. "Not maternity—ah, no, more's the pity!—but motherhood, something of what mothers feel. Most of it?" . . . A pale doubt, like a cloud

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on the burnished glass, stole between her and her friend. . . . "A little of it?" she pleaded.

Such an admirable life as they all led together in the big old house! It seemed to Jane that no toy since toys first came into the world could have been so happy as she. Here were no boys, whose nature, as is well known, is such that they are sure to frighten and possibly injure a doll out of sheer malice. Such terrible times as some dolls have! Here were only the lovely Violet Lady, as Jane called her, with her gentle voice and her quick passions of tears that only the toys knew about, and Margery, whom to see for five minutes was to love for always. It is one thing for a toy to be played with, you know, but quite another to be ranked as a friend to the wonderful beings who control the toys' destinies. And for Jane, the old-fashioned doll, was reserved those precious hours when her silent little mistress had a secret to confide or an unspoken sorrow to mourn —hours in the dark, when the house was very still, or rainy twilights, when, cuddled up together on the window seat, the two, and sometimes the Violet Lady with them, watched the dreary world and felt sorry for the poor boy who had to light the street-lamps in the rain.

"Jane's such a comfort!" Margery would explain, painfully embarrassed.

"I'm so glad you love her, honey. Good old Jane! I'm fond of her myself," said the Violet Lady, touching the doll with the light caress which had so much love in it.

"For—several reasons."

Three years of happiness. . . .

"It has paid—?" asked Dr. Cameron.

"Yes."

"They are always worth what they cost," he went on comfortably, "these children of ours."

"What *is* the cost?" she asked abruptly.

"Haven't you had any bill to pay yet?"

"Do you mean——"

"No, no!" he interrupted. "Not that kind!"

She glanced up at him curiously. "Tell me," she asked, "for you know I'm still only an amateur. One gives and gives—not presents and clothes and schooling, but other things. Like love, and—and all that is in your heart. And—do they simply go on accepting and accepting as a matter of course, without——"

"A sign? Well, they behave themselves and grow sleek at least, just as we want them to."

"But nothing else?"

"They remember us a long time after they, or we, have gone away," the old man responded gravely. "I know. Gratefully. Even Napoleon did that."

"And *that's* all?"

"Usually. I wonder if we are supposed to expect any more."

"Doesn't it all seem rather one-sided?"

He laughed. "Amateur!"

"It is a difficult game," she mused, her chin in the heel of her hand. "You can never tell whether you have won or lost. . . . Isn't there *some* way of finding out whether they give back the love you give to them—definitely?"

"I wonder," was all the help he could give her, and he with three or four children at home. But perhaps he had a secret treasured in his heart, however, too precious even to tell to her whom he loved to help.

Christmas time! The big house was busy from morning till night. The tables in the living room were heaped high with boxes and parcels tied up with scarlet ribbon, and on the floor before the leaping fire the Violet Lady was filling a good big packing-box from the miscellaneous pile of clothes, blankets, and goodies heaped at her side. There were some toys, too, brave, as they always are in the face of change, comforted, as always, by the thought that they can bring happiness to one child as well as to another.

"I thought we'd put Jane in, too," said the Violet Lady, stooping low over the box, perhaps to hide the color in her cheeks. She did not see how suddenly white Margery's became, nor did she hear the child's quick gasp. "You know," she continued, packing with great energy but rather aimlessly, "you've rather outgrown dolls dear. You *know* you have."

"Yes, Aunt Elsie."

"Even Jane."

No answer. Margery moved away irresolutely.

"You don't mind my giving her away, dear?" asked the Violet Lady, looking

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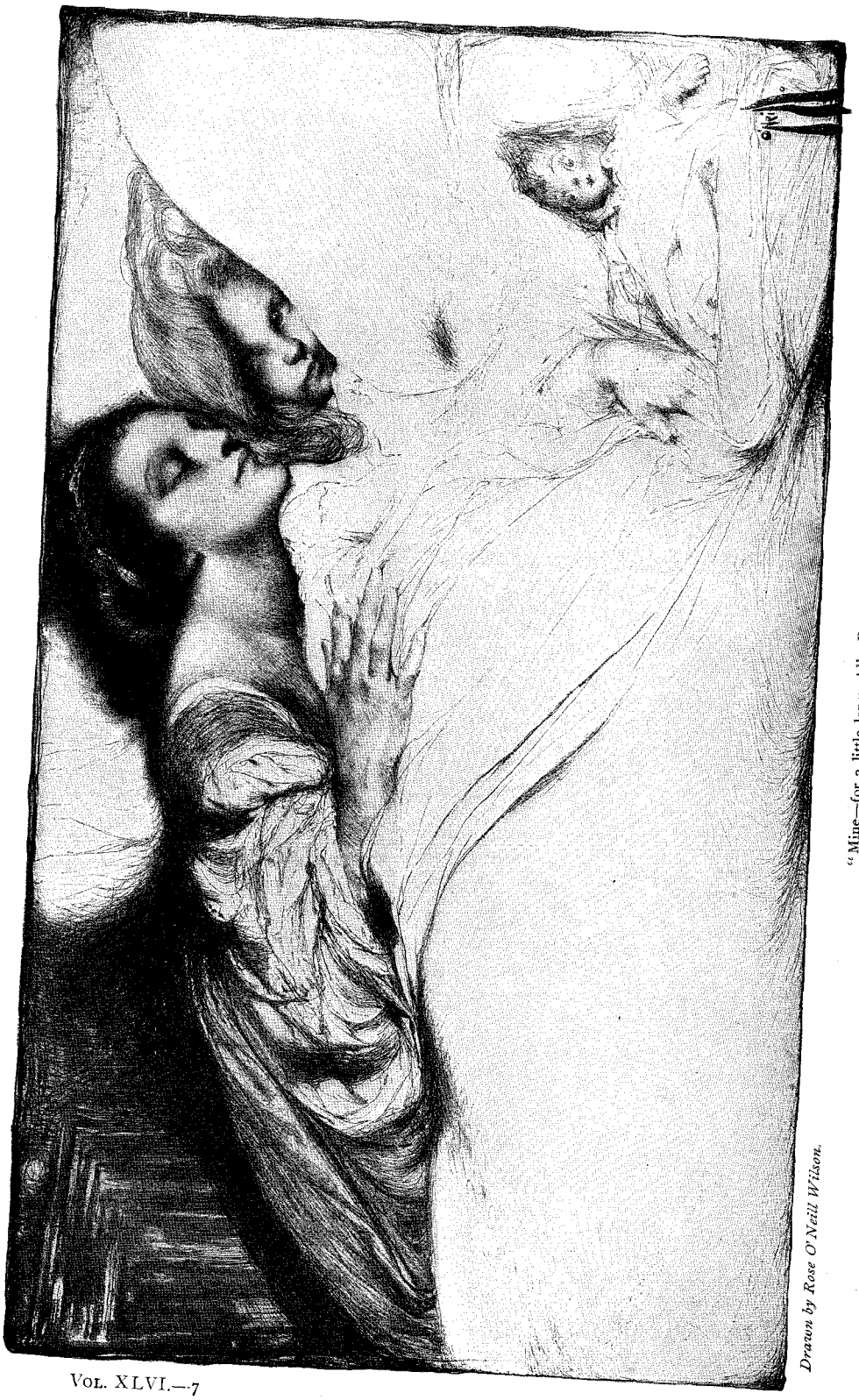

"Mine—for a little longer!"—Page 55

Drawn by Rose O'Neill Wilson.

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"There—there wasn't anything broken?"—Page 59.

after her. The child's back was turned. She was fingering some of the Christmassy-looking bundles on the table.

All unseen, Mrs. Forsyth caught up the little old doll to her heart.

"Good-by!" she whispered. "*Tout lasse, tout casse, tout—passe*, dear old Jane. I thought I was so sure of her. Never test what you are sure of, dollie, dear."

"I hope," said Margery without turning round, "that at least Jane will have a good home."

And her careless tone was exactly the tone with which the Violet Lady had puzzled the doctor that morning he had come down from the little girl's sick room.

Did Jane understand? At any rate she was smiling still when the box cover closed inexorably over her. . . .

A week later, Mrs. Galligan was inter-

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rupted in her washing by a knock at the door of her tenement in the big block near the shoe factory; and, opening, she perceived in the darkness of the hallway the slim figure of a little girl.

"Is it ye intirely!" she cried heartily. "An' may God bliss the swate face av ye for comin'. But here's me washin' all over iverything, an' wan or more childher undher fut, an'——"

"I only wanted to stop for a minute, Mrs. Galligan."

"Is it yer auntie that's afther sendin' ye, I wondher?"

"I—no, I came by myself." Margery stepped daintily into the dingy room, where the steam of the wash-boiler joined with that of a kettle of cabbage to fog everything, and glanced about her, quickly and bright eyed like a wood bird. "I—I just wanted to know if everything was—all right in the box."

"Sure now, yes, an' 'twas fine; an' 'tis soon I'll be up to thank Mrs. Forsyth for't. *Fine* ut was," repeated Mrs. Galligan dubiously, yet firmly. "On'y——"

"I hope everything came safely. There—there wasn't anything broken?"

"Next time we watch the moon will be—where?"—Page 61.

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"Take us with you, Margie—all of us."—Page 62.

"Oh, no." The good woman laughed then, blushing hotly. "The blankets and the bit o' money an' th' turkey was all that illegant, darlint. On'y—" And she stopped again. "You, Patsy an' Terry, be off now an' find yer two brothers, like the good lads ye do be." And as the two boys clattered out from an inner room and out the door, "'tis three more o' thim lads I do be havin', Miss Margie, darlint. An' sorra a girl among thim. But thank yer auntie for the purty little dresses an' the ribbons, just the same, my dear. An' —an' the lads have had their fun wit' th' dollie, too, makin' believe they was girls, the rashkills."

"Boys—!" cried Margery.

"Five, swateheart, an' th' box full o' little pinnyfores! *An'* a dollie!"

"But—boys couldn't play with her right.

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They wouldn't know how. They'd only laugh at her!" She got to her feet, vaguely unquiet, a little droop to her tender mouth. "They—they didn't hurt Jane, did they, Mrs. Galligan?"

"Be aisy," came the answer over Mrs. Galligan's shoulder. She had turned to look out of the window into the court below whence arose mingled yells and laughter. "Th' dollie's—well, she's every bit as good as when ye sent her. An'— *Terry!*" she hurled down to the scuffling crowd below, "wait for me, love. Hold him till I come. 'Tis that Polander lad, bad cess to him," she hastily explained, making for the door. "If I catch him *this* time—" And Mrs. Galligan was gone, in a fury of words and with a slam to the door that made the windows rattle.

"Jane!" whispered the little girl. "Jane, where are you?"

She looked about her with a shudder. Then suddenly the corners of her mouth tightened. In another second the door was locked; and quick and light as a cat, she began her search. In the neglected corners of the kitchen; into the best room where awful crayon portraits of long-lipped women and a colored print of the white-clad Pope fascinated her for a frightened second; into the dark bedrooms, two of them, where the air gripped her by the throat. And at last, under a bed, amid a clutter of muddy boots and clothes, she saw a limp figure lying, whose tiny arms were stretched out to meet her.

"It's stealing!" gasped Margery. "She's not mine any more. But—she *is* mine! Darling!" she whispered. "Darling Jane!"

Under her loose coat, held tightly against her heart, the little doll would ride safely. And down the creaking stairs of the tenement, out into the street and round the corner the fugitive sped, while good Mrs. Galligan, dauntless and cool, fought Terry's battle over again with the Polander's mother, in language both ready and vigorous. . . .

"But I thought we gave Jane away to some poor people—to Mrs. Galligan's children," said Mrs. Forsyth the next day. She had come on the two of them, as of old, curled up in the window seat, watching the world.

Margery lowered her bright head.

"Perhaps she came back," faltered a very small voice. "I—I——"

"Margery!"

"There were boys there," she sobbed, as the dear arms went round her. Oh, such a hug! "I told you I didn't want her. But I did. And you didn't know. And— oh, I *don't* want to be noble and generous again, Aunt Elsie!"

The make-believe mother's face was radiant in the winter sunset.

"How *could* I be happier?" she murmured. The sun was gone. Twilight came like a rush of wind. . . . "Can I?" she asked tremulously.

A June moonlight joined the breeze in the lilacs and syringas to cast about the house a spell of velvety, perfumed shadows, of quiet, and of mystery. A slim figure in white and another in black and white, close together at the top of the porch steps, listened to the silence silently. Just within doors, quite alone, a woman to whom each year had granted a new tinge of beauty, whose charm of youth lingered about her like a fragrance, was weaving together the thoughts and experiences of the last ten years, from the day that the shy and silent child had glided into her lonely life up to the noon of the morrow. Happiness of every color, some darker threads, like those of grief's or worry's dye—the pattern seemed nearly complete. Nearly, but not quite complete, even now. The texture, the finish of her life, though infinitely richer than it had been before, seemed still to lack —what was it?

"If only I could feel the fulness of it all, the whole of it!" she murmured again, as for a thousand times before. The make-believe mother! She lay back in her chair, a little tired after the day and the evening. The voices of the two young people out on the porch came to her; and she listened because she could not help it.

"Next time we watch the moon will be— where? a man's voice asked.

"You tell *me*," ordered Margery.

"I think it'll be on the water. The sea will be all black and silvery-gold. It'll be all quiet except for the hiss of the water along the steamer's side. Sounds like wind in the trees a good deal."

"And the next time?" She nestled closer in the fold of his arm, her face upturned to the calm light.

"Paris! We've stopped in the middle of the Pont Royal. There are about a mil-

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lion lights all around us, and all the noise of the city. And then all of a sudden we'll remember to look up to where the steady, silent old moon's looking down with a smile because people take themselves so seriously."

"No, no!" said the girl quickly, half to herself. "That would be cruel. It will be the same moon that we're watching here to-night. Promise that it will be the same, dearest, will you?"

"Afraid—?" he asked very gently.

"With you?"

("Let her be happy! Happy as I was not!" prayed the woman within doors. Her eyelids were wet.)

"Your aunt will hate to lose you," the man was saying.

("What will her answer be? What ——?")

Margery laughed, as gayly as a bird in the sunshine.

"She couldn't even hope to keep me after you came along. Doesn't she know that you're everything in the world to me?"

Silence in the house. Then there stole to the woman there, whose lovely face was full of tragedy, a little wind. It came from old Asia, perhaps, where the sum of the world's experiences was written before the dawn.

"In sacrifice is fulness of happiness," it whispered. "Not to lose is not to love."

It was gone again. And the woman awoke after a little, to find that she had begun to live anew. A ripple of laughter, whole hearted and serene, drifted in from the porch.

"So long as *she* is happy—" smiled Margery's mother. . . .

In her quiet retreat in the bottom drawer of the bureau, where she had lain for many nights and days, a long lifetime as toys count it, Jane was aware that something of importance was happening upstairs and down, all over the house. It was not house-cleaning. The noise was different from what it had been that night when the choking smoke and the yellow flame crept up through the walls, though there came to her the sound of many voices. It was not exactly a party either, she should judge, though Margery seemed to be concerned in it—her little mistress whom she had not seen for so very long a time. Perhaps she heard a snatch of the talk going on in the room. Perhaps, which is more likely, word of Margery was borne to the old doll's little cell by that strange power toys have of sensing even at a distance whatever happens of importance to their friends.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" she asked of the darkness.

"Look at her!" came from outside, in the shrillest of holiday voices.

"You darling thing! Isn't she too *sweet*——*?*"

"Just look at that exquisite veil, and——"

"Is it time to go?" asked Margery, low and quickly.

"Are you really going round the world? Take us with you, Margie—all of us."

"We love being gooseberries!" cried another voice, and the girls' laughter ran around like a crackle of fire in dry grass. And then there came a quick knock at the door, and Dr. Cameron's voice calling away the chattering bridesmaids. Jane heard a tiny sob from somebody left there alone. But, whoever it was, she laughed again as the doctor entered, and moved away to the door with a soft ripple of satin about her.

"All ready, dear?" Jane heard him ask.

"Are *you?*" Margery's voice returned. It was the same that Jane used to love so, ever so long ago.

"Ready for a mighty happy duty, my dear. To give you away to one of the finest young fellows I know——"

"Shall we be going down?" she interrupted nervously. . . .

A long silence followed. The house seemed perfectly empty, save for the heavy scent of flowers that crept even into the darkness where the little old doll lay forgotten.

"Where has she gone?" asked Jane fearfully. "What are they going to do with her? I—shan't I see her again? Soon?"

Then, suddenly, the house sprang into life again—a babble of voices, the fugitive strains of music, a come-and-go of people on the stairs. Carriages and motor cars drove up, and rolled away.

"But where is *she?*" the little old doll kept wondering, fearful of she knew not what. . . .

With a crash the drawer was thrown wide open. It was Margery—such a grown-up Margery now—in the smartest of travelling dresses, the most tasteful of

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hats. There was a glint of plain, new gold on her left ring finger.

"Jane!" she whispered hurriedly. "Ah, there you are. The trunks—I thought—I just couldn't—where's that paper?" Somebody called her impatiently. "In just a second!" she answered. . . .

The bride stole downstairs, flushed and bright eyed. Half a dozen kisses to right and left. Another and a long hug to the woman who was quite silent, save for the eloquence in her magical eyes. A smile to the man waiting for her beside the automobile. A volley of flowers after her, and then a roar of laughter, for as the little bride escaped into the car, the paper slipped from the queer package she had caught up under one arm; and every one saw that the little bride was carrying away with her on her honey-moon a dingy but debonair old-fashioned linen doll.

"Well?" asked Dr. Cameron. They had waved the automobile out of sight.

Mrs. Forsyth's smile was never so radiant. Her eyes were like stars on a frosty night.

"Let us sing the *Nunc Dimittis*," she answered, with a tiny tremble of her lips.

THE NEW ARMY SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP

By Major T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A.

A GREAT many people have doubtless wondered why President Roosevelt decided it was advisable to require field-officers of the army to take a test ride every year. The conditions of the test—thirty miles a day for three days—are most moderate for any man supposed to be in condition to stand a campaign, and were our press, which commented so freely upon this order, well acquainted with military affairs, or did it address itself to a public in any way educated in the military art, most of the criticism would probably have been directed at the mildness of the test prescribed or at the condition of training in the mounted arms which made such an order from so high a source necessary at all.

Yet necessary it was and most useful in its effects, as most everybody in the army now agrees.

The fact is, the United States have long since ceased to be a nation of horsemen whose boys learn to ride as a matter of course, just as they learn to walk; and yet, with considerable blindness, the public and the press have continued to assume that for military purposes all Americans are born with a knowledge of horsemanship and, for that matter, with a ready-made ability to shoot the military rifle as well.

Now, of course, the time was when this condition of affairs did exist in large portions of our territory, and a school for riding was as little needed as a school for walking. A thirty-mile ride to attend court, see a patient, or visit a sweetheart was too trifling a matter for our grandfathers to brag about or record.

But these conditions have slowly changed, and if one should walk into a political meeting, pick out a hundred men at random and start them off on a three-day ride, perhaps very few of them would get to the end of it.

No body of men are more representative of the people and of the times than are our army officers, and the same causes which made riding disappear in the country at large also tended to lessen the interest which they, as a class, took in that form of exercise, so that when the President issued his famous order requiring every field-officer * to prove once a year that he could go ninety miles in three days, very many of these officers were found who habitually did not ride that many miles a month. Moreover, it has been noted with surprise that the American army has never been represented at any of the international contests in horsemanship so frequently held all over Europe, when even such distant and supposedly backward countries as Japan,

* Majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels are called field-officers.

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Switzerland, and the Argentine Republic have sent officers who made a creditable showing.

The marked superiority of the Southern cavalry during the early years of the Civil War has frequently been ascribed to the fact that recruits for that arm of the Confederate service were all composed of men accustomed from infancy to the saddle, while Northern cavalrymen, at least in the Army of the Potomac, were obliged, for the most part, to learn to ride after joining the colors.

Soon after that war the cavalry arm was reduced to ten small regiments, all posted on the Indian frontier. Enough men who were already pretty good riders could usually be had to keep this small force recruited to its maximum, especially as the term of service was long and many men reenlisted. Moreover, both officers and men spent much of their lives in the saddle. Indian wars, scouting expeditions, and long marches across the plains or into mountain strongholds lent the stimulus of excitement and adventure to army life and kept the cavalry active and expert.

These conditions have gradually changed. There is no longer an Indian frontier, the term of service has been shortened, and the number of men needed for the mounted arms has trebled, while the sources from which well-instructed mounted men were drawn have virtually dried up.

Before the early eighties, in many parts of our country, men still rode to market or to court; now the buggy has gradually replaced the saddle, and the farmers raise and use driving horses rather than saddlers. More recently the automobile has grown to be, even in remote country districts, a successful rival of the horse. Nothing is now too good for the American farmer, and the traveller in Kansas, the Dakotas, Iowa, or Texas will see a string of automobiles drawn up at the most out-of-the-way stations.

In a lot of two hundred and twenty recruits sent last year to the writer's battalion (field artillery) only about ten men knew how to ride, and similar conditions are reported from most of the mounted service.

Under these circumstances it was only a matter of time when there would have to be established for the army a school in which the principles and the practice of equitation would be taught to selected officers, who, on returning to their regiments would become the instructors of other officers and of the recruits.

A question will here naturally arise as to the riding taught at West Point, enthusiastic descriptions of which fill the columns of the metropolitan press at commencement time; do not these young graduates know their horsemanship and are they not at once available to teach the recruits of their regiments? The answer is no. The same change which has affected the country at large and which has been briefly referred to has equally touched the Military Academy. When Sheridan, Grant, the Lees, and many equally good but less famous horsemen went to West Point they undoubtedly carried with them a considerable baggage of practical horsemanship; the riding at the Academy unified, polished, and applied to military ends this previous knowledge. At the present day, on the contrary, a cadet usually starts his riding-hall career with a complete ignorance of the horse, and the time allotted to riding at West Point is too small to enable his instructors to do more than teach him the mere rudiments of horsemanship.* He does learn to stick on and to be, in most cases, a daring and vigorous rough-rider, but horseman he generally is not when he graduates, and at least a year of persistent work under the best teachers for four or five hours a day is needed before the average youngster is at all ready to act as a riding-master for recruits.

Another reason why West Point is no longer sufficient as a school of equitation lies in the fact that our standards of horsemanship are now higher than they were ten or fifteen years ago, and the complacent satisfaction which then existed with our methods has been succeeded by a fearless criticism of them and a frank comparison with the superior results obtained in other armies. This has been brought about by several causes, chief among which are the numerous visits of our officers to European countries having well-trained cavalry and highly developed schools of military equitation, and the arrival early in life to positions of high rank and influence of cavalry officers who themselves are vigorous horsemen, such as General Bell, our present chief

* During his four years at West Point our cadet rides about two hundred and twenty hours: during his two years at St. Cyr and one at Saumur the French boy rides nearly two thousand hours.

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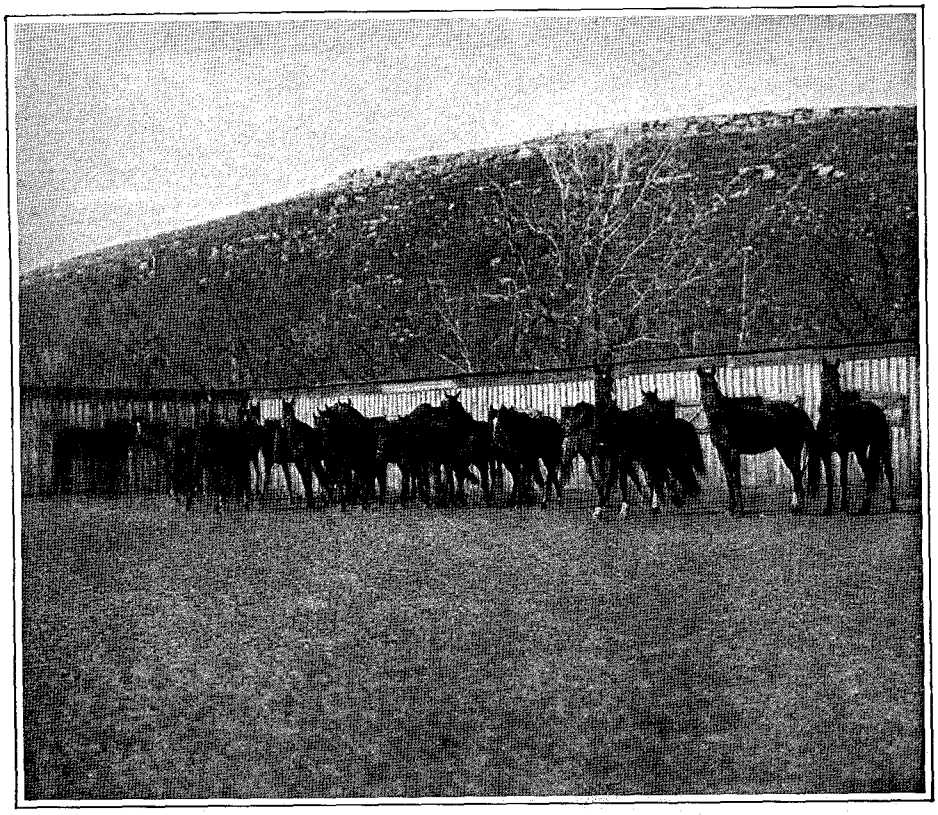

Young thoroughbreds on School Remount Farm.

of staff, General Garlington, our inspector-general and General Aleshire, our quartermaster-general.

The influence of these officers in preaching a higher standard of excellence in all that concerns the horse has been of supreme importance to the army.

From the point of view of economy, also, skilful horse trainers are more necessary now than thirty years ago, when serviceable mounts were comparatively cheap, and when if a new horse did not turn out well we could afford to condemn and sell him. With the prices now prevailing and their steady rise in prospect, once a horse is bought he must be rendered suitable to the service for which he was intended, or a serious loss is entailed upon the government.

Whenever the practice of any necessary art in a country does not exist or has fallen into disuse, it can best be revived by artificial stimulation, most readily, by a school whose influence will permeate a whole class and often reach to some extent a whole nation. This has been frequently illustrated in our commercial history.

In the matter of horse-raising and equitation, Germany, France, and Switzerland are most interesting examples of this principle. The superiority in daring and success of the German over the French cavalry in their last war stimulated the French cavalry school at Saumur into a new and useful activity, so that now that school as an institution, and, above all, as an influence upon the mounted service, is believed by most impartial observers to be quite the best in the world.

It is for this reason that our War Department has, during the past five years, sent a number of American officers to take the course at Saumur. The head riding instructors now at West Point and Fort Riley are both graduates of this school.

On the other hand, England has never had a school of equitation such as Saumur, Hannover, or Pinerolo. England and Ireland still remain par excellence the land of

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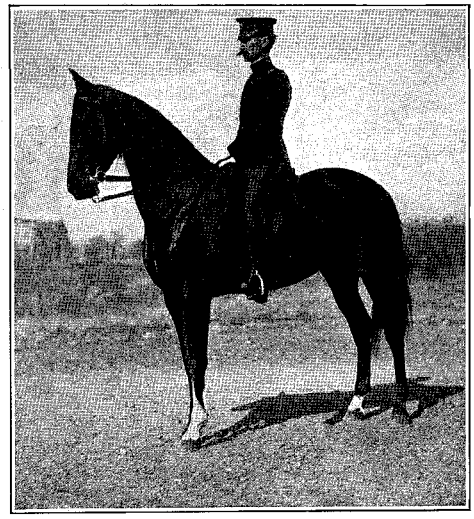
Run over the Cross-Country Course.

horses and horsemen, the number of men who ride and handle horses constitute in those countries a fair proportion of the population, and the mounted services are recruited in officers and men considerably from people who have always ridden and who, to become fair soldiers, have only to be taught to use their arms and perform correctly the necessary military evolutions. Nevertheless, the British are now awakening to the fact that in the matter of army horsemanship, certainly in its refinements, they are being left behind by nations far less favored in the way of raw material. Last year at the contest held in London, open to the military horsemen of the world, the British officers failed to take a single first prize. It was probably this fact which decided the British war office to send to France the two officers who are now taking the course at Saumur.



Captain Walter C. Short, 13th Cavalry.

Senior instructor in equitation, mounted on Blackbird Belle, registered American saddle-horse.

In the matter of raising horses for military purposes the same principle applies. England and Ireland produce the best possible stock for military work and they export to the Continent their surplus. No government stimulation is needed to encourage the raising of saddle animals. Little Switzerland, on the other hand, buys annually about nine hundred foreign horses at nearly double the price we are allowed to pay for our mounts, while France and Germany meet the tendency of their farmers to raise only draught animals by offering substantial government rewards and a good market for saddle conformation.

In this country we are in the transition stage. The legislative powers still believe that America is a saddle-horse country and it is not considered necessary to offer government encouragement for the raising of the saddle type. But it would seem from the trying experience of our army purchasing agents that a good saddle animal has become in America an article of

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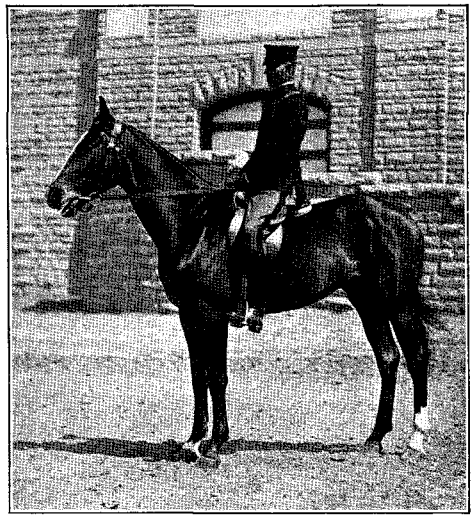
Run over the Cross-Country Course.

luxury, and that either something must be done to stimulate the plentiful production of good types or the price the army is allowed to pay will have to be doubled.

A look at any American cavalry regiment will prove this. The majority of the horses are of the buggy type in both breeding and conformation. They are unsuited by shape to carrying a heavy load without distress to themselves, and their inherited gaits preclude much comfort on the part of the rider.



First Lieutenant Gordon Johnston, 3rd Cavalry.

Assistant instructor in equitation, mounted on his thoroughbred, Branton.

Having glanced at the influences which have made it important to establish a school of horsemanship for our army, some account of this school as it now exists may prove interesting. The institution, officially known as the Mounted Service School, is located at Fort Riley in east central Kansas. The government here owns a reservation of twenty thousand acres made up of rolling high land, steep bluffs descending to the Republican and Smoky Hill Rivers, and immense flats as level as a billiard-table.

This place was originally an outpost on the old Oregon Trail with a garrison intended to protect the early pioneers in their westward march. The beautiful, fertile prairie land has never been touched by the plough, and in the spring as one gallops through the high rich grass, bright with innumerable prairie flowers, one's thoughts inevitably return to the emotions of school-boy days when the old stories of the boundless plains with their thundering herds of wild horses, their prairie fires and savage bands of Indian devils, were tremblingly absorbed in attic or hay-mow. It is all peaceful enough at present.

The garrison of the post consists of a regiment of cavalry and one of horse artillery, and, while the officers of these regiments do not necessarily take the course in equitation, the influence of the school is

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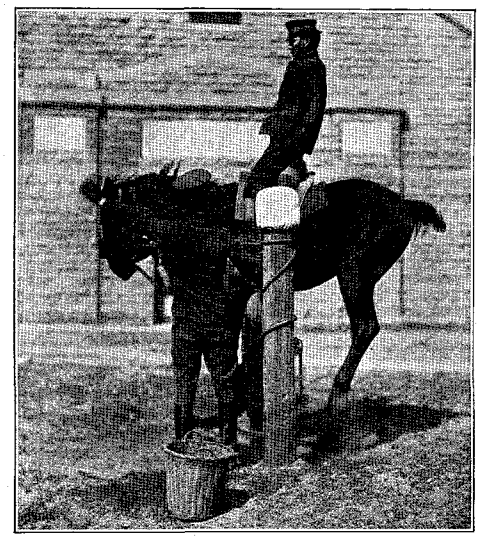
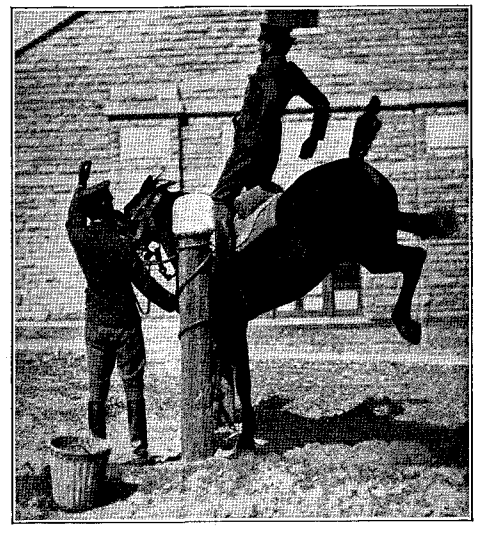
readily observed in the superior mounting of these officers and the interest they take in all things concerning the horse, as compared with officers of other regiments less fortunately situated.

At present the student class consists of twenty officers, selected from the various regiments of cavalry and field artillery, but it is expected that each year a larger equipment will become available and that more officers as well as a class of non-commissioned officers will annually take the course.

The student officers are captains as well as lieutenants, since the desire at present is to get for each regiment as quickly as possible instructors competent to spread the methods of the school throughout the service, and captains are in the best position to act as riding-masters for the lieutenants and the other captains of their respective regiments.



First movement of the bucker and kicker.



Second movement of the bucker and kicker.

Horse commences to lash out behind while in the air. No stirrups or bridle.

For the purposes of instruction one hundred and eighty horses are kept at the school. These are of various breeds and classes—jumpers, trained buckers, well-schooled horses, untrained colts, and polo ponies. A troop of the Tenth Cavalry, colored soldiers, furnishes the necessary grooms. It is found that these colored men make better grooms for the high-class school horses than do the average enlisted men of white regiments. They like their work and stay longer.

For the first two months the student is put on a thoroughly trained horse in order that he may comprehend what such a horse is and have a model to work up to. The trained animal also shows up faults of horsemanship which the instructor and the rider can both take account of and gradually correct. During this time he also rides daily a well-trained jumper for the same reasons. This work is all done in the riding-hall, using the English saddle, mostly without stirrups, and changing horses each day.

It is of course to be understood that these officers are already fair riders. War Department orders direct that only officers of special aptitude be selected for Fort Riley, as it is a place, not where officers learn to ride, but rather where good riders are formed into accomplished horsemen and useful instructors.

At the end of two months each man is given a colt to train, and this may be said to constitute his most important work for the year; upon the results obtained his horsemanship is largely judged and his place in the class determined; but more important to the service at large is the fact that through this instruction a correct and

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uniform method of training remounts is assured to the whole army.

This colt has been handled and made gentle the preceding year but knows little beyond behaving himself comparatively well and going forward when told to. Each officer works on his colt to the end of the term, teaching him, according to the respective or combined capacities of the man and the animal, every useful trait or ornamental accomplishment which a good saddle-horse may have. This requires that combination of patience, tact, and nerve which any man to be a good horseman must be born with or must acquire. The best models are set before him, and competent instructors are on hand to aid, advise, and help him over difficulties.

At the end of the year, if this colt has been worked up into a well-trained young horse, he is assigned to the squad which will be given to the next year's class to ride at the outset of their instruction. If for any reason his education is backward, it will be continued another year before he joins the squad of graduates. Any surplus of trained horses at the end of the year is readily got rid of by sale to officers seeking superior mounts.

In April (the class of officers having begun work in October) each student is given a totally unbroken colt to make gentle. He teaches him to let himself be mounted and to move forward freely, but nothing more. This colt will be given some man in the next class to fully educate.

Riding the jumpers, training colts, and work on the already schooled horses requires about three hours a day during the winter months, especially as the students saddle, bridle, and lead in their own mounts; but with the advent of spring and until the end of June, from five to six hours a day of mounted work is exacted.

Student officer's first ride on the trained bucker.

The training of the young horse progresses very slowly and no forcing is permitted. Occasionally the enthusiasm of the young officers in this direction has to be repressed. Captain Short treats his colts as a mother would her babies, and students soon learn that his gentle methods are based on a profound experience.

With the buckers and kickers, balkers and vicious horses brought in to be trained, severer methods are employed, but even here the uninitiated are surprised to note the kindness and patience which are brought to bear where they are only too used to seeing the whip alone employed. Officers are taught at Fort Riley that an ounce of kindness and firmness accomplishes more with a horse than a pound of pain, especially as the brute always knows what the one means and generally doesn't understand the other at all.

The bucking lessons are always most interesting to visitors, especially the women,

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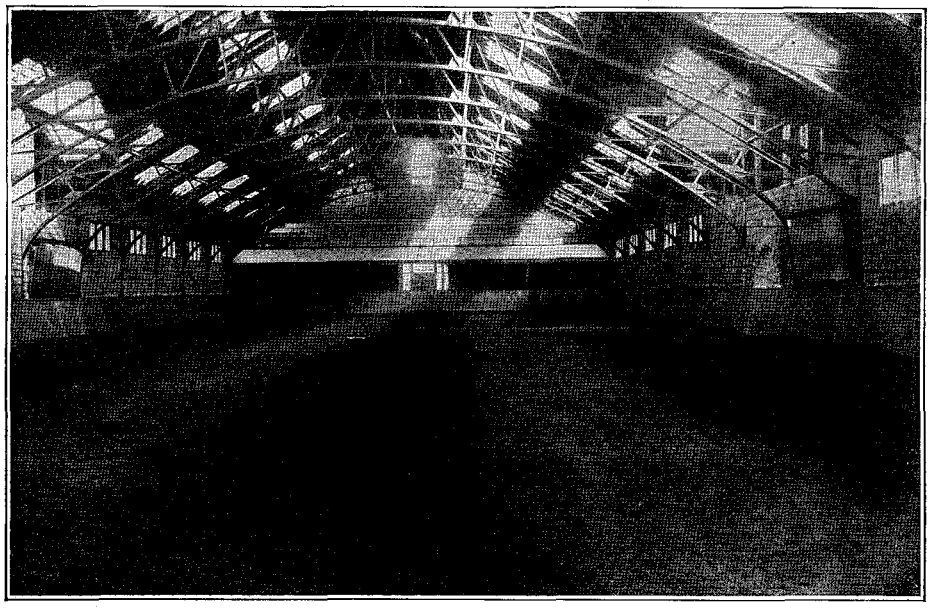
as they can see and understand exactly what is going on; and then the female nature seems constituted to receive a poignant enjoyment from the sight of a man in danger. Sometimes the subject is a genuine, unbroken bronco, but generally trained buckers, such as those seen in Buffalo Bill's show, are used to teach an officer how to meet this form of attack and to assure him in his seat. He is taught how to approach, saddle, and mount such a horse, and this is a most delicate and dangerous operation—far more difficult than actually staying on when once in the saddle. As a preparation for these lessons in bucking, the student is mounted (without stirrups) on a horse trained to jump and kick out fiercely with both hind feet at a signal from the riding-master. As the rider does not know when the horse is going to jump and kick he gets a good lesson in quickly meeting the movement and so strengthens his seat.



Interior of School Riding-Hall.

Besides the practical lessons in horsemanship, all students are carefully taught the theory and practice of hippology. They study, recite, and listen to lectures on the structure and diseases of the horse, watch operations, examine animals for age, soundness, and conformation, and actually treat cases in the beautifully equipped horse hospital. They also pass through a thoroughly practical course in horseshoeing. It is rather amusing to see a squad of officers in the blacksmith shop, hammer and tongs in hands, making shoes, preparing the hoof, and nailing the shoe in place. All of this work is done under the supervision of competent veterinarians, who instruct, criticise, and rate the students according to the excellence of their work.

There are likewise courses in military topography, in pioneer duties, in handling and packing mules, in cooking the soldier's ration, and in harness and wagon transportation.

Most of the autumn and winter are spent in the riding-hall and on work in the horse hospital and shoeing shop, but with the arrival of spring, which is very early at Fort Riley, out-door riding begins over every kind of obstacle. This practice is intended to form confident horsemen, ready for the exigencies of a perilous ride. A good steeple-chase course and difficult cross-country courses have been built for this instruction, and it goes without saying that this is the happiest time for all, students and instructors alike.

The quality of the horses maintained at Fort Riley is superior to that found in the

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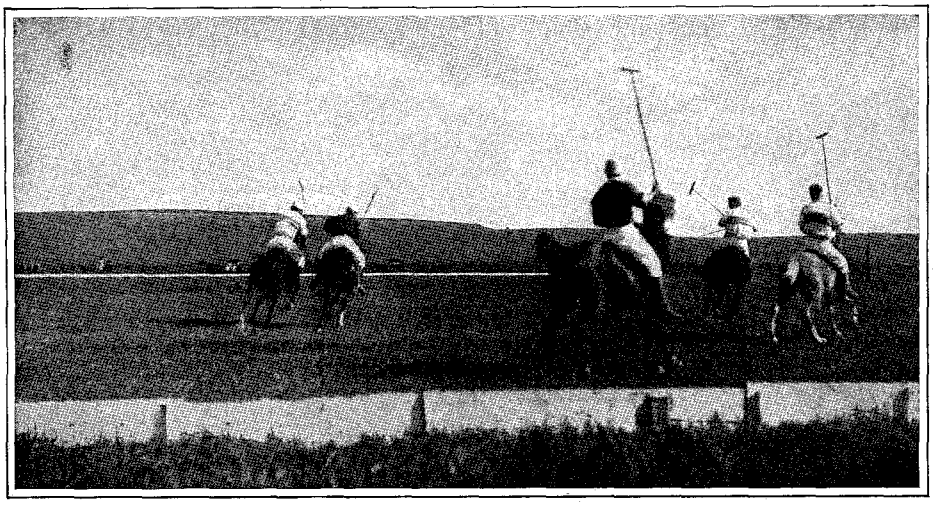
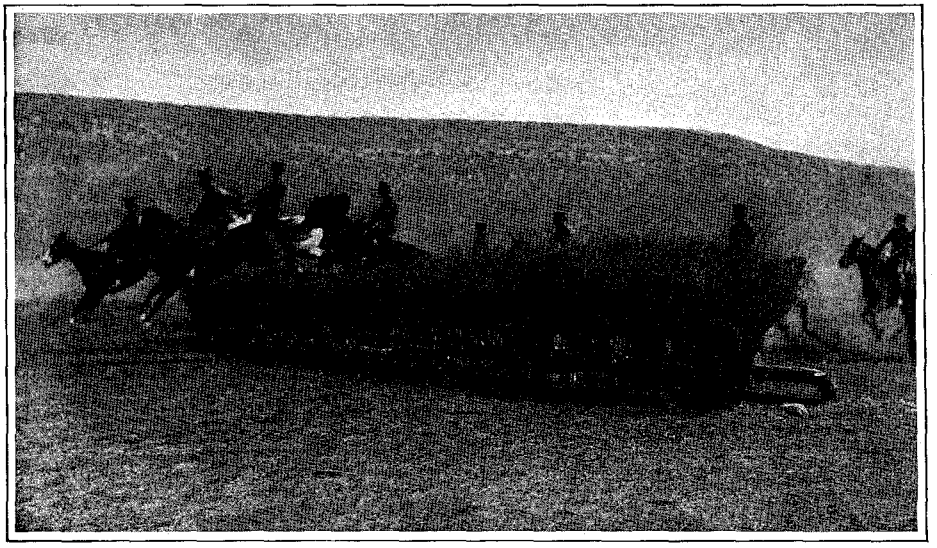


Student officers at polo.

service at large, even amongst officers' mounts, but our service, it must be remembered, is notoriously ill mounted. The school horses do not compare in breeding, quality, or variety with those kept for similar purposes by other nations, but there is every reason to hope for a more liberal treatment in this matter as time goes on and the value of the school to the whole service is recognized. It is doubtful if more than two hundred dollars has often been paid for a horse for the Fort Riley School, whereas unbroken horses bought for the French and German schools cost anywhere from two hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars.

Polo is taught practically on a very good field, but unfortunately the ponies are anything but first-class. This game is pre-eminently suited to the cavalryman, as it requires bold riding and quick head-work while going at speed. At present, however, the horses allowed for this purpose are neither good polo ponies nor passable troop horses; it results that neither the captains, who want good horses, nor the polo players, who want good ponies, are satisfied.



Going over the Steeple-Chase Course.

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Division of student officers riding trained school horses.

The thoroughbred horse has never been much used in our army, and whatever the reasons may be, the military value of this wonderful stock is not generally understood in the service and, it would seem, has never been fairly tested. At present horses of pure or nearly pure blood are being used more and more at the School of Equitation, and it is expected that results of real value to the service will follow from these experiments.

The training, care, and management of cold-blooded horses, which now constitute the great majority of our mounts, is quite a different matter from the methods required for horses of purer blood; the studies now being made at Fort Riley represent another of the many benefits derived from a place where various breeds can be kept in quantity and their military value critically compared.

It is a surprising fact that such elementary questions as whether curb and snaffle bits in combination are necessary or useful in military equitation and whether rising to the trot is easier on man and horse than the close seat, are still undecided in our mounted service. The double bridle is not issued to the army except "for experimental purposes," the stirrup has lately been set forward on the saddle, and rising to the trot is made possible and is authorized; but both of these important questions along with many others are still in the air as far as the service at large is concerned.

The value, then, of such an institution as a well-equipped school of military equitation where these things are studied and decided by a body of experts can readily be understood. The Fort Riley school has already made its influence felt and in a few years it will doubtless take its place with Fort Monroe and Fort Leavenworth as one of the necessary and recognized factors in a well-balanced scheme of army education.

The present senior instructor in equitation is an officer to whom the whole mounted service acknowledges a debt of gratitude. Most fortunately there are at present several men, graduates of the school, who could, if necessity arose, fill with distinction Captain Short's post, but it is believed that without the prestige which his extraordinary ability in every department of horsemanship brought to the office when it was first created, the great and useful advance in our ideas of military horsemanship which Fort Riley now represents could never have been effected.

Two officers act as his assistants in all the mounted work; one of them, Lieutenant Gordon Johnston, being a graduate of Hannover. Thus the best ideas of the German as well as of the French school are available for adaptation to our needs. Five other post graduates look after the stables, train difficult horses, carry out experiments, and in general, while aiding the

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head instructor, perfect themselves as riding-masters. These officers are especially charged with the supervision of the school remount farm where the young, unbroken horses are cared for and put in condition for their coming work. This is a new phase of the school instruction and one which promises to be of immense advantage to the service in producing experts to take charge of the remount stations which our War Department is now establishing. These positions are eagerly sought by the graduates and they offer an incentive to extra exertion on the part of students.

It is to be hoped that some day the army school of equitation will be transferred to Washington. The only buildings needed would be stables, riding-halls, a horse hospital, and a barrack for grooms, and these could be made ornamental and placed on public land now available in several parts of the city. Such a location would be an advantage to Washington, and it would result in great benefits to the school as well as to the numerous officers on duty at the capital. Those who are already horsemen could, with little expense to themselves or to the government, keep up their riding, while others such as surgeons, infantry field-officers, officers of supply departments, etc., could be given a chance to learn a necessary part of their trade while losing but little time from their desks.

Washington is par excellence the home of fine horses and good horsemen, and the models of both daily seen in Rock Creek Park would be of great value to students who are making riding for the time being their business. The horses and fox-hunting of near-by counties in Virginia offer a stimulus to bold exterior equitation unknown to other localities; the climate is perfect for this work and a "gallery" is present. This is no mean force for good, since a desire to excel in competition with others is always a powerful stimulant to horsemen.

Moreover, the veterinary school and hospital primarily intended for the students might, with the advantages afforded by such a location, eventually expand into a national veterinary college—an institution now more needed in our country than any other kind of college.

For these reasons it is thought that whenever it is decided to station another regiment of cavalry at Fort Riley, the numerous buildings now installed there for the Mounted Service School could be used for this increase of the garrison and the school itself be transferred to Washington.

THE SUNKEN CROWN

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

NOTHING will hold him longer,—let him go;
Let him go down where others have gone down;
Little he cares whether we smile or frown,
Or if we know, or if we think we know.
The call is on him for his overthrow,
Say we; so let him rise, or let him drown.
Poor fool! He plunges for the sunken crown,
And we—we wait for what the plunge may show.

Well, we are safe enough. Why linger, then?
The watery chance was his, not ours. Poor fool!
Poor truant, poor Narcissus out of school;
Poor jest of Askelon; poor king of men.—
The crown, if he be wearing it, may cool
His arrogance, and he may sleep again.

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THE REVOKE

By James Barnes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

THE visitors from the hotels, who had attended the Sunday morning church parade had stopped for the concert after the service.

The band, gathered under the pines on the slope below the dusty, foot-packed drill ground, was playing in the Ballet from "Sylvia," and the fact was just recognizable and no more. The indifference of the musicians was a confession of inability and no intended insult to the composer. But couldn't that red-tunicked band raise the heart-lifting, foot-swinging air of "Garry Owen"! And couldn't they play the "British Grenadiers" until you would walk the soles off your boots!

Kingsland Mitchell, sitting beside his wife at the foot of a pine tree, looked at his watch.

"Can't stand much more of this," he observed. "Let's be going back."

Mrs. Mitchell's reply showed an entire obliviousness to the music.

"Kingsland," she said softly, "look at those children!"

On the slope near them were playing a number of little ones, clad in cheap chintz gowns, rough stockings, and heavy thick-soled, army-looking shoes. The little Britons were charging up a short, steep hill, soft with pine needles, and hurling themselves in mad races from the summit—two small girls, dragging a chubby youngster, who submitted, unprotestingly, but half-fearful, like a puppy that had unconsciously wandered into the play of his elders. One of the little girls suddenly turned, tossing aside the Kate Greenaway hat that hung down her back by its ribbon.

"Oh, just look at *that* child!" exclaimed Mrs. Kingsland Mitchell again. "She certainly is the most beautiful thing that any one ever saw—oh! isn't she?" Mrs. Mitchell's face glowed in an expression of wonder.

And she was right. Never did the sun, that shone so constantly on this far away possession—just a dot on the "red-mapped lands"—touch anything so lovely; never had England produced such proof of the claims of her poets and painters since verse and paint came into existence! The small face, modelled delicately and exquisitely, was full of infantile health and spirits. The parted red lips showed rows of perfect teeth. The soft hair rippled about her cheeks and shoulders—golden as the sunlight itself. Her eyes, large and blue, with long lashes, were the kind that caught and held you. Every movement was graceful; her little hands and limbs would make a sculptor mad to mould them.

Kingsland Mitchell, without turning, caught his wife's hand that lay on his arm.

"Exquisite!" he assented. "Strong as a little lioness. . . . Look at that!"

Panting and laughing, the girl had succeeded in dragging her quarry to the top of the knoll, where she proceeded to arrange his tie, pull up his stockings, and straighten his disordered apparel. The boy again submitted, puppy-like, and wondering. When he was all a-taunto, she stood up and took his hand. With a plunge they were off! The boy had had enough. Gaining his feet, he broke away and clung to the trouser leg of a tall private for refuge—the girl circling about just beyond reach of the private's beckoning fingers.

The band had straggled to the end of the masterpiece. And now they struck up a sounding military march. The effect on the children was instantaneous—they stopped their play and stood listening. The little goddess with the golden hair leaned back, half-supporting herself by a pine branch she had caught overhead; she hummed some foolish words to the tune, half to herself.

"I'm going to speak to that child," murmured Mrs. Kingsland Mitchell, rising suddenly.

But before she had time the spiriting music had ceased. Giving tongue like a pack of beagles, the children scampered down the street that led between the little

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houses of the married Non-Commissioned Officer's quarters. The crowd broke up as the mess call sounded from beyond the parade ground.

As Kingsland Mitchell sat that evening, after dinner, on the hotel veranda, his wife joined him, seating herself sideways on the railing, leaning back against the pillar. She looked much younger than she really was—her figure, lithe and graceful, had all the flexibility of youth—the lines in her pathetically pretty face did not show in the half-light. Mr. Mitchell also was flattered by the shadows. Slender, but up-standing, he had the attenuated, greyhound look of good breeding, with the delicacy of health and temperament that goes with it, for he was an invalid whose one object in life was an ever-moving search, a persistent pursuit of comforting climate.

They had been married sixteen years, the Kingsland Mitchells—sixteen years of unbroken companionship. They had plenty of money—almost too much at times; it was a burden to know what to do with it. Of relatives, except most distant ones, they had none.

Mr. Mitchell looked at his wife's profile as she gazed out to the lights sparkling against the loom of the farther shore.

"What are you thinking of, Martha?" he asked. "Not homesick, are you?"

"Homesick!" she repeated, leaning her head back. "Home seems to me to be just where I am, until we both want to go some place else. . . . But I was thinking of that child we saw to-day—that beautiful, beautiful child."

Her husband paused—"And so was I," he replied, "before you came out. . . . I wonder what will become of her?"

Mrs. Mitchell's eyes closed a little. "I can't get her out of my mind," she replied. "Just think of—having a child like that!"

There followed a long silence as their thoughts ran back over the years.

Kingsland Mitchell was past forty now—his wife thirty-six. At times he appeared much older; but she did not always look her age—she had clung to her girlhood and its dreams tenaciously. He knew how she ached to expend that surplus wealth and pour it in precious anointment on some curly head that she might call her own. His heart, also, beat fast at the touch of little fingers, and they held this secret in unspoken understanding.

"I'd better get your shawl, dear, hadn't I, if you're going to sit out here?" The mother tones in her voice seemed accentuated. She was used to waiting on him.

"We'll be going in in a minute. . . . Did you ever see such a graceful little thing in your life?—the way she pointed with that little forefinger!"

"And, Kingsland, such lips and teeth!"

"I can't get her out of my mind, Martha."

"Nor I, dear." She touched his shoulder gently—"We'll take a walk before we go in? . . . It's cold sitting here. This isn't Nassau, remember—a chill comes off the water at times."

With her slender figure nestled close to his, they went down the veranda steps to the hotel garden.

On every Thursday the officers of the regiment, with their wives and families, met the official circle, the privileged island residents, and the invited transients at the Happy Valley tennis courts.

At the bottom of a bowl-like depression in the pine-wooded hills was a bit of greensward just big enough for two courts, a little tea-house and some tables. The voices and chatter lifted to the winding road cut in the coral hills above, where the uninvited stood and caught glimpses through the pine branches of the gaiety below.

Mr. Mitchell, who had started on a walk from the hotel, arrived alone this Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Brazier-Cray, the wife of the Major of the Blankshires, who was pouring tea, promptly appropriated him.

He was the kind of man women like to have about—he seemed to have a subtle understanding of themselves—he respected moods and vapors with an instinct almost feminine. The sadness in his finely-moulded face lent to him also a touch of romance that goes farther with the gentler sex than braggart health and boisterous spirits.

"What! Going about alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Brazier-Cray. "What's happened?"

"Nothing," returned Mr. Mitchell. "But, tell the truth, I expected to find my wife here."

Mrs. Brazier-Cray smiled. "The rendezvous at Happy Valley is generally made with somebody else," she bantered. "You might have made me believe you came here

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to see *me*. . . . But I'll tell you where she is, if you'd like to know."

"Where?" he asked so quickly that Mrs. Brazier-Cray responded with a little purring laugh.

"Oh, tiresome man! She was up at the cricket ground—talking to a lot of soldiers' kiddies. They *were* gathered about! . . . I'm a good one to talk—but I think army children are a mistake. . . . You two are lucky—gadding about everywhere, with no bothering little ones to hinder, aren't you?"

"Are we?" interrogated Mr. Mitchell, and said no more.

He watched the tennis listlessly—even a close set, played by two maiden lady residents of the Island, who for decades had defeated all comers, did not rouse his interest. The arrival of His Excellency, a red-faced old general on the retired list, attracted Mrs. Brazier-Cray's attention, and Mr. Mitchell found opportunity to slip away.

He took the steep path up the road toward the Cantonment and came to the cricket ground. He saw no signs of his wife, so he climbed from the plateau to the hill, and, looking over toward the N. C. O.s' quarters, he perceived her walking slowly down the path that led to the military road. Taking a short cut, he waited for her. She smiled from afar off, but held out no greeting. He asked a question as she joined him.

"Did you see her?" He spoke with the certainty of divination.

"Oh, yes." She gave a little nod. "I just left them—the whole family. Their name is Jennings, and her first name is Matilda—the soldiers and every one call her 'Peaches'. Her mother is a laundress,—the father is a corporal—a very obsequious person, who drinks, I'm sure. Mrs. Jennings was in service, at one time, and must have been quite pretty. Now, what with stitching, and washing, and ironing, and ill health, she's *fit* subject for a hospital and nothing less. She has lost three children; 'Peaches' is all she has left—oh, such a child! Such a voice! Like a little silver bell! Sergeant Jennings tells me that his ten years' service is up very shortly."

"And what will they do then?"

"Oh, Kingsland!" Mrs. Mitchell's voice changed suddenly. "I can't think of that little creature growing up to hardship and poverty. . . . If we could only do something for them—could we?"

"I'm sure I don't know what, my dear. . . . They wouldn't part with her, would they?"

Mrs. Mitchell started, halting and speaking with disconcerting emphasis: "Heavens, no! She's the apple of their eyes—they wouldn't."

"Well, then, I don't see what we can do."

"No, but—" Mrs. Mitchell drew a long fluttering sigh. "You should see her close to! Really, Kingsland, it's marvellous! Do you remember the story of the little princess in the shoemaker's family? I wonder if it's anything like that—does she really belong to them?"

They were nearing the path that led down to Happy Valley; they could hear the band struggling manfully with a sonata. It brought them to their immediate surroundings.

The festivities were over, people were making their way up to the road where the line of carriages waited. But Mrs. Mitchell succeeded in getting hold of Mrs. Brazier-Cray for a few minutes, before that lady—who had just organized a bridge party—had left. "Oh, Corporal Jennings's family, you mean," she replied, in answer to a question Mrs. Mitchell put to her. "Don't think that you are the only one that is interested, my dear. There's some kind of a story—it's—a sad case! He's been twice reduced to the ranks—only on account of his wife, he's kept in the regiment. She, poor woman, is not long for this world; from what the doctor tells me—" She whispered something.

"But what will ever become of—of that beautiful child?" Mrs. Mitchell was accompanying her up the steep walk; Mrs. Brazier-Cray turned to her with a glance of understanding.

"If I hadn't five of my own—" She stopped and did not finish.

"But I haven't any," rejoined Mrs. Mitchell. "I lost my only one. It's seven years ago now."

"Poor little woman," murmured Mrs. Brazier-Cray, taking her hand.

The gesture and the exchange of looks had brought them into more intimate relationship than a year of social meetings.

Three or four days later Mrs. Kingsland Mitchell received a note, left by an

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orderly at the hotel. It began with somewhat startling abruptness:

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL:

"You spoke the other day of being interested in Corporal Jennings's family. Last night poor Mrs. Jennings died very suddenly. We'll miss her very much—she was the only one who could do laces nicely of all the regimental laundresses, and her needlework was quite remarkable. I don't know what *will* become of the child. Jennings's enlistment is up in a fortnight. He is almost, if not quite, worthless, and there is little hope for a time-expired man whose record is not good. It's very sad, all this, but the reason I'm writing you, is because Corporal Jennings asked your name—I was over there this morning—from his description of 'the American lady who came to see them,' I knew it must be you. These little tragedies are very distressing, but Jennings is not above going to you for assistance. You must not let him bother you—and I am sure he would."

Then Mrs. Brazier-Cray signed all of her half-dozen names.

The note struck Mrs. Mitchell as strange. She longed that instant for her husband—but he had gone off on a fishing excursion to the reefs and would not be back till nightfall. So she ordered a trap and drove directly to the N. C. O.s' quarters on the hill, and getting out, she walked to the little house, with the darkened windows, at the end of the row.

When Kingsland Mitchell returned that evening, his wife met him at the entrance to their rooms. Then she did a strange thing—she put her head down on his shoulder—and, to his surprise, he found that she was crying there softly. With the gift of intuition that was his, he felt these were not tears of sudden grief. He stood silently waiting for whatever was to come, though his heart was beating in a half-frightened and very disturbing fashion. Mrs. Mitchell had not intended to greet him thus at all—she was surprised, herself, by this sudden overflow.

"Oh, Kinney," she said at last, using the name she seldom used. "We can have her! —Won't you let me, dear?—I want her so much, oh, indeed I do."

"Go on," he said, not answering or moving. "Tell me—what's happened."

He sat down beside her, loverwise, her hand in his, and his arm about her shoulder.

"Oh, I didn't tell you all that took place the other day, when I was up there on the hill," Mrs. Mitchell confessed falteringly. "I couldn't—I couldn't, for some reason. . . . But you know, when I saw the mother on Thursday, I saw her alone. . . . I—I *begged* her for that child—I offered her everything—She wasn't angry, but she just said 'no.'—I told her what I'd do for her, —I told her that *you* wanted her, too—You did—you *do*, don't you?"

There was no reply but a pressure on her hand.

"Well, last night, this poor mother died. . . . Early in the evening she told her husband something—she told him that she wished him to give me 'Peaches,' only she couldn't remember my name—I was just the 'stranger lady.' The officers' wives are talking of putting her into a 'home' in England. But we'll never let *her* go there, will we, dear?—Mayn't I have her—mayn't I?"

"If you'll share her with me," said Kingsland Mitchell slowly. And at that his wife kissed him, with her cheek against his own.

"I never longed for anything so much in all the world before—but once," she whispered.

They sat there silently for some time, and at last he spoke.

"There are many things to be arranged," he said. "Where could I see Jennings?" he ended.

"I told him you'd be there to-night—and not to say anything to any one. . . . He'll want something, Kingsland, he's that sort, you know."

. . . . . .

It was a long talk the two men held that evening at the corner of the steep lane that led down to the regimental golf links, and a strange bargain was concluded: Corporal Jennings was to leave at the end of his expired time, taking his motherless child with him. "Peaches", it was to be explained, was to go to relatives in Nova Scotia. Despite the possibility of difficulties, Mitchell's heart was light as, through the damp air, laden with the heavy fragrance of the lily fields, he drove back to the hotel.

That night, as Mitchell lay awake, he heard his wife sob softly. He stirred and spoke to her.

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"What is it, dear?"

"Nothing—I'm so glad," was her reply, "so very happy."

Three or four days later the Kingsland Mitchells took the *Bermudian* for New York, and from there they departed very suddenly for the North.

For two months the Mitchells stopped at Halifax, and when they left, they were accompanied by a trained nurse and a wan little child. Hardly any one would have recognized "Peaches" now. Her hair was cut short and the great blue eyes gazed languidly and listlessly out of a face from which all the color had departed. Care and nursing had helped to drag her back to life; but it was her vitality that had won in the battle with the dreaded typhoid.

The legal formalities of adoption concluded, before the Mitchells' departure Jennings embarked for England with a good lump sum in his pocket and two hundred pounds a year to be paid in monthly installments through the London agent of the Halifax attorney. Within ten months he had drunk himself to death.

The Kingsland Mitchells began a new existence. They did not herald their return from their years of wandering by seeking out old friends. On the contrary, they rented a good-sized cottage near one of the harbors of Long Island Sound, and for the first time, spent two years without moving.

"Peaches" ("Mathilde" they called her now) had grown to the long-legged slimness of ten—the slimness that fits into starched frocks and silk stockings. The soft, golden hair framed her face again, and she had the old habit of tossing it aside with a shake of her head. She was very affectionate and docile. Her governess marvelled at the almost military precision of her obedience. She wondered, also, at the child's voice. It was musical and well modulated; but every now and then she fell into a trick of speech. When for any reason she became excited, she dropped her h's, and very, very seldom, put them on in the wrong place. Miss Bagby accepted the explanation of the child having caught this, when very young, from an English nurse, but never did little Miss Mitchell refer to any recollection of her early childhood. She never spoke of her own mother, or showed the slightest remembrance of anything that had happened before her illness at Halifax. One strange characteristic she had. When she played, she played practically—she really washed her doll's dresses and ironed them neatly. She loved to be in the kitchen and really cook, she took naturally to needle and thread as some children take to puzzles or scrap-book pasting—to expensive toys—even to books, she was indifferent. Though not imaginative, she was prone at times to dreaming vivid dreams.

The following four years were spent in France and Italy. Everywhere they went people remembered them as the parents of the wonderfully beautiful child. They had come to think of her as nothing less than their own—her manners might have been inherited from generations of ancestors used to the written and unwritten laws of thought and conduct.

So we hasten over the years until a momentous departure came in the Mitchells' life: it was decided that Mathilde should go to boarding-school—this happened on a flying visit to America. A fashionable school near Baltimore was selected, but the adopted parents could not tear themselves away entirely and took apartments in the city where, at least once a week, they had her with them.

It was remarkable how the girl matured! By the time she was seventeen she looked quite twenty. A feeling of pride was now added to affection in both her parents' hearts. She had grown tall and lithesome; her wonderful hair and coloring, her delicate features were pure Anglo-Saxon. But she possessed a daintiness that was as individual as the most fragile bit of Dresden. It came partly from her natural grace of movement—the grace, usually the property of small women, instead of one of her inches, for, with her wonderfully golden hair up, she appeared half a head taller than her father, who was growing gray now, and who used to sit looking at her at times in wonderment of possessing anything so perfect.

And so we come to the time when Mathilde was eighteen, and the Mitchells wakened to the fact that they had no longer a child to deal with, but a young woman, who some day might emphatically declare herself. More than once the two

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fond parents had been surprised into sudden consultation.

. . . . . .

It was May, the most fascinating of all months to be in Paris. The avenues and gardens were thronged and gay, the air warm and bright; there was all the excitement and movement of the capitol to amuse and distract the visitor. But, apparently, it was out of key with Mathilde's mood. She took little interest in things about her, displaying a strange listlessness that was entirely new.

"I want to go where it's quiet—I want to get away from all this," she confessed to Mrs. Mitchell, late one afternoon, when they had reached their rooms after struggling through the crowded corridors of the hotel, filled with tea sipping, gossiping guests. "I want to go to some little place, all surrounded by the sea—not too far away, but quiet—unfashionable—I'm just a little bit tired, mother dear."

When this speech was repeated to her father, he acquiesced entirely.

"Just the place—I know it," he had said. "The Island of Jersey—I went there once with my tutor when I was studying in England. You know, the fact is," he resumed, "I have been looking for young Davies to turn up here any minute. I saw a letter addressed to her in his writing—he's now in London. . . . Do you think she's written him?"

"I don't know," responded Mrs. Mitchell guardedly. "But it has been in her mind, I'm sure. She's had a hard winter of it in Baltimore—you know how much she went out after she left school. It's the reaction that has set in I dare say. I will regret leaving Paris just now; but if you think Jersey will be what she might like, let us go there, by all means."

And thus the matter was settled; but, in passing, it might be said that Howard Davies—one of the reasons for those sudden consultations—had caused the Kingsland Mitchells the least uneasiness. Not because he was considered out of the running, but, all taken into account, he was the most eligible. A clean cut, clean-minded young American, three years out of college, he had an inherited position and had shown marked ability. In his companionship Mathilde had seemed to find both resource and pleasure. Into the state of her affections neither of her doting parents had inquired.

"They must settle it between themselves, my dear," said Mr. Mitchell upon one occasion as they drove through the Bois, when his wife, after some timorous finessing, had brought up the subject. "The young man is, er, well—" He paused, considering, halted by a pang of parental jealousy. "If she wants him—and if he wants her more than anything else in the world, I dare say he will get her—for that is the way of women."

"Shall we send Howard word where we have gone?" Mrs. Mitchell asked—"it would be a very fair test as to how matters stand—if he——"

Her husband gave a little lift of the eyebrows, characteristic of him in final judgments. "No, my dear Martha, leave that to her again. . . . It would be fairer yet—wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Mitchell nodded slowly in acquiescence with a smile that said plainly, "You're right—you're always right." And the rest of the drive was finished in silence.

The day after they had arrived at the antique little Isle—sanctuary from times immemorial for harassed souls, Mathilde, alone, had started for a walk before breakfast. Never before had she set foot on English soil! The oft talked of, and oft postponed, trip, to Great Britain had never taken place—the climate did not agree with her father, it was explained. But now the Blankshires—to the Colonelcy of which Major Brazier-Cray had succeeded—were in India. There was no fear of meeting disturbingly familiar faces, nor having to answer distressingly familiar questions. But of all these things Mathilde knew nothing.

As she walked up the steep, narrow street leading from the quiet and comfortable lodgings to which they had been recommended—a strange, almost exciting, sensation kept growing within her—the century-old cottages with their narrow doors and small paned windows seemed to greet her like old friends.

Suddenly she started. . . . Where had she seen those flower pots on the narrow sills? And oh! this garden with the hedge-roses and the gate—yes, the gate that swung both ways—with worn places where little hands and feet had caught the palings! She stopped, her heart beating fast—The cottage beyond! . . . What was happen-

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ing? Surely she knew that cottage—! There should be a loud, strident-voiced clock on the mantel, and five little, blue-painted shelves in the corner, and a looking-glass with crossed flags and a gilt cannon at the top. . . . Why was she imagining all this? She caught her breath, and with a hand to her brow, turned slowly round, until she looked at the little house again. A bare-armed woman opened the door and began to brush the step with strong, sideways sweeps of the broom. Mathilde could see into the interior now. . . . There *was* the clock! There *were* the shelves and there was the mirror—the mirror with the crossed flags and the gilded cannon!

The bare-armed housewife looked up from her sweeping:

"Pleasant morning, Miss," she said, with a bob, "a nice, bright morning for an early walk, Miss."

The intonation of the woman's voice stirred chords in Miss Mitchell's memory—a voice like that had spoken in her dreams—and then—that odor that crept to her from the open door—the clean, sour odor of cheese making—it brought to her misty sensations that she could not name.

Whether she returned any thanks for the cheery greeting Mathilde did not know. . . . She was walking up the hill again, very slowly. The long-handled parasol, trailing by her side, almost dropped from her relaxed fingers. Her lips were parted, her eyes, wide open, looked round her from under troubled brows.

There was a bench beside some stone steps that led up to another garden, Mathilde sank down on it and leaned forward, playing with the lace of the parasol that lay across her knees. She tried to think—that was what she wished to do—*think*. She had found it impossible in Paris to get a proper perspective. She couldn't make up her mind there. Howard Davies's letter—that still unanswered letter. She knew it by heart; but now she could not recall a single word!

Her mind seemed to be groping back into some intangible past—led blindly by incoherent, calling voices, beckoned along the way by sign-posts, half recognized, yet impossible to read. . . . Now it was music! Yes, music close by! The blare of brass, the piping of flageolets, the hum of oboes, and the thrilling palpitation of the drums! And the air they played!

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules.
Tra la, tra la, tra la, la."

(The foolish words, that her lips kept forming to the tune, failed in places, but it seemed as if her mind kept humming them on.) How the drums thundered and flammed!

"But of all the tra la, la, la,
That ever—tra, la la,
Is the boom,—! tramp, tramp, tramp
Of the British Grenadiers!"

She leaped to her feet. A fragrance that, mixed somehow, with the music, held her—Lilies, lilies—(yes, there were some in the garden beside her), but fields of them, seas of them—gleaming white—and all round them, pines, pines, dark green, and beneath endless carpets of soft brown needles. A deep road, with straight, moss-grown walls appeared to stretch before her, only to change into the steep, narrow, little street with its rows of cottages. Yet these seemed as familiar as the fleeting vision of the other things.

At the top of the hill was passing an undulating line of red and white—the music, a little fainter, still kept on.

Almost stumbling in her haste, Mathilde ran up the slope—and there she paused, trembling—her bosom lifting and falling under the soft lace blouse.

Little ant's nests of tingling nerves gathered behind her ears—thrills that made her shiver crept along her spine. There was nothing misty about this—! She had seen this sight before; she knew it—knew it all!

There was a line of red, halted and motionless, lining one side of the level stretch of greensward, worn thin by marching feet. Soon that man, stepping forward alone, would stop before the other upright figure in the red coat with the ribbons and medals—and then—There it was! the twinkling movement of the adjutants' feet as he turned on toe and heel! It always made her laugh—she laughed now. How the arms came down together, and the hands in their white gloves—! Then the crash of the rifle butts on the ground!

"Trooping the colors—pretty sight, eh?"

It was a tourist person in a cloth cap addressing another tourist person in a crum-

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

"What are you thinking of, Martha?"—Page 75.

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pled panama. With a nudge he whispered something. Turning, they both favored Mathilde with the usual, rude homage of prolonged stares.

For the first time Miss Mitchell recognized that she was not alone.

When the regiment in quarter column swept past the corner of the parade ground —the band playing "Garry Owen" and the undulating line cadenced to the heart-lifting, feet-swinging air, they passed a tall young woman dressed in white, who watched them with parted lips.

Mathilde was descending the hill again—retracing her steps unconsciously. She was still under the influence of the half-dreaming, half-waking feeling that follows strong and sudden stimulation of the mental forces. The certainty with which she had viewed the military movements on the hill-top was now re-inforced by the overwhelmingly reminiscent sense of everything. . . . Here was the cottage again. Tempted by a sudden impulse, she stopped. But before she had decided, something caught her eye.

It was the figure of a tall man in a red coat with gold chevrons and crowns on his sleeves striding toward her up the hill. Never had she seen a man like this! The broad, flat shoulders and the round, full chest seemed moulded into the tight-fitting tunic; narrow of hip and long of limb, proud of tread, he seemed to her startled eyes an incarnation—Mars and Apollo rolled in one—an English sergeant major of the line! His forage cap sat jauntily on his blonde head, his long, light mustache and bronzed features were almost aristocratic in their regularity. He gave Mathilde a glance out of his deep set eyes as he passed —she felt a flush mantling to her temples. Trembling, she hastened on. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsland Mitchell had almost finished their breakfast. They had waited some time, but the maid had said that Miss Mathilde had started for a walk, leaving a message that she might be late.

"Well, darling, where *have* you been?" greeted Mrs. Mitchell extending her hand and cheek in the same movement, as Mathilde entered the little room and closed the door after her. She had not removed her hat, only pushed the veil further up on the wide brim.

"Why, Mattie, dearest, what is it?" exclaimed her father, putting down the orange he had been preparing for her coming. "Child of mine, what's happened?"

Mathilde was standing straight before them, looking from one to the other. Then swiftly she kissed them both and sat down at the table, just as she was, her gloved hands clasped over her empty plate. She turned to her mother first.

"Mother dear," she faltered tremulously, "why didn't you tell me that I'd been here before?"

Mitchell's eyes opened widely at his wife. He answered for her.

"But you haven't, sweetheart—ever—that I know of——"

"Oh, yes, I have." Mathilde's voice was coming with an effort—"I've lived here."

"Now—now, my darling—" began Mrs. Mitchell in a frightened whisper. But her husband checked her with a look.

"What put such ideas in your head?" he laughed, trying to meet the strange, perplexed challenge in the steady blue eyes and feeling his own fall before them, "you never were here in all your life. How could you? Ho! Nonsense." Hardly had he spoken when he felt the weakness of the way he made the statement. Her prompt reply disconcerted him absolutely.

"I used to live," she reiterated slowly, "in the little house with the swinging gate, ever so long ago."

"Well—did you ever! "Mr. Mitchell rose. "We often imagine, childie, that we've been to places—there are so many—and—and so much alike—you see——"

She broke in on him. "But I *know*. . . . I know the clock and the mirror with the crossed flags and the cannon—it's so, so strange——"

Mitchell tried to keep her gaze focussed on himself, a quick glance had shown him his wife's white, quivering lips. He clapped his hands, assuming amusement—attempting a deriding smile. "Well, well—just listen to that!" he rallied.

Bending forward, he took Mathilde's elbows, trying to turn her to him. But she did not respond. Her eyes grew large and full of fear.

"And the other place," she insisted, "the pines—and the lilies . . . and all the soldiers in their red coats and the band—and the 'British Grenadiers'—! Father, father dear, what does it mean?"

Kingsland Mitchell knew that his own

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She tried to think—that was what she wished to do—*think*.—Page 80.

face was pale now—words would not form in his mind, nor on his lips. The moment had come! The moment that long ago they had ceased to fear and had forgotten. Why had not Jennings told them that he had been in Jersey? What cursed fate had brought them there? He saw the lovely lips trembling, felt the slender hands tightening on his own. She went on speaking.

"Where was I born?—who—who am I?"

"Tell her, Kingsland."

Mrs. Mitchell's voice came faintly—but there was decision in it—surrender rather—forlorn, but brave capitulation.

Keeping the tense grasp in his, the man who was not her father lifted the girl's slight form to him very tenderly. The next moment she was sitting on the sofa close beside him, and the woman who was not her mother, was kneeling, clasping her hand against that loving mother's breast.

Mathilde had not fainted, though her head was back and her strength gone, her eyes were dry.

"Please"—she said weakly—"Please don't—don't cry."

A sob had come in Mitchell's throat, despite himself.

"Years, years ago," he began, "there were two young parents who lost a little child—a daughter—" Mrs. Mitchell's head had lowered—her shoulders were shaking,

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

A little wailing cry caught her ear.—Page 87.

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he rested his disengaged hand softly on her hair where a few gray strands shone in the mass of brown. Then he slipped his arm round her and thus, holding them both, continued: "They loved one another dearly —these two young parents—and——"

It went on to the end—never an interruption, except when his wife stirred to draw the glove off the cold fingers that she nestled against her cheek, damp with tears.

"—So you see—look at me, dearest—it's just the same—no one knows," she cajoled, supplementing the finished story, "you know we love you just the same."

"But," faltered Mathilde, "I'm not yours —and all this time I never did belong." It would have been better if she had broken down. She only shivered. A pitiful, smothered wail sounded in her voice. "Why didn't you tell me? Why?" she looked from one strained face to the other.

"But we'll go on just as we did before, and we will never tell," put in Mitchell, his usual tactfulness failing him. He kissed her forehead softly.

"Please, please," replied Mathilde very slowly. "But just now—everything is so different—I—I think I'll go to my room. I'd like to be alone for a little while."

"Oh, no—come, come, we'll have some breakfast first." The affected cheerfulness drew no response. It was the wrong note at this passage.

Mathilde shook her head. "I couldn't" she said rising limply, calling plainly on her will. With Mrs. Mitchell by her side, she walked to the door.

Mitchell, left alone, seated himself by the window—signs of his suffering in face and attitude. After a while he rose and stole quietly out of the house.

. . . . . .

"How is she, Martha—better?"

The Kingsland Mitchells were standing together in the front room. It was long after dusk. He had just returned from another absence of an hour or two. He laid his hat and stick on the table beside the lighted lamp, and motioned toward the sofa.

"Is she better?"

"Yes," Mrs. Mitchell drew him down to her. "She's touched but the merest morsel—she wont't see a doctor—she says she's tired, that's all. . . . She's tender and gentle, but changed, Kingsland, changed—you must have noticed it. Oh, you don't think it will last!"

Mitchell shook his head. "No—but I've been thinking it all over. . . . We must leave it all to her. It was the shock. . . . God forgive us! perhaps we were wrong in not telling. But I've found out something: —Jennings's regiment left here for Aldershot—then went to Bermuda. She was born here—but she was not his child. Her mother was a widow, who had first married far above her station—a clergyman's son, named Cleeve. . . . His family would do nothing for her."

"This explains many things," mused Mrs. Mitchell slowly—"Jennings never told us —of course, he wouldn't—would he?"

"Did we ask?—I forget. He deceived us, to put it plainly. And, listen, dear—she is almost a year older than we thought. I've seen the register. Jennings married Mrs. Cleeve at the military chapel. Isn't it strange—of all places in the world, we should have pitched on this!"

Mrs. Mitchell replied nothing—she was wondering at the devious ways.

After a long pause she rose. She wished to solace her aching heart by feeling that beautiful, dearly loved head resting over it once more.

In a moment she was back on flying feet. Her husband rising, with blanched lips, caught her as she stumbled forward.

"Kingsland!" she cried. "She's gone—she is not there!"

Mathilde's mind had been a battlefield since early morning. The attack of those misty recollections, stabbing so suddenly and unexpectedly from the unreconnoitred past, had upset any line of reasoning she might have drawn up to meet them, and, as the attack became an overwhelming charge of certainties—her reserves gave way—and from the general chaos that ensued she could not summon her scattered forces to her aid at all. In the acknowledgment of her defeat she could not divert retreat or plan for further action.

As she had lain on her bed, with the sunlight sifting past the drawn curtains, the One-she-had-called-"Mother" had softly looked in more than once. Mathilde had not moved or spoken and the door had closed again. Little did she know of the temptation of the mother one to take her up and cradle her as she had done in the long

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gone days before the explaining moment had disturbed the peace of all their lives. Though overthrown, wounded, beaten, the ungovernable thought-conflict was at its height—there was no hope of help from any one outside.

Things that she now saw clearly were arrayed against others she could not understand.

Why, of course—she had come naturally by her knack of needlework, why shouldn't she have loved to cook, and help clean dishes, and wash and iron? Yes, once she had been rescued scrubbing the front door step—rejoicing in the inherited habitude of work. That was her *real* mother in her. That was what she was fitted for—toil—drudgery if may be—accomplishments had irked her often.

But why had she been so proud? Proud of her ease, proud of her frocks, her clear, ivory skin, her maid-tended golden hair—and, yes, of her "name"—and her "Great-grandmother" and "Great-grandfather" in their gold-framed miniatures! Howard Davies had once said that his family and hers had known each other for four generations—and somehow it gave her pleasure to know this. But *her* family—! *She*, the daughter of a common soldier and his toiling wife, with her tubs and stew pans. Latent until now, slow stirring awakenings of early child-years came to her—a woman's figure, slender and bent—and yet always bending—over this here, and that there—and the smell of cheese making, and cooking and suds—suds—the steam of soaking linen. That's what she had been born to! There came to her mind a picture—she would have called it a "dream" before—Miss Bagby always called them "dreams"—of a man in a red coat—it was always a red coat—lying on the floor of a room—and the bending woman trying to lift him—and horrid words and lurching steps—a blow—a crash and sobs in the darkness—her own voice crying, and thin, hard-working arms gathering her to a suffering, comforting breast. And this she was called on to forget— Those were *her* mother's people—those in the little houses up the hill.

Gratitude—yes, she owed the others gratitude, and she never could repay—never. But had they not robbed her of her birthright—*work?*—and made her live a lie—maybe all the others knew! At this, paradoxically, she hid her face again in shame—shame at the humbling of her pride! Then there came to her the brave figure in the tight-fitting red tunic. She could not imagine *him* lying on the floor—that handsome, swaggering blonde god! What if he might—she blushed—she could cook and wash and iron with the best—! She came to her decision—"No one knew"—yes, the others had said that—they were ashamed—she would not take up the lie again.

Deep down in her nature stirred unrecognized, instinctive forces—hitherto held dormant—her arms stretched out toward the indefinable, the not-yet-clearly-understood.

Mathilde rose and drew back the curtain. It was quite dark. Lights shone from cottage windows. Below in the narrow street a man and a woman walked together. The faint halation from the corner lamp lit up the passing figures—the man had his arm round the girl's waist—he had on a red coat—the brass buttons gleamed suddenly and brightly. From far off sounded the faint call of a bugle.

She drew a long breath, loosened the silk wrapper she wore and dropped it at her feet. With only the light that came through the window to aid, she dressed herself in her brown travelling gown—picked out the shoes that matched, and pinning her smallest hat on her hastily gathered hair, she tiptoed down the stairway to the door. Leaving it half-open, she hastened up the hill.

Something seemed to be leading her, drawing her on. She had no fear of anything, but being seen, before she had found some hiding-place—that was it! . . . The house with the garden.

As she halted at the swinging gate she looked over her shoulder—no one was in sight. The creak of the hinges sounded a now well remembered welcome—if she pushed the gate all the way back there would give a little groaning thump. With a whirr, the strident clock inside the cottage struck the hour as if glad to be done with it. Mathilde walked up the path—it was not so late as she had feared. She was doing nothing extraordinary. She was only Matilda Jennings, the daughter of a soldier. She had lived in that house once—perhaps they would know her people. If they would let her stay, she could work for her

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keep—she would soon prove that! She had given up the position she had held. . . . Why, all she had to do was to tell the truth.

As she was about to knock, she drew back her knuckles just in time—her rings! She had forgotten them. Swiftly she drew them off, put them in her pocket, and stretched out her hand. Then she stopped. A little wailing cry caught her ear; the shade at the left was raised some inches from the sill; the window was open. If she leaned sideways she could look within. . . .

The whole room was in plain sight. At the table sat a man in a gray flannel shirt. His shoeless feet rested on a chair, a short pipe was in his mouth—a bottle and a glass beside him. A young woman, heavily, slatternly, good looking, was walking up and down with a baby in her arms. In the corner sat the middle-aged housewife who had greeted her from the doorstep; she was peeling onions and wore the same bedraggled gown she had in the morning. The baby wailed again.

"Oh, give 'im some o' this," said the man, "and close 'is blooming faice—cawn't cher?"

"'E'll be learnin' soon enough," snapped the woman, "that 'e will."

"Oh blimme," said the man, good-naturedly, "then 'eres to the brat."

"You might give us a sip, Jock," put in the woman in the corner, looking up from her onion peeling with watery eyes, "I've 'ad somethin' as sits 'eavy on me hever since mornin'."

"It's the blarsted, rotten tripe you give us larst night," said the man, still with good humor. "Serves you good and right." He turned as he finished speaking, and the light from the table lamp fell full on his face.

It was the swaggering sergeant major of the line!

The hinges of the gate gave a thumping groan. A tall figure hastened out into the street. Once more Mathilde seated herself on the bench. . . . These "her people?" No, no, no! A sob came from her—then bursting, scalding tears. And as she wept, her brain seemed to clear. It was as if a moving picture, that had been put in backwards, had suddenly been changed and things moved rightly. How could she ever have thought of leaving those she loved so much—and those who loved her so? Another great and unexpected feeling swept over her—born of complete assurance—she stretched out her hands again. Howard Davies's clear-cut face came before her—the words of his letter—even the tones of his voice—she knew now—she knew!

She almost ran down the hill in her haste to be back before they should discover she had gone. How blindly cruel she had been—how stubbornly mistaken! . . . Here she was at the lodgings—the door was open, somebody was in the hallway.

"Mother, darling mother—! Oh, do forgive me, mother dear!"

Mathilde was kneeling by the sofa where Mrs. Mitchell sat, leaning forward, straining her close.

Seeing that they both were weeping, Mitchell left. Such moments are contagious to some temperaments. For a long time, as he stood in the next room, hoping to hear his name called, he could hear them talking in broken whispers, that grew calmer as the moments passed. She was learning all the truth; he heard the name "Cleeve," followed by low-whispering and the name repeated. Then his heart gave a bound. He caught the sound that wells from the solaced heart of womankind—the soft, half-broken laugh, with the echo in it of the relief of recent tears. . . . He could not help listening for the next few words.

"—When he comes—you must tell him all—everything——"

"Everything, dearest."

Again Mitchell felt the pang of jealousy. But, smothering it, he gave a great sigh of joy.

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IN THE DOLOMITES

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CORTINA IN SEPTEMBER

I HAD forgotten what an Italian summer was like. We had had beautiful weather at Igls, bright and cool, so that we could be out all day, and only once a real storm, when the mists closed around us, making a gray curtain between us and the mountains, the rain coming down in such heavy drops one could almost catch them like hailstones. It seemed another world when we started from Toblach for our long drive through the narrow Ampezzo Valley to Cortina. It was hot and crowded at Toblach—the hotel full of people. Our rooms were small and stuffy, the dining-room awful, a great many people, shut windows, very insufficient attendance, and quantities of flies—rather reminding one of bad way-stations in the West of America in my childish days. Heaps of baggage piled up in the hall. The courtyard full of carriages coming and going; guides lounging about; and the unfortunate clerks and porters going mad over people asking questions—"had letters and telegrams been received—had their baggage arrived—was their carriage ordered," etc., etc. We felt decidedly bewildered. However, order seemed to come out of chaos, and when we finally got hold of the porter we found that our carriage was ordered, rooms also at Cortina, and we were to start the next morning at eight o'clock. We went for a short stroll after dinner. The mountains towered above us and all around the narrow strip of valley where Toblach stretches its narrow line of hotels and villas. We seemed absolutely shut in. It was rather pleasant to see the Innsbruck Express dash past with its long line of lighted carriages looking like a comet with a flaming tail. We started punctually the next morning in a light open carriage, with a pair of sturdy little horses that went along, all the way, at a steady even trot. We had the classic Tyrolian coachman with a green felt hat (with a flower in it) cocked over one ear. Our baggage had started earlier by diligence. We had a five hours' drive to Cortina, stopping half-way to breakfast and rest the horses. The road was beautiful as soon as we left the village of Toblach. We mounted gently at first through green fields and low hills and past quite a fair-sized lake, but we soon got into a region of bare peaks, rocks, and mountains, which was very wild and beautiful. Our coachman, who was very amiable and perfectly unintelligible—speaking an extraordinary language, half Italian, half German—pointed out various peaks and high bare rocks, that looked sometimes, as the road turned, like gigantic sentinels barring the way. The heat was terrific, the sun shining straight down on the hard white road out of a perfectly bright blue sky without a trace of a cloud—no shade anywhere. We met several carriages and one or two automobiles. One does not see many automobiles here yet, but they will come in crowds later, as the roads are excellent. The valley opened out occasionally, giving us glimpses of snow mountains and glaciers in the distance. One—the coachman told us—was Monte Cristallo, where, every year, guides and tourists are lost, the ascent on this side being very dangerous. We could see quite well the glacier on the side of the mountain—long white patches close to the top, which was almost entirely covered with snow. It was a beautiful drive all the way, particularly when we got well into the mountains, which took most fantastic shapes and marvellous vivid coloring in the bright sunlight—yellow, pink, and some of the peaks a dazzling white which looked like ice. They were all terrible—masses of rock with cruel, jagged sides; I should think almost impossible to climb, but every year excursions are made. We were very glad to get to Schluderbach, one half-way place which consists of a hotel

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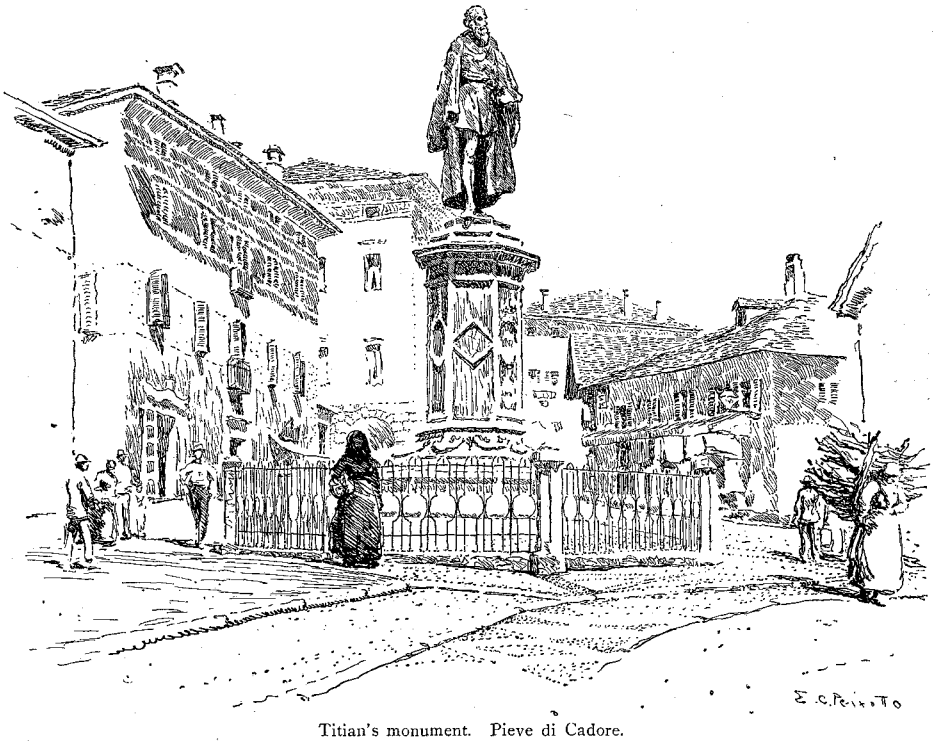

Titian's monument. Pieve di Cadore.

built on one side of the road, with mountains before and behind, and the sun beating down on the flat roof. One or two carriages were in the courtyard, filled with wraps and rugs, cushions, books, umbrellas, luncheon-baskets—all the hundred packages English people travel with. We were shown into a nice little sitting-room, with a clean wooden floor and a piano—which opened into a dining-room with small tables. Two or three maids, in Tyrolian dress—white chemisettes, velvet bodices, and short skirts—were serving the people who were already breakfasting. There were two parties—all women. We asked what they could give us. They proposed trout, partridges, and compote, but that it would take some time to prepare the breakfast—perhaps we would like to walk about a little in the shade of the woods behind the house. "Woods" was rather an exaggeration. There were a few pines running up the side of the mountain, but they were very tall, planted very far apart, and their branches growing straight up in the air. The shade was rather fictitious. We did climb up a short distance, but soon took refuge on a bench under an overhanging rock, with wonderful mountains all around us. One red-yellow round mountain, "Crode di Rossa," was dazzling. We seemed to be looking straight into the sun, and it was a relief to turn to the bare black peaks of Dürrenstein. We were glad to get back to the dining-room, which was cool and dark. The breakfast was excellent. We asked the waitress if the trout came from one of the mountain streams. She said, "No, everything comes from Lienz," —a small Austrian town at the Tyrolian end of the Brenner Pass. There is a curious small Gothic chapel opening out of a corridor just outside of the dining-room. No one could tell us anything about it except that it had always been there, was older than the church. We asked if it ever was used. Occasionally—they said—by a passing priest. Just outside the door a coil of rope and an axe were hanging—had belonged to a guide who had been lost some weeks ago on Monte Cristallo. The last part of the drive to Cortina was even more beautiful than the beginning—through such a wild, strange, desolate country—walls of bright-colored rocks on each side of us, and towering above

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them peaks and mountains of extraordinary shapes, with torrents and waterfalls running down their sides. The heat was still very trying, but I suppose if the sun had not been so bright we should not have had all the color on the mountains; and, after all, that was what we came to see. We had been so cold the last days of August at Marienbad—shivering at the springs in the morning and always wearing woollen dresses at Igls—that we felt the heat, of course, much more, and thought regretfully of the linen dresses we had sent back to Paris. We thought short tweed skirts would be all that we should need in the mountains in September. The little town of Cortina lies in a high valley in the heart of the Dolomites, with green meadows and pine woods all around it; a beautiful clear river pouring straight down from the glacier running through it, and mountains shutting it in on all sides. The small square, with the post-office and Municipio, looked most animated as we drove up. Diligences, carriages, post-carts painted yellow with the Austrian arms in black, were coming and going. People were crowding into the post-office (we, too, like all the rest), asking for telegrams and letters, places in the diligence, etc. It is hard to believe that we are still in Austria. The whole aspect of the place, the look of the people, the names of the streets and shops are Italian, and almost every one speaks Italian. We found neither letters nor telegrams at the Poste Restante; we drove on to our Hotel Miramonti, just outside the town. It stands high, with a pine wood at the back, and is just like all the hotels in the Tyrol—a square, white house, with wooden balconies on all sides. Our luggage had arrived—was standing at the door, and the proprietor and his wife were waiting to receive us. They were a handsome couple—very good specimens of the peasants of the Italian Tyrol. He, a tall broad-shouldered man, and she, a very pretty fair woman, dressed in Tyrolian costume. Their names are Romeo and Juliet. She alluded to her husband once or twice, while showing us our rooms, as "Romeo." So I said, "You ought to be called Juliet." To which she replied, with a blush and a giggle, that her name was Giulietta. They had kept us nice rooms—corner ones—at one end of the corridor, with good balconies. We brushed off a little dust, then went downstairs, had tea in the hall, and afterward sallied out for a walk in the pine woods behind the house. It was very warm and perfectly dry, so we sat down on the grassy slope of the hill and looked at the gorgeous panorama all around us. The mountains a soft gray as the afternoon light faded, and then a beautiful living pink in the last rays of the sunset. I thought I should never get dressed for dinner. I could not tear myself away from the balcony. It is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen—just what one would imagine the fairyland of our childhood. The contrast between the pink-golden peaks and the long black lines of the pines was too wonderful. Then the moon came out, and that finished the picture and completely changed the coloring. The rose light faded and the mountains looked ghastly white—cold and bare. We woke up to-day to a bright beautiful morning, the sun just coming over the top of the mountains and smiling down on pretty little Cortina, which seemed to lie in a green cup at their feet. Quite a number of villas and chalets are scattered about on the hills—some very high up. When they are lighted at night they look like stars against the dark background of pines. The high-road from Toblach to Belluno—a long white line—seems to cut the valley in two. Several carriages loaded with travellers and luggage were passing—also the diligence, a heavy, lumbering, old-fashioned vehicle, and a few peasants' carts. We walked into Cortina about nine o'clock—such a hot walk—not a particle of shade. We had some shopping to do—post-cards, writing paper, and canes (every one told us we must get good stout canes with an iron point, if we meant to do any walking), and H. and P., of course, wanted to be weighed. It was so hot—even at that hour of the morning—that we couldn't attempt to walk back over that glaring white road, and asked the woman at the paper shop where we could find an "Einspanner" (one-horse trap). She offered to get us one, and advised us to sit on the bench outside her door until it was ready. We settled ourselves on rather a small wooden bench under a tree (one of the few in Cortina), and were much interested looking at the people walking up and down the narrow street and lounging in the

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square. Almost all were English—pretty girls with fair hair, sailor hats, short skirts, and canes, and a certain number of men—generally young, with tall, straight figures—not at all the abnormal stomachs and short fat necks we had grown accustomed to at Marienbad. A wonderful equipage appeared to take us back to Cortina—a very narrow carriage, with an enormous horse, which was harnessed so far away from the carriage that he didn't look as if the rather small boy who drove had anything to do with him. However, the paper lady assured us it was all right, and we rattled back to Miramonti in time for breakfast. We met some Florence friends—Mrs. Fuller and her daughter—in the restaurant, and we had a pleasant talk on the terrace, after breakfast—going back to old days, in that pleasure-loving city of flowers, sunshine, and happy, easy life—easy morals, too. "Amore" was an excuse for everything, and women got tired of their husbands and children and family life generally, had a "grande passion" for another man, and went off with him for years. Then when the madness was over, came back to Florence, and took their places again in society and their home circle, and nobody seemed to mind. I remember mother's perplexity the first winter we spent in Florence. Among the various people we met and who visited us were several ladies whose past seemed to have been extremely lively—as the French say—and she rather hesitated about taking her daughters to their houses. She consulted an old Florentine lady, who thought her scruples quite unnecessary. "Why should you worry over that, dear madam? These ladies all live a most exemplary life now with their husbands, bringing up their children most carefully, and attending to their households and charities. You mustn't judge Italians with their warm Southern blood by your Anglo-Saxon correctness—besides, it all happened so long ago." I suppose time softens everything. They suggested we should walk into Cortina to have tea at Appolonia, the principal café, where we would see all the beauty and fashion of the place. We had sworn we wouldn't go back there till the great heat was over; but we did, of course, and they showed us another way, through fields and along pretty little green paths—a great improvement upon the hard white road. We sat some time on the veranda of the Appolonia, looking at all the people—the English element always predominating, but there were some Germans and Italians—no Americans. We had very good cakes and coffee. The walk back about half-past six was enchanting—the green valley and hills in front of us; the river racing along on one side; and close around us the great jagged dolomite peaks. The colors were too beautiful in the sunset glow; I never should have believed such lights possible if I had not seen them. We sat out on the terrace a long time after dinner. It was bright moonlight, and the little village of Cortina, with its white campanile and chalets, stood out sharply in the clear light. The houses are generally white, with dark roofs and balconies, but some of them are pink and blue (like the houses at Alassio and the Italian Riviera), and have pictures painted on the outside—saints or landscapes, or a figure of some village legend; but, of course, the color is lost at night, and the white towers of the two churches seemed to dominate the town.

Sunday.—We went into mass at Cortina this morning, as Giulietta told us we should see the peasants in their costumes. They all come down from the little stations on the mountains and neighboring villages on Sunday. There was quite a crowd assembled in front of the church, but we did not find the costumes very striking. All the women wore a short black skirt of some woollen material, white chemisette, black bodice, usually of velvet, and colored apron. Very few had long earrings or gold chains. There were scarcely any pretty faces, and all, of all ages, wore the same hat—a round, low, black hat, with a little end of ribbon or cord and tassel hanging down behind. It was not at all becoming—particularly to the old, wrinkled faces. They all touch the brim of their hats, like men, when they speak to you or answer a question. They have one curious custom—they take off their hats before going into church, keep them on their laps during the service, and have them dangling on their arms when they come out. The men were dressed like all peasants of mountainous districts—dark-green suits, high leather belts, broad-brimmed hats, and gaiters. They were all very devout, and there were almost as many men as women—plenty of

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young ones. We didn't stay very long, as the heat and bad air (so many country people with their thick clothes steaming) were not very agreeable. The church is modern, not particularly interesting—the carving and painting by local artists. Cortina is evidently much patronized by English. All the shopkeepers, guides, and post-office officials have a smattering of the language, and one finds tea, plum-cake, Murray's guidebook, tennis shoes, balls and racquets, and English illustrated papers everywhere. This afternoon P. and I made an excursion to Belvedere—on the other side of the narrow valley. It is very high, and there is a splendid view of mountains and glaciers. It looked a very steep, rough road, but the people of the house assured us it was perfectly practicable with a light carriage and a pair of strong little mountain horses. The carriage looked extremely light—both body and wheels—when it appeared. We are neither of us sylphs and had some misgivings, but it was evidently suited to the purpose as we drove up to the top. The driver walked all the way from the time we crossed the river and began to climb. We got out several times and walked. Once—when we were driving through a little village, the road very narrow with sharp turns and the houses with low overhanging roofs almost meeting over our heads—it did not seem possible to pass, and again when the road apparently ended and a perfectly straight hill reared itself up in front of us; however, the carriage went up triumphantly. It was frightfully hot; nothing to give any shade but the telegraph poles, and we were quite exhausted when we got up to the top. We walked a short distance through a wood, happily. I had a magnificent view when we arrived at the terrace or platform of the restaurant—all the great mountains—Cristallo, Sorapiss, and Antelao facing us. Cristallo with snow quite at the top like a white cap; and Antelao—rather curious—a ring of snow or glaciers, not quite at the top, looking like a necklace for the sharp barren peak that rose directly behind it. We saw the road to Lake Misurina and the "Tre Croci," which looked frightfully steep—a white line going straight up the face of the mountain. Every one said we ought to make that excursion, but I wouldn't undertake it in this weather. It is a very long day over very bad roads, and one must walk a good bit of the way when it is so steep that the carriage can just get up with no one in it. One must always climb here. There are not ten yards of level road once you leave Cortina. We found a nice clean old woman and a pretty Italian boy at the little restaurant at Belvedere. They told us all their family history—the boy wants to go to America as soon as he has finished school. They gave us very good bread and butter and coffee. We have learned now by experience never to ask for tea in these out-of-the-way places. Madame Giulietta says her tea is "proprio Chinese," but we have an idea that it comes from somewhere nearer home. It was delightfully cool—too cool, in fact—on the terrace, so we walked about a little along the top of the plateau. About half-way down the slope there was a cross, with a very realistic picture of a young woman slipping on the grass and being carried over the precipice. I remember seeing the same thing when we were travelling in the Austrian Tyrol near Heiligenblut and the Gross Glockner. Our guide was very careful always when we were walking on the grassy slopes—said they were most dangerous. I quite realized it, for I felt how very slippery the grass was, notwithstanding my nailed mountain shoes and my stout alpenstock with an iron point, which I dug firmly into the ground wherever there was grass. I was never afraid on the glaciers—the ice is so rough and broken it did not make me nervous. I don't know that the drive down from Belvedere was any more reassuring than the ascent. We rattled down at a tremendous pace—swinging around corners in the most reckless manner. The view was lovely all the way down. Cortina looked like a little white spot underneath us, and the river a green ribbon twisting in and out of the meadows.

We lead such a regular life here—doing the same thing every day in this beautiful country—that the time slips away almost too quickly. It is perfect enjoyment to sit idly on the grass and look about us. One must sit *tight*, too—as the boys say—as it is very slippery, and an unguarded movement might send one spinning down the slope. Some peasants were mowing the grass the other day, in a field near us—both men and women. One old woman, her

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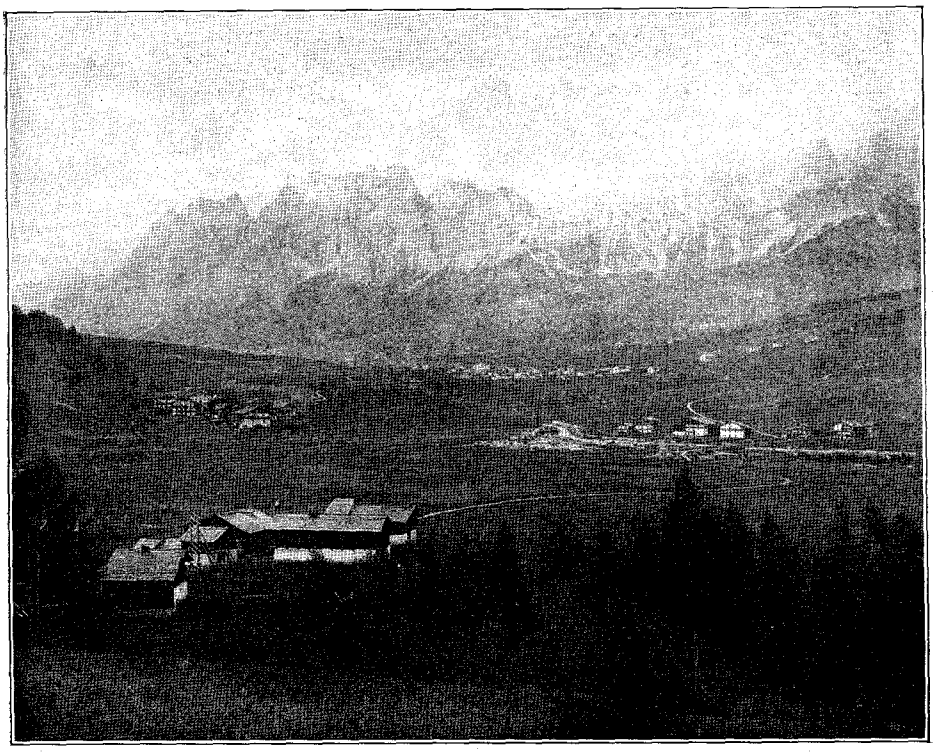

Cortina. Mts. Pomagognon and Crystallo.

face nothing but wrinkles, and quite bent, was taking a long, regular sweep with her scythe—quite as well as the men. The field was decidedly slanting—running up the mountain—but they seemed quite at their ease. They all looked up, smiled, and nodded, and said something about Inglese and the sun—we couldn't quite understand. In all these mountain places where one lives out-of-doors the evenings are short. I think the whole hotel is asleep by ten o'clock. We take all our meals at a small table in the veranda—facing the mountains. It is very hot for the midday meal, even with all the doors and windows open and awnings down, but delightful at night. We are served by three or four nice-looking girls in the dress of the country. Their chemisettes always scrupulously clean—open at the throat—short sleeves, tied at the elbow with a ribbon the color of their fichu. Madame Giulietta comes in occasionally and helps, but only when there are a great many people. There are about six tables in the veranda restaurant—all people we know. They have a table d'hôte, but we never go to it. There is a nice English family in the hotel—a father and two daughters. He is old and delicate, sits out all day under the pine trees, but the daughters are very energetic—the eldest especially. She starts out every morning early and takes long walks all over the country—finds her way everywhere, utterly disdaining the red and blue marks which we find so comforting when we are embarked on a steep mountain path (peering into the bushes for fear we should miss the familiar signs); takes short cuts which always bring her out in the right place, and as she knows Italian well, picks up all sorts of odd bits of information about this little *Austrian* town where the language and the customs and the people are Italian. One rather wonders why they remained Austrian—the frontier is only three or four miles away. However, our friends tell us, we will understand as soon as we cross into Italy. The villages, at once, are so different—dirty streets filled with an idle population; houses half tumbling down, and nothing for any one to do. I shouldn't think

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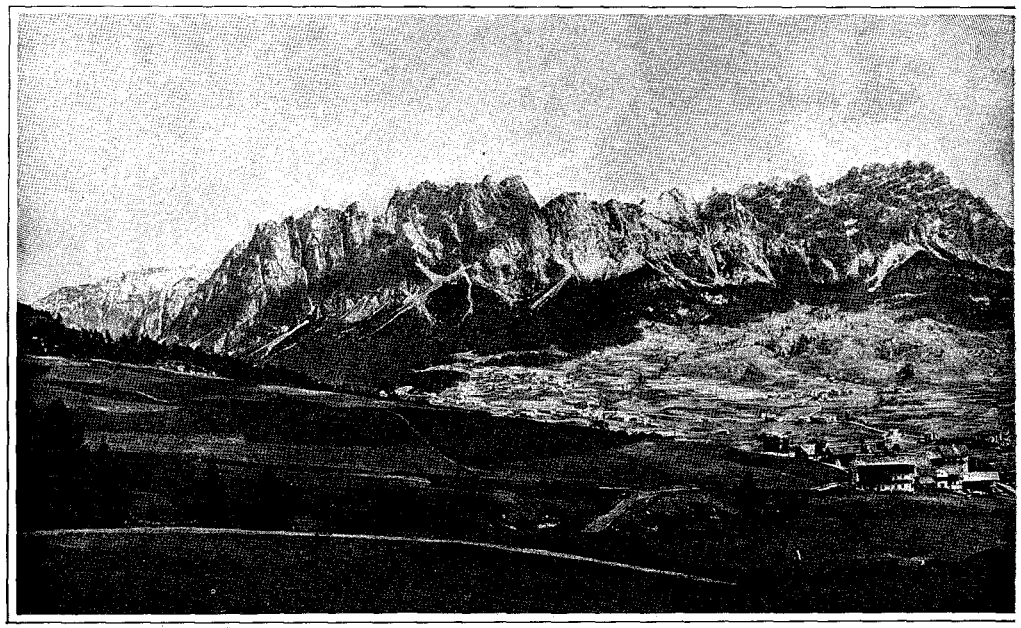

The little town of Cortina lies in a higl

there was much to do here, either, but the little town looks clean and prosperous, and at this season fairly busy. There is very little to buy. Their chief industry is silver filagree work; but when one has bought a certain number of hat-pins, boxes, pincushions, and photograph frames, there is nothing else except a little wood carving like what one finds in every Swiss village. I don't think the men can have any occupation once the winter sets in, when, of course, there are no tourists nor mountain ascensions. They all dream of America, and tell wonderful stories of comrades who have come back rich after working hard eight or ten years—with money enough to build a stone house and keep a cow and goats.

We took a last walk into Cortina this afternoon, as we are leaving to-morrow morning for Tai and Pieve di Cadore. We took still another path—rather longer, but much pleasanter—walking for some time through the meadows alongside of the river, which always sounds cool as it rushes along; the water—a beautiful clear green—rippling and dancing over the rocks. The fields were full of peasants tossing and heaping up the hay in their carts. They all stopped working to look at us—wishing us a smiling "buon giorno." It is curious *never* to hear a word of German. At the Appolonia all the Kellnerin are dressed in Tyrolian costume, but all speak Italian—hardly understand German. The walk home was enchanting. As we stepped out into the long village street we seemed shut in at each end by the mountains. They looked so near in the clear pure air that we almost felt we could walk straight up to the top. They were gray and dull when we started, but as it got toward sunset were transformed with a golden light over them. Then came the beautiful rose afterglow, which is unlike anything I have ever seen.

TAI DI CADORE

It seems impossible to realize that two days ago we were in an enchanted region of green hills, pink and yellow mountains, bright blue skies, with the sun shining down on the glistening white towers of Cortina. It is raining hard, straight down sheets of water. The mountains, quite hidden by the veil of mist which breaks occasionally, giving us glimpses of black frowning peaks. Pools of water in the middle of the road; on one side a regular flood rushing along,

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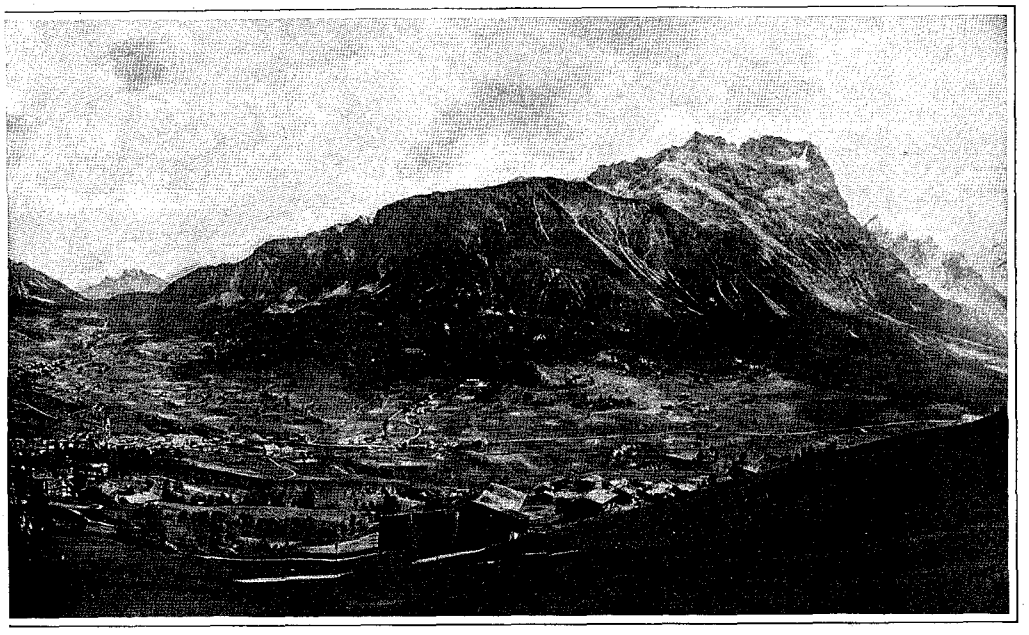

valley in the heart of the Dolomites.

making havoc wherever it passes. The few peasants one sees are wrapped in thick, long, green cloaks, their broad-brimmed hats pulled down over their eyes, and as far as one can follow the long strip of road there is nothing visible. Tai can hardly be called a village. There is a good modern hotel, a few cottages and a church standing well on the hillside. We can just see it—a phantom shape which we divine in the mist. We left Cortina (foolishly) yesterday. It was a soft gray morning, clouds and mists on the mountains didn't look very promising. However Romeo assured us we would reach Tai without rain—after that—he shrugged his shoulders and would not commit himself to any opinion. The first hour was delightful—the gray sky really a relief after the blazing sun we have had ever since we have been in this most beautiful country. We drove at first through a lovely green country, with a mountain torrent on one side of the road, making little rapids and cascades whenever the rocks interfered with its course. We soon got to the frontier—a bend in the road, with black and yellow poles on the Austrian side. Just beyond the same poles, painted green and white and red, the Italian colors, and an obelisk with an inscription to commemorate the battle of Chiapuzza, one of the fiercest of the sharp short struggles which eventually ended in liberating Italy from Austria's rule. The battle of Chiapuzza is graphically told by a traveller who knows the Dolomite country well. Before the battle began, the Austrian general offered the people of Cadore pardon if they would lay down their arms. This offer was spurned with scorn. The Austrians then asked why all the bells in the village were ringing. "O la nostra o la vostra agonia" (either our death agony or yours) was the answer. After a terrible battle—the Italians fighting from the mountain tops, where every volley told on the Austrians huddled together in the valley—the Austrians were obliged to retreat. It was curious to see how the whole aspect—place and people—changed as we got farther into Italy—the women perhaps more than the men. Instead of the short, sturdy fair-haired Austrians with the inevitable black felt hat on their neatly braided hair, we saw tall, slovenly Italians, their shirts generally torn and dirty, red handkerchiefs on their heads, with flashing black eyes and very white teeth. Near one of the villages we saw two fine big men striding down the mountain. They were "cacciatori" (hunters), the driver told us.

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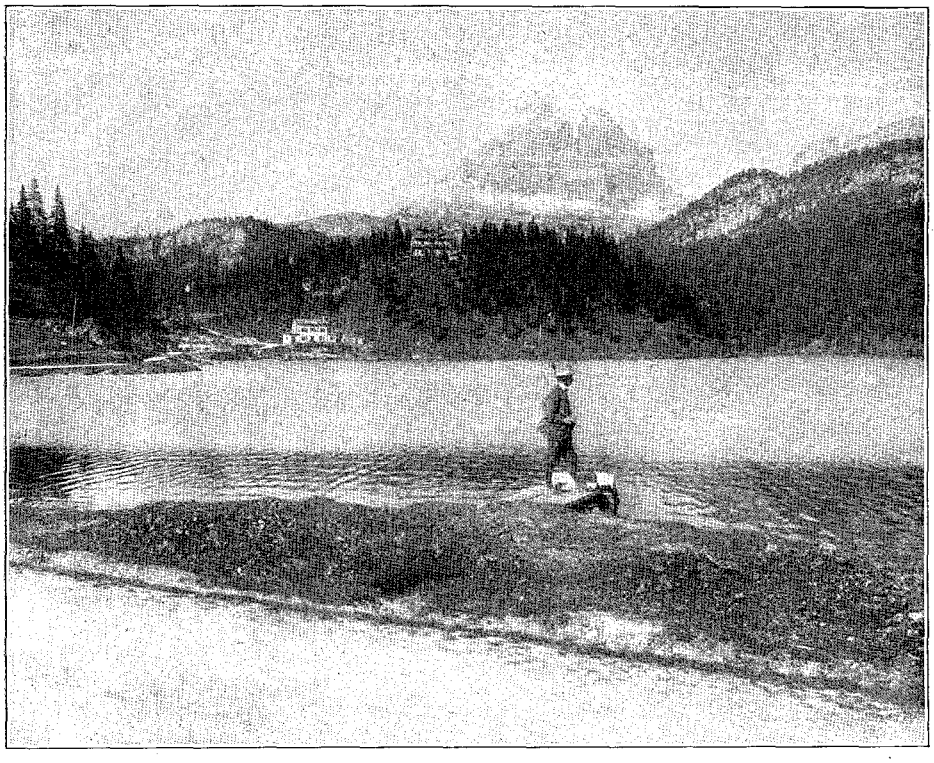

On the way from Cortina to Schluderbach. Lago Misurina and Drei Zinnen.

They were dressed, like the Austrians, in green, with thick woollen stockings and nailed mountain shoes. They had their guns and a telescope strapped on their backs, and were carrying a chamois tied to a pole between them. I could not make out at first what the telescope was—thought it was some sort of powder-horn; but the driver told us that all the chamois hunters carry one. They must sight the chamois from a long distance, and often have a rough, dangerous tramp over the mountains before they get near enough to shoot. They must know, too, exactly when to shoot, or else the animal, if only slightly touched, bounds away and falls over the precipice, where they can't get at him. All this part of the country has been fought over. At every turn of the road there are traces of struggles. The bands of hardy, determined Italian peasants fighting fiercely to keep their beloved mountain homes. The road suddenly narrowed very much between walls of overhanging rocks, and the driver told us it was the famous "Chiusa" (shut), where a small band of Italians had kept the Austrian soldiers at bay—their women and children helping by throwing large stones and bits of rock from the top of the mountains on the enemy. It was much narrower in those days—the rocks nearly meeting, so that a few men with guns and chains across the road could easily defend the passage. Since the high-road has been made they have blasted the rocks and made a fair opening, but even now it would be a nasty place to meet a determined enemy. The mists were deepening on the mountains, and the boas stood out rather ghastly against the bare rocks closing around us, but nothing was falling yet, so we kept bravely on—the carriage open—hoping we might get ahead of the rain. The boas are a very curious feature of this part of the country. They are rivers of stones and earth which run down the side of the mountain, destroying everything as they pass, and burying whole villages under the masses of sand, stones, and uprooted trees. Just after we passed Borca we crossed one of the boas—a wide, dreary expanse of white stones. Our road was most

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Cortina. Hotel Acquilla Nera.

The houses are generally white and have pictures painted on the outside . . . saints or landscapes.

interesting—half-ruined castles, little chapels high up on the mountain, and crosses with rough paintings or inscriptions, telling (the driver told us) that people had been killed on that spot, crushed by a rock falling on them, or missing their footing and slipping over the precipice. He told us the hunters rarely had accidents. They were obliged to go so carefully and noiselessly, not to startle the chamois, that it makes them prudent; whereas the guides get accustomed to the danger and are sometimes careless. The road was excellent; when it was narrow, with a wall of rock on one side and a precipice on the other, there was always a bit of solid stone wall on the side of the precipice. Still, I don't think I should like to make the journey at night. We had splendid views of the giant mountain Antelao when the mists parted occasionally, and very formidable it looked, with great patches of snow and ice on its sides. The driver pointed out Tai in the distance. Alas! big drops began to fall, and then a regular downpour set in, and everything—meadows, mountains, and valleys—was blotted out. We shut the carriage and were almost stifled by the heat and decidedly damp, as we had to keep one window open in spite of the driver's vehement protestations. We heard him muttering to himself something about "forestieri" (strangers) and their singular habits. We found comfortable rooms at the hotel with a salon opening on a balcony, with probably a beautiful view when one could see anything. We had a good (Italian) breakfast—moichi and funny little rounds of beef with a sweet sauce—excellent bread. There were not many people in the dining-room—four tables—small ones—all Italians, and all grumbling and looking out of the window, where the rain was beating hard against the panes. They were not very distinguished looking. They called one lady "Signora Contessa," but she did not look as if she had much blue blood in her veins. For a wonder no English.

About two o'clock the rain stopped a

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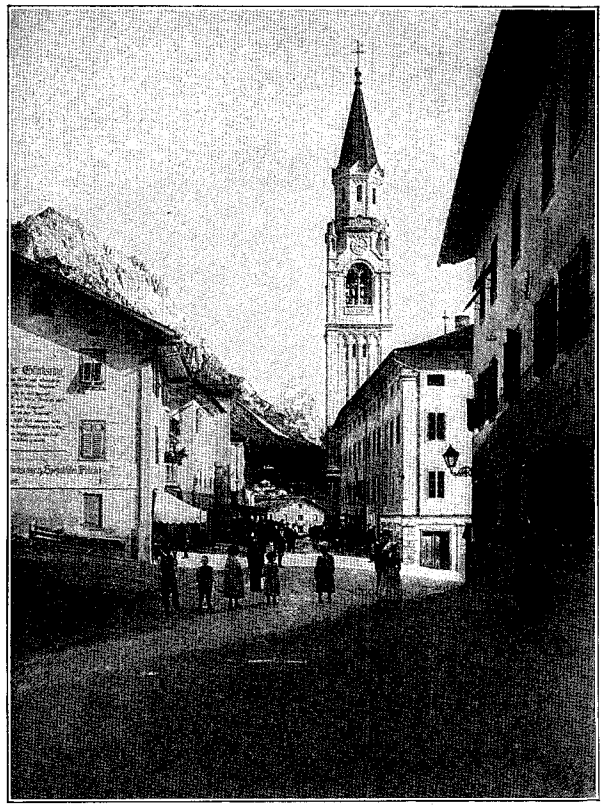
little and the clouds broke. We couldn't sit all the afternoon in one little salon reading guidebooks, so we interviewed the Padrone about going to Pieve di Cadore—a quaint little village, on the top of a hill, famous as Titian's birthplace, about two miles from Tai, by a very steep road. If it had been fine we should have walked there,



Cortina. The church.

but the road was transformed into a running stream, and it seemed wiser to take a carriage. A drive of fifteen minutes brought us to Pieve. The carriage stopped in the middle of the "Piazza Tiziano," under Titian's statue, and the driver asked what we wanted to do. It had begun to rain again hard, but we scrambled out from under the dirty, smelly hood, and armed with umbrellas started for Titian's house, telling the driver to wait for us at the Hotel al Progresso. The village is small. Some rather large stone houses, which are dignified with the name of "palazzi." Titian's house didn't say much to us. Two small, low, dark rooms. One can't imagine how the boy could have had any inspiration or visions of his splendid coloring in such surroundings—but one of the rooms, they told us, was his studio. However, he was taken to Venice, to study, when he was only ten years old, so it was only his first childish years that were spent in Pieve. Some people live in the house—a barber, I think. They showed us all over the rooms, and said a great many people came to see them—principally English. We went on to the church—the oldest in Cadore. There were several interesting paintings—two by Titian—a Madonna and Saints—and others by members of his family the Vecellios. There are still Vecellios in the village—one sees the name quite often. The butcher, cobbler, and grocer are all Vecellios. There is, of course, too, an Albergo and a Café Tiziano. All the pictures had the gorgeous coloring of Titian and the Venetian school of that time. The museum is next to the church, with various interesting relics of Titian. Some sketches and some letters written to him by great personages—also many of his own. He always remained in touch with his native place, and came back to it very often—wanted to come home to die when he was ninety-nine years old and the plague was raging in Venice. He tried to get away, but no one was allowed to leave the doomed city. He was seized with the dreadful malady and died practically alone, his servants having already succumbed to the plague. There must be a magnificent view from the terrace, but that *we* shall only know from postal-cards or descriptions. We went to the Progresso for our coffee; very dull and dark it looked—not a creature to be seen, and the little Tyrolian girl who waited upon us looked quite depressed. We were very wet and rather cold, and thought the best thing to do was to get back to Tai

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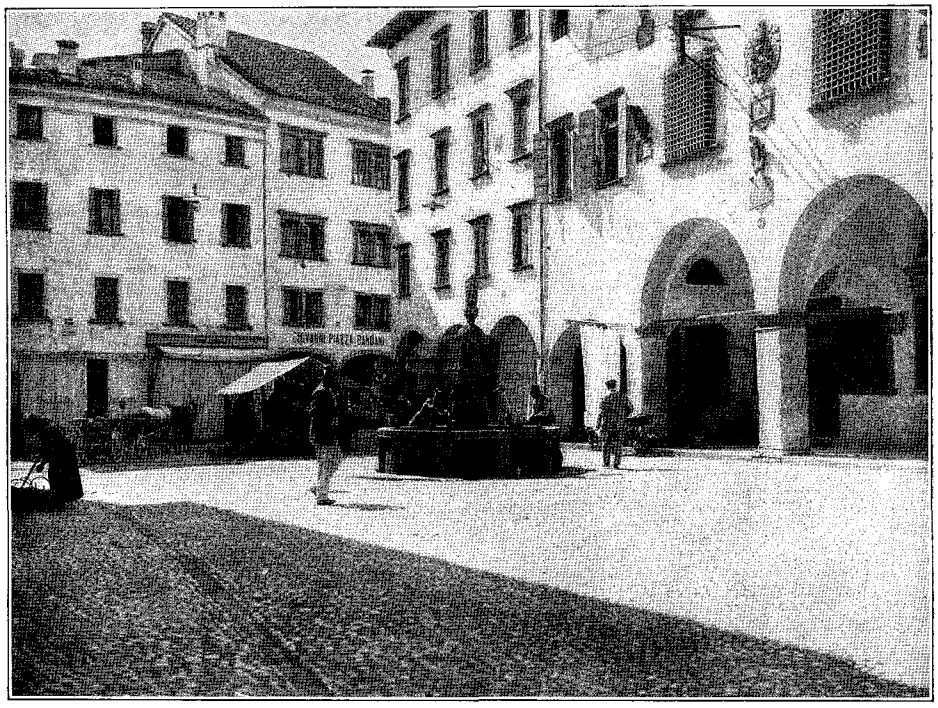

Belluno.

and see what the morrow would bring us. We were comfortable enough in our little rooms; electric light (which seemed curiously out of place in this very primitive little Italian village); and the rain only coming in a little from under the door that opened on the balcony. Later, as the storm increased, we had quite a little brook running down the middle of the room. The dinner was good. Just the same people in the dining-room. I talked to one of the men, in the corridor, who was most gloomy about plans for the next day.

It was an awful night—raining and blowing. We heard a carriage arriving about one o'clock in the morning, and a great deal of conversation in the corridors. Evidently the travellers had had an awful experience. At six o'clock all the bells in the village began ringing most vigorously. Soon after the whole hotel was awake and moving. We got up, too, as sleep was no longer possible. It was still pouring and the road a perfect morass. We went downstairs for our early breakfast—hoping that it would clear a little so that we might go up to the church and see the costumes. We did get out, but always in the pouring rain. We couldn't see any costumes, as all the people—men and women—were wrapped in their long cloaks. The only color was in the umbrellas—marvellous red ones as big as tents. We had a look at the old houses which still exist—but won't much longer. The same story as at Cortina—all the men gone to America. The older ones, when they have made a little money, come back and build themselves a stone house. Their children born in America remain; don't care to come back to Italy—make themselves Americans. A man standing at the door of one of the houses spoke to us in very good English; told us he had been ten years in America, in the West; was a shoemaker; had made money and was never going back—"a beautiful country, but too cold." The old houses are very curious, built of wood on stone foundations, with balconies at each story like the houses in the Austrian Tyrol, but no windows or chimneys. A narrow door, all quite black with smoke, which naturally can't get out with neither windows nor chimneys. Some of the balconies and cornices were carved roughly with curious designs and figures—sometimes saints, sometimes animals. The effect was pict-

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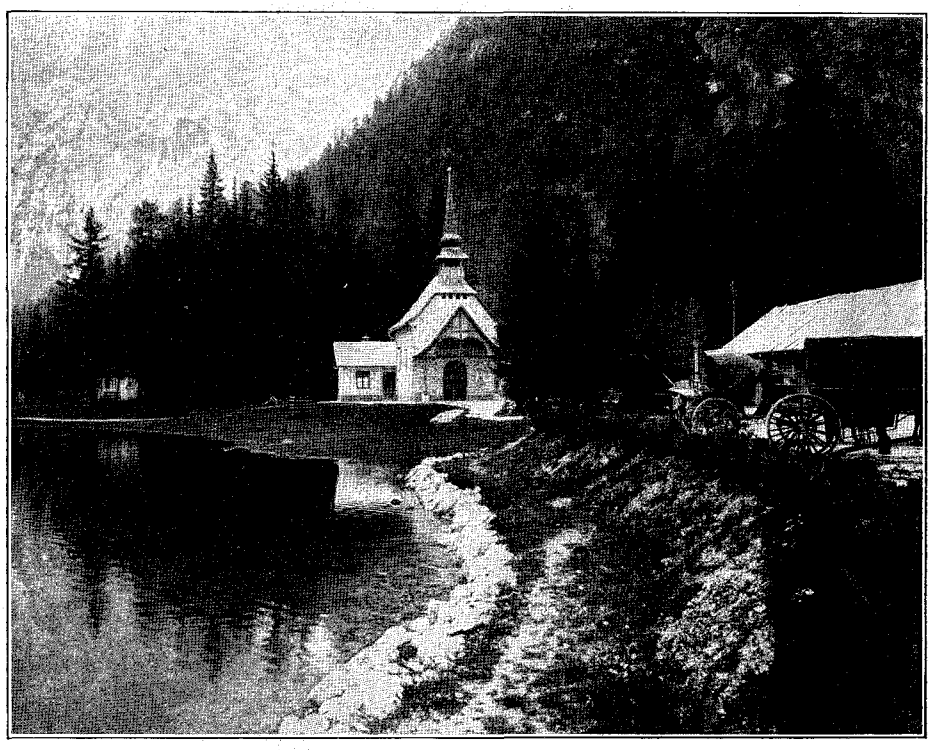
uresque, but didn't suggest comfort as a dwelling house. We saw some of the English party who had arrived last night, when we got back to the hotel, and heard their experiences. They came from Lake Misurina—the wind so strong and the roads so bad that the coachman would not start at first, but they insisted and got through with much difficulty—very slowly and stopping often when the coachman couldn't see where he was going. However, they were *not* blown over the precipice. I must say I should not like to have made the journey on such a wild night. Our landlord has just come up to advise us *not* to start—that the journey would be "péricoloso"—so many stones and rocks had fallen; the road carried away in some places; even the post (those beautiful yellow carts) stopped. We would certainly be stopped, too, which would be most uncomfortable for ladies alone—particularly if it should happen in a wild part of the country with no villages near. We could not quite make up our minds what to do, as staying over another night would change all our plans—but consulted our fellow-travellers and decided to wait until the mid-day breakfast. It was funny to see the men all wandering listlessly about—standing at the open door, trying to persuade themselves it was not going to rain all day. The women were more philosophical—settled down to our books and work. We all had knitting.



Chapel. Prags Wildsee.

We have finally arrived at Belluno safe and sound and not too wet—but what a drive! While we were at breakfast this morning, at Tai, there was an awful thunderstorm, peal after peal crashing away in the mountains and making the little hotel shake from top to bottom; all the window-panes rattling; some broken upstairs; vivid flashes of lightning making a streak of fire through the mist and curtain of rain, just showing, for an instant, the bare black peaks of Antelao. It was really terrifying, but happily did not last very long—perhaps a quarter of an hour; then suddenly the

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fury abated; clouds rolled away; a small—*very* small piece of blue sky showed itself; the rain stopped, and we all took courage and decided to start. The people of the house were very unwilling, as they said this last storm must have made the roads utterly impassable; but we thought we would try. Two other carriages were starting, the other way, to Cortina, but the Lake Misurina party were going to wait under shelter till fine weather set in. *They* were very discouraging—evidently thought us very imprudent. However, we started about half-past two; our luggage following in a light, open cart, with a thick blanket spread over the trunks. We drove through a beautiful wild country to Longarone, where we changed horses and carriage. The valley rather wide at first, with its frame of mountains in the distance, then narrowing until we found ourselves again on a strip of road with very sharp turns and a wall of rock on one side; the river—the Pieve—a dirty mud color, but rushing along, very full and crowded with enormous logs of wood. There were so many in some places, piled up quite high one on top of the other, that the water almost disappeared. I didn't see any rafts, nor even logs, tied together. Where they were thickest, men and boys, standing on them, with long poles, were trying to keep them in the middle of the river; but sometimes they got jammed against the bank, and it was very difficult to dislodge them; sometimes one or two would be caught by an eddy or small whirlpool, and would twirl round and round in the most fantastic manner. There were hundreds of little cascades, white with foam, running down the bare rocks and mountains, making quite large pools in the road, but we splashed through, the driver always talking to his horses. "Coraggio" is their great word. There were one or two cascades which were quite grand sheets of water, making a great noise as they thundered over the rocks, breaking up into hundreds of little falls before they reached the ground. The road was carried away in one or two places, making rather a deep gully; but the carriage was light, with very broad wheels, and we got through all right. We rattled through various little villages, some with old castles, now turned into sawmills, standing high on the river bank. The villages all alike—a long straggling narrow street; almost always a fine stone gateway and a little piazza, with the Mairie, post-office, and one or two old stone houses that might have been palaces in old days. Longarone is a picturesque little place, lying just at the foot of the mountain. One wonders how it has escaped destruction from landslides and boas. The inhabitants evidently realized their dangerous position, as very high solid walls are built upon the mountainside. Above them are terraces, also very solidly constructed. It was getting very dark and threatening, and we begged the people of the hotel to make the change of carriage and horses as quickly as they could, but you can't hurry Italians. There were four or five men helping in the courtyard, but they talked so much more than they worked that they didn't get on very fast. We had some coffee, walked about a little, went into the church, which is not very interesting, and then stood on the bank of the river, watching the logs being carried along; the men, with their long poles, swaying backward and forward rather like gondoliers. It began to rain just as we started, but we didn't shut the carriage at once—much to our driver's astonishment. No Italian ever goes out in the rain if he can help it. Just after leaving Longarone we met a great boa covering the road and running half-way up the mountain. A passage had been made through stones, heaped up on both sides. It was a most curious effect—driving through this white waste. We rattled down several hills rather uncomfortably fast, but the driver knew the storm was coming and wanted to get into a place of shelter. He was always turning to look behind him, as if some monster was pursuing him, and certainly the outlook was not pleasant. Black masses of clouds everywhere, and from time to time a wild gust of wind that shrieked through the valley. As we got near Belluno the country was much less wild; the bare mountains—rather receding—giving way to high green hills with a good many little hamlets and villas scattered about on their slopes. Some of the houses were very large—real palaces; generally white, low in the middle, with porticos and columns and a high wing on each side. They told us that many of the Venetians have villas in the hills around Belluno. There were, too, of course, many little pink and blue houses. We had not met anything until we came

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near Belluno; then we crossed the post and two travelling carriages. The people looked rather anxious, as they were going straight into the teeth of the storm. For half an hour before we arrived the rain fell in torrents, and the driver had his horses at a gallop. We dashed into the little square of Belluno and drew up at the hotel "Albergo degli' Alpi," where we were delighted to find Charlie F. waiting for us. The hotel was crowded. We were afraid our rooms had not been kept, but it was all right. (As usual, people who had *not* telegraphed were much put out at seeing us conducted at once to our rooms.) We hadn't been in them five minutes—just time to look around—when a terrific storm broke over the town. Thunder, lightning, and an awful wind that roared around the house. Tiles flew from the roof, the glass lamps and marquise were broken to bits, and then the electric light went out, and the hotel was plunged in darkness. It was most uncomfortable; all the people crowded into the corridors; the children cried; the waiters and Padrone tried to give orders, but could not make themselves heard, and then the window at the top of the stairs fell in with a loud crash and a fine cascade ran down the palier and main staircase. People called for lights; the men lit matches and wandered up and down the corridors, but one could not hear anything. The thunder was one long continuous roll, and all the doors and windows that were not broken were rattling and banging. The incessant lightning lit up everything with a white glare that was ghastly. I never remember such a light. I suppose it only lasted about ten minutes, but it was really awful. We could not get any lights. Every one had lost their heads, but at last the chambermaids and sommeliers appeared with candles, and the storm wore itself out. We had nothing to put our candles in. One man stuck his in the band of his hat; another in bottles. I propped up mine in a tumbler with rolls of paper. In half an hour the storm was over, the electric light reappeared, and we all began to think about dinner. We were lucky to have got to Belluno just when we did. I don't know what would have happened to us if the storm had caught us on the road. We had a very good dinner in a private room. The dining-room looked so uncomfortable, hot, and crowded, that we persuaded the manager to give us dinner in a funny little room with the walls panelled in mirrors. Just as we were finishing a clerk came to ask if we would give an extra pourboire to the man who had brought our trunks. He had just arrived and "was wet like a fish." He certainly was wet, poor fellow, but smiling. We gave him some money and asked the people of the hotel to give him something to eat and a bed for the night. We saw the trunks, very wet, too, in spite of the woollen covering; but the maid opened them and said they were quite dry inside—the rain had not penetrated. It seems the man gave a graphic description of his journey as he was caught in the storm on the road. He managed to get shelter in a hole in the rocks and hid his face that he might not see the lightning. Belluno looks beautiful this morning. The circle of green hills with their villas and palaces reminds one of Cortina. The great bare peaks which rise behind the hills don't look so formidable as they did yesterday. They are a soft gray at the bottom and quite white at the top, covered with snow—much more than there has been for several days. The rain in the valley was snow on the mountains. The little town is most animated. A fair is going on, and the streets are full of people all talking about last night's storm—a "bufera infernale" the Italian papers call it. There were traces everywhere of the havoc it had made—chimneys, bits of glass, tiles scattered about the streets; in the marketplace two or three big trees blown down and decidedly obstructing the traffic. We made our way, with some difficulty, to the market, getting out of the way of cows and oxen (those big gray oxen that seem to belong to this part of the country), rough mountain ponies, and donkeys. The little imps of boys, who were driving the donkeys, making them kick and strike out with their heels when they passed the "Inglesi." The stalls were attractive enough—heaped up with all sorts of things: vegetables, splendid fruits (the melons looked delicious, of all sizes from the small yellow ones, not much bigger than oranges, to the big green watermelons), beads, piles of the bright colored red and yellow handkerchiefs the women wear on their heads, lace, long gold and silver filagree pins, long earrings, and heavy gold chains. We saw several women with six or eight silver pins

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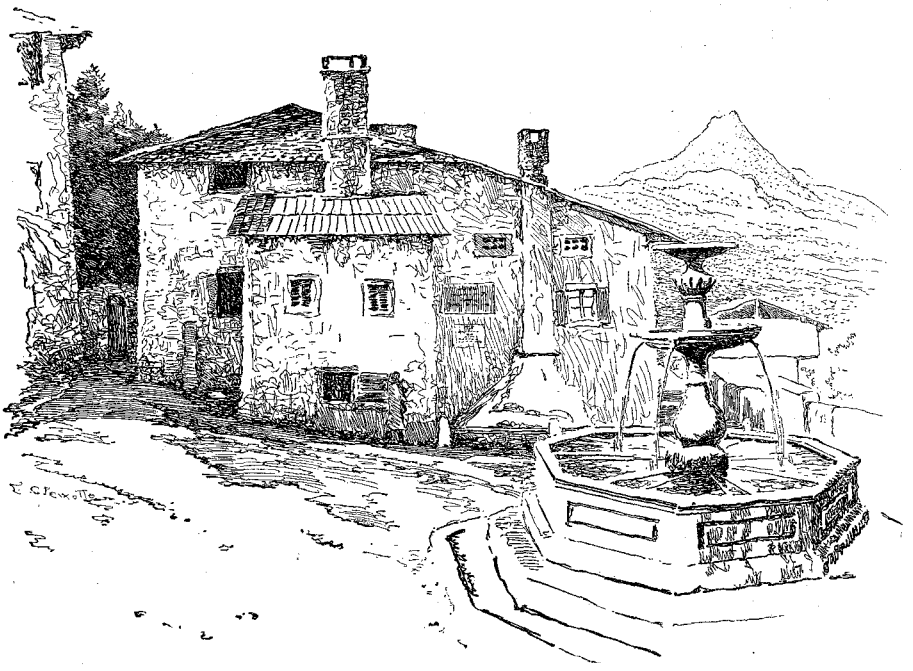

Titian's house: Pieve di Cadore.

stuck in a row, at the back of their heads, like a crown, and a long gold chain that went twice around their necks and fell almost to their knees. These very long ones are family jewels, handed down from generation to generation, and are worth a great deal of money. Of course, one can find new ones, but the gold is not so pure and the work not so delicate. We wandered about for some time as we were in no hurry; our train for Milan only started at half-past twelve. Belluno is really almost a part of Venice—belonged for over three centuries to the "Magnificent Republic." The palaces are quite Venetian in style, with high, narrow-pointed windows, and balconies and cornices elaborately carved. The people speak a patois—very soft, pretty Italian, like the Venetians. We walked first through the new town, where there are some handsome houses, arcades, and shops, but soon found our way to the "Piazza del Duomo" in old Belluno, which is most interesting. We passed through one of the fine old gateways (there are still some left) into a large open space surrounded by historic palaces which tell their own story of past greatness. The palace of the Bishop-princes —Prefetture—Municipio; all fine specimens of Venetian architecture, with balconies, arcades, and columns, most ornate in style. In old days the whole life of Belluno was concentrated in this Piazza. Now it has all flowed to the market-place in the new town and grass grows on the stones in the old Square. The Duomo stands splendidly—very high—with a steep precipice falling straight down from the side of the terrace. We had a magnificent view of the valley of the Pieve, and saw the road we had just driven over—a long white line stretching away interminably at the foot of the mountain and finally losing itself in the clutches of the great boa with its mass of rough gray stones. The church is not interesting—rather an ugly square pile, with no very striking pictures. There were some curious little old houses on one side of the Piazza, with towers and projecting roofs not unlike the houses at Tai—only not quite so black. The man of the hotel wanted us to stay longer; said there were beautiful excursions to be made, but our wanderings were over for this year, and after breakfast we made our way to the station, bound for Milan and civilization, and saying a reluctant good-by to one of the most beautiful parts of beautiful Italy.

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LINCOLN AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

By Major-General Francis V. Greene, U. S. V.

AMONG the manifold duties devolving upon Lincoln during the four years of his Presidency none exceeded in importance the exercise of his constitutional functions as Commander-in-Chief of the army; for manifestly upon the success of the armed forces in the field depended the issue of the momentous political questions at stake. It is the purpose of this article to examine the manner in which Lincoln performed these military functions, and to venture an opinion upon it; partly from the technical military stand-point, and partly from the larger, wider stand-point of political expediency; and to support this opinion by Lincoln's own words, penned by his own hand, and showing in a most interesting manner the working of his brain.

For various reasons it was not necessary for him to devote personal attention to the details of the other departments; but the operations of the army were in Lincoln's thoughts every waking hour for 1502 long days. Scarcely a day passed that he did not visit the War Department or the houses of McClellan or Halleck; and hardly, if ever, a day that Stanton or Halleck did not visit the White House. The responsibility of military success or failure was on Lincoln, and he knew it. There were the Secretary of War, the General-in-Chief, the generals in the field, the Committee on the Conduct of the War, with virile men like Ben Wade and Zach Chandler as members, but the final arbiter was Lincoln.

How, then, did he perform the duties of his military leadership, wisely or unwisely? Was his military judgment sound or defective? Let the facts, and his own words, speak for themselves.

Little need be said of his brief service in the Black Hawk War of 1832, when, at the age of twenty-three, he served first as captain of a company of mounted volunteers, and afterward, when this company was disbanded, as a private in Captain Iles's company until the close of the war. It was a hunting expedition rather than a military campaign. Lincoln was elected captain, by a large majority, because he had "the necessary muscles and fighting pluck to whip any rough in his company." He maintained discipline by his strong right arm, and any man who could down him in a fair and square fight with his fists was welcome to the captaincy. But none could. Among the many contrasts in Lincoln's career perhaps none is more striking than that between his position as a captain and private in the motley collection of rough frontiersmen with whom he served in 1832, and his position as Commander-in-Chief of nearly 1,000,000 veteran soldiers in 1864.

He had been President less than twenty-four hours when, on the morning of March 5, he learned the precarious situation at Fort Sumter, then not publicly known. He at once called on General Scott for reports and advice, and on March 12 Scott stated in writing: "It is, therefore, my opinion and advice that Major Anderson be instructed to evacuate the fort . . . and embark with his command for New York." Scott had served with distinction in the War of 1812, had conducted a brilliant campaign resulting in the capture of the City of Mexico, was now the senior officer in the army, and the highest military authority in the land. Lincoln instantly and wisely overruled him. For various reasons, stated in his message to Congress of July 14, "this could not be allowed." Lincoln's orders were exactly the opposite, to organize an expedition for the relief of Fort Sumter; and no one worked more loyally to carry them out than General Scott. A few days later it was a question of Fort Pickens in Florida. Scott recommended that it be evacuated. Lincoln sought other advice, reached his decision that Fort Pickens should be re-enforced, and sent this order to Scott on Sunday, March 31: "Tell him that I wish this thing done, and not to let it fail unless he can show that I have refused him something he asked for as necessary." Scott, on receiving the order, said in his sententious man-

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ner, "Sir, the great Frederick used to say, 'When the King commands, all things are possible.' It shall be done." It was done; and this fort never passed out of possession of the United States. The expedition to Fort Sumter failed, but through no fault of Lincoln.

In the Bull Run campaign Lincoln again exercised his full authority. On June 29 he received Scott's report, considered it, consulted with his cabinet, and made his decision. Scott advised that no forward movement be made until autumn and that the advance be then made down the Mississippi. Lincoln overruled him and directed that an advance be made immediately in Virginia. Scott, always the loyal subordinate, then submitted, with his approval, the plan which McDowell had prepared, and Lincoln ordered it to be carried out. We have General Sherman's word for it that "it was one of the best planned battles of the war, but one of the worst fought."

During the days which followed the disaster Lincoln gave his entire thought to the military problem. Scott and McClellan had both submitted large plans of campaigns, beginning on the Potomac or the Ohio and terminating on the Gulf of Mexico, but they were crude and undigested, and apparently made little impression on Lincoln's mind. By concentrated study and apparently with but little assistance from his technical advisers, he evolved these ideas and wrote them out in his own hand.

"JULY 23, 1861

"1. Let the plan for making the blockade effective be pushed forward with all possible despatch.

"2. Let the volunteer forces at Fort Monroe and vicinity, under General Butler, be constantly drilled, disciplined, and instructed without more for the present.

"3. Let Baltimore be held, as now, with a gentle but firm and certain hand.

"4. Let the force now under Patterson or Banks be strengthened and made secure in its position.

"5. Let the forces in western Virginia act till further orders, according to instructions or orders from General McClellan.

"6. General Fremont push forward his organization and operations in the West as rapidly as possible, giving special attention to Missouri.

"7. Let the forces late before Manassas, except the three months' men, be reorganized as rapidly as possible in their camps here and about Arlington.

"8. Let the three months' forces who decline to enter the longer service be discharged as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

"9. Let the new volunteer forces be brought forward as fast as possible; and especially into the camps on the two sides of the river here.

"JULY 27, 1861

"When the foregoing shall have been substantially attended to:

"1. Let Manassas Junction (or some point on one or other of the railroads near it) and Strasburg be seized, and permanently held, with an open line from Washington to Manassas, and an open line from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg—the military men to find the way of doing these.

"2. This done, a joint movement from Cairo on Memphis; and from Cincinnati to east Tennessee."

No professional soldier or writer could state more precisely the military situation then existing or propose a sounder military plan. Lincoln had that faculty of intense application and clear insight, so rare that we call it genius; and he applied it as successfully to military affairs as to politics, notwithstanding the fact that he was, by instinct, a man of peace, and by training a lawyer, and that military problems never engaged his attention until he was fifty-two years old.

His memorandum of July 23 and 27, 1861, was the first definite and coherent plan for the prosecution of the war. It emanated from his own mind and not from that of any of his generals. The instrumentality necessary to carry it into effect—an organized, disciplined army with competent commanding officers—did not then exist. Both the army and the commanders had to be evolved as the war progressed. The plan was interrupted and delayed, now by McClellan's unsuccessful movement by the Peninsula, now by the incapacity of Halleck on the Tennessee,

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and Pope in Virginia in 1862, and again in 1862 and 1863 by inability to find the competent man to command the Army of the Potomac and by the brilliant campaigns of Lee and his great lieutenant Jackson. But Lincoln never swerved from his memorandum of July 27, 1861. He yielded his own judgment at times to that of professional soldiers. But finally he found in Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan the long-sought military commanders, competent for their tasks; and then so much of his plan as remained unexecuted was carried into effect.

Immediately after Bull Run McClellan was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, Scott remaining as general-in-chief until October when he retired and McClellan succeeded him in that office. For the next year, until McClellan was finally relieved of all active military duty, there was an incessant exchange of views between Lincoln and McClellan in the form of personal interviews, letters, orders, and reports. On August 4 McClellan submitted his report calling for a main army of 275,000 men under his own command. In this he says: "I propose, with the force which I have requested, not only to drive the enemy out of Virginia and occupy Richmond, but to occupy Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans; in other words, to move into the heart of the enemy's country and crush the rebellion in its very heart." To Lincoln's more practical mind the thing to do was to attack and defeat the Confederate Army, facing them about twenty miles from Washington. Troops were coming forward at the rate of a regiment a day, and Lincoln argued that we had the greater number of men and that the enemy was at least no better organized, equipped, and drilled than we were. McClellan argued that the enemy had superior numbers (a complete error, as the records now plainly show) and that no movement could be made until his army was more fully (ever *more* fully) equipped. Autumn and early winter passed and Lincoln could get nothing done. He hesitated to impose his own views upon professional soldiers, but finally he made his decision, and on January 27 issued a formal and peremptory order that "the 22d day of February, 1862, be the day for a general forward movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces; . . . that especially . . . the Army of the Potomac be ready to move on that day. . . ." A few days later he followed this with a specific order to McClellan to seize and occupy a point on the railroad near Manassas Junction; which, of course, involved an attack on Johnston's army. The official records show that the Army of the Potomac numbered on December 31, 1861, 183,207 officers and men "*present for duty*," and that on the same day Johnston's *aggregate present* was 63,409; and that about the time that Lincoln issued his order Johnston was called to Richmond and instructed to withdraw his army from Manassas.

But McClellan instead of obeying the order asked for its suspension, and for further argument; and in the course of the argument Lincoln wrote this letter to McClellan on February 3, "You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on the York River; mine to move directly to a point on the railroads south-west of Manassas." McClellan replied on the same day in a letter of nearly four thousand words. It made no direct answer to Lincoln's questions, but it contained these two sentences —"It is by no means certain that we can beat them at Manassas. On the other line, I regard success as certain by all the chances of war." Lincoln was not convinced, but he had no general of proved capacity to put in McClellan's place and he hesitated to impose arbitrarily on McClellan a plan which McClellan so obstinately opposed. The result was the disastrous Peninsular campaign.

Only a brief reference need be made to McClellan's insubordinate despatch of June 28, 1862, when, in the midst of defeats, he said to Stanton, "the Government has not sustained this army. . . . I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

It would have been well for the discipline of every man then in uniform, high and low, and would probably have saved many a life and shortened the war, if Lincoln had

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instantly telegraphed back placing McClellan in close arrest and assigning any one of his corps commanders to command the army. But that was not Lincoln's way. Instant decision was not his habit. His mental processes were slow—though sure. And thought of personal insult never influenced him. On one occasion he went to McClellan's house and waited several hours to see him, only to have McClellan come in and go to bed without seeing the President at all. On another occasion, when McClellan failed to keep an appointment at the White House, and the others, who had come, expressed their impatience at McClellan's delay, Lincoln only remarked: "Never mind; I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us success."

Such patience, such tolerance, such sacrifice of self to anything that will help accomplish a supremely important result are the marks of a great soul, but not of a great soldier. His military perceptions were more accurate than those of any of his generals in independent command, except Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and possibly Thomas. But his self-effacement, his diffidence, his doubt whether the country would sustain him, if he peremptorily asserted his opinions against those of his professional military subordinates, left the army with two heads or three heads or no head at all until the really efficient man was found in Grant. From this confusion and lack of unity of command came the indecisive, inconclusive movements and battles of the Army of the Potomac during the interval between McClellan's defeats on the Peninsula in 1862 and Grant's victories in the Wilderness in 1864.

In the effort to find a man equal to the task of commanding the Eastern Army and of coping with Lee and Jackson, Lincoln brought from the West two generals who had had some measure of success there; and in July, 1862, Halleck was assigned as general-in-chief, in Washington, and Pope to command the Army of Virginia. Neither succeeded. Halleck was never more than an indifferent chief of staff to Lincoln, disliked and distrusted by all the generals in the field, and incapable of evolving and carrying on a definite plan of campaign. Pope was speedily driven back to Washington by the direct road and there met McClellan's army arriving from the Peninsula. Lincoln again turned to McClellan, who, in less than three weeks of September, 1862, brought Lee's invasion to a halt and fought a desperate battle with him at Antietam—the most valuable and effective eighteen days of McClellan's entire service. But then McClellan stopped, and Lincoln began again the weary argument in favor of attack. After a personal visit to the army at the beginning of October, six weeks after the battle, he sent through Halleck a peremptory order to attack Lee, and as this produced no effect, Lincoln wrote McClellan a letter on October 13 which shows a marvellously accurate comprehension of the military situation at that time.

"Are you not overcautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim? As I understand, you telegraphed General Halleck that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great as you would have to do without the railroad last named. He now wagons from Culpeper Court House, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with wagons as you are. . . . Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to 'operate upon the enemy's communications without exposing your own.' You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply it in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond in twenty-four hours? . . . You are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is by the route you can and he must take. Why can you not reach there before him, unless you admit that he is more than your equal on a march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord. The roads are as good on yours as on his. . . . If he should move northward, I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications and move toward Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him, if a favorable

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opportunity should present, and at least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say 'Try'; if we never try, we shall never succeed. . . . If we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. . . . As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. . . . It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say that they cannot do it." Unfortunately, the letter concludes with the sentence, "This letter is in no sense an order."

As in July, 1861, so now again in October, 1862, Lincoln thus elucidated the military principles applicable to the situation as it then existed in Virginia. Fifty-six days had elapsed since the battle of Antietam. It was, however, thirteen days longer before McClellan began to cross the Potomac and five days additional before he finished crossing. Lincoln then decided that "if McClellan should permit Lee to cross the Blue Ridge and place himself between Richmond and the Army of the Potomac he would remove him from command." It was a fair test of McClellan's generalship as compared with Lee's. Within four days after McClellan crossed the Potomac, Lee had come through the passes of the Blue Ridge and planted himself squarely in McClellan's path at Culpeper. McClellan was forthwith removed.

In his intercourse with McClellan between July, 1861, and November, 1862, Lincoln constantly exhibited weakness in allowing McClellan to write him insubordinate letters, and in allowing him to act on plans which Lincoln did not approve, and in allowing him to remain inactive when every consideration, military as well as political, required vigorous action—such action as was shown by Grant and Sherman and Sheridan whenever they were in independent command. Whether such weakness on Lincoln's part was justifiable or otherwise is a large question, quite apart from the purpose of this article, which is to show the accuracy of Lincoln's judgment on purely military questions.

During the short and disastrous period of Burnside's command of the Army of the Potomac, Lincoln exercised a less active control. Burnside's plans did not impress him favorably, but he seemed to desire to give Burnside a chance to prove his capacity. When he proved the opposite Lincoln relieved him. He chose for his successor the man who had most bitterly criticised Burnside—Hooker—and he wrote Hooker a memorable letter, censuring him for his criticisms of Burnside, expressing confidence in his skill, and assuring him of his support. On the 11th of April Hooker submitted his plan. Lincoln's comment was as follows, "My opinion is that, just now, with the enemy directly ahead of us there is no eligible route for us into Richmond; and consequently a question of preference between the Rappahannock route and the James River route is a contest about nothing. Hence our prime object is the enemy's army in front of us, and is not with or about Richmond at all, unless it be incidental to the main object." He advised against "attacking him in his intrenchments," but preferred to "harass and menace him" so that he could "have no leisure nor safety in sending away detachments"; but "if he weakens himself, then pitch into him."

Hooker's plan for Chancellorsville was a good one, and up to a certain point well executed. Then Hooker failed. Had Jackson or Sheridan had the execution of it, it would probably have resulted in a brilliant success. Before Hooker could make plans for another offensive movement Lee took the offensive, in the Gettysburg campaign. Hooker proposed to attack his rear, first at Fredericksburg and later at Harper's Ferry. Lincoln disapproved both; the first in his oft-quoted letter in which he expressed a well-known military maxim—against having an army divided by a non-fordable river—by his quaint illustration of "an ox jumped halfway over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs, front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick another." In the interval Hooker proposed to march to Richmond, which Lee's movement to the Shenandoah Valley had left unguarded. Tempting as this was, Lincoln's clear insight discarded it and he answered, June 10, "I think Lee's army, and not Richmond, is your sure objective point . . . follow on his flank and on his inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his; fight him, too, when opportunity offers."

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Hooker followed these instructions, and on the 27th of June approached the passes of South Mountain, intending to attack Lee's rear, in the vicinity of the ground where McClellan had fought the battle of Antietam the previous year. He telegraphed Halleck asking that the troops which garrisoned Harper's Ferry, about 10,000 men, be placed under his orders. Halleck refused consent, and Hooker immediately asked to be relieved. Meade was assigned to command the Army of the Potomac in his place.

In the telegram assigning Meade to command, Halleck said, "Harper's Ferry and its garrison are under your direct orders," thus giving Meade 10,000 men which the day before he had refused to give to Hooker. Meade was so surprised that he at once telegraphed Halleck, "Am I permitted to withdraw a portion of the garrison of Harper's Ferry?" and within three hours received the reply, "The garrison at Harper's Ferry is under your orders." Meade forthwith ordered its withdrawal.

In this strange circumstance it does not appear that Lincoln had any part, though it is doubtful if Halleck acted without protecting himself by the President's approval —perhaps obtained without full explanation. That it is impossible for an army to be successfully commanded in such manner does not admit of doubt. Lincoln was one day issuing orders through Halleck and the next day writing letters direct to Hooker, who in turn addressed his replies to the President. Hooker believed that Halleck deliberately intended to destroy his military reputation; and Halleck said that Hooker ignored him and that all he knew about the Army of the Potomac was what he could learn from the President. Lincoln, considered as a military man, is least satisfactory from the stand-point of discipline. Theoretically he understood its value, but practically he did not apply it, particularly in the higher ranks. If he could have given his whole mind to the military problem, either in the field or at Washington, studied it until he mastered it as he mastered every problem to which he gave his undivided attention, and issued positive instructions in order to give effect to his opinions, he would have made short work of such relations as existed between Halleck and Hooker, or of such inaction as followed after Antietam and after Gettysburg. But he had always other problems on hand in addition to the military problem, and at this particular time, in midsummer of 1863, his mind was filled with two subjects of transcendent importance. One of them was the Emancipation Proclamation, which, resolved on as a thank offering for Antietam, had been issued September 22, 1862, confirmed January 1, 1863, and now was just taking full effect. Would the country sustain him? It seems hard to realize now that in 1863 the people of the North were so evenly divided on that question. The other subject was the resistance to the draft (authorized by the law of March 3, 1863), already ominous and soon to take the form of horrible riots in New York. Well might his tired brain refuse to penetrate the essential features of the military situation, when the highest political questions—his very own problems—absorbed the last drop of its energy.

Whatever the cause, it is noticeable that from the time Lincoln ordered the removal of McClellan in November, 1862, until just after the battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863, Lincoln gave no positive orders. He corresponded with the generals, discussed military questions with them, and gave his opinions freely, but always qualified them with some such remark as, "This is a suggestion, not an order," "I suggest this plan, incompetent as I may be," "I leave this to the military men," and so on. Just after Gettysburg he believed that Lee's army could be practically destroyed before it crossed the Potomac, and he caused the most vigorous orders to be sent to Meade. Had Lincoln written these orders himself, in his own clear and vigorous style, quite possibly they would have spurred Meade to such exertions as would have caused the desired result—although Meade was hardly cast in heroic mould. But interpreted through Halleck they have a bombastic, hysterical sound which perhaps caused Meade to pay so little attention to them. July 7, "Push forward and fight Lee before he can cross the Potomac." July 8, "My only fear now is that the enemy may escape by crossing the river." July 9, "Do not be influenced by any despatch from here against your judg-

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ment. Regard them as suggestions only." July 10, "I think it will be best for you to postpone a general battle until you can concentrate your forces." July 10, "Beware of partial combats. Bring up and hurl upon the enemy all your forces, good and bad." July 13, "Act upon your own judgment and make your generals execute your orders. Call no council of war. It is proverbial that councils of war never fight." July 14, "I need hardly say to you that the escape of Lee's army without another battle has caused great dissatisfaction in the mind of the President."

When Meade received the telegram of July 14 he promptly asked to be relieved of the command; this was declined and a telegram sent to Meade expressing thanks for what he had done, and using the word "disappointment," in place of "dissatisfaction," to express the President's feeling in regard to the escape of Lee's army.

Lincoln was indeed grievously disappointed; yet it must be acknowledged that the course he had pursued during the previous six months had not been such as to breed commanders in the Army of the Potomac fit to cope with Robert E. Lee. To have a nominal general-in-chief and yet to carry on a correspondence with his subordinates without his knowledge; to require the general in the field to submit his plans and then to send a reply expressing approval or disapproval of it, but ending with the remark—repeated so often as to become almost a formula—"this is a suggestion only, not an order"—this is not the way in which military operations are successfully conducted.

In the West Lincoln had practically the same difficulties on military questions as in the East. He first assigned Fremont to command at St. Louis and McClellan at Cincinnati; but Fremont soon showed insubordination and a desire to settle the slavery question on his own account, and was superseded by Halleck; and when McClellan was brought to Washington, Buell took his place. Lincoln had clear, definite plans in his mind, as shown by his memorandum of July 27, "a joint movement from Cairo on Memphis and from Cincinnati on east Tennessee." There were good military reasons in support of both, for one would cut the Confederacy in two along the line of the Mississippi, and the other would break the railroad communications of the Confederates between Chattanooga and Virginia. There were, moreover, political considerations of an imperative character in favor of supporting the Unionists of east Tennessee and possibly saving that State and Kentucky and the western part of Virginia for the Union.

The autumn passed with nothing done, and on January 1, 1862, Lincoln sent telegrams and letters to Halleck and to Buell asking that they act in concert, Halleck against Columbus, on the Mississippi, and Buell against Cumberland Gap in east Tennessee. Halleck replied, stating that "it would be madness to attempt anything serious" with the force at his command, and that the President's plan was based on a "strategic error." On receiving this, Lincoln wrote on the back of it this melancholy endorsement, "It is exceedingly discouraging. As everywhere, nothing can be done." On January 4 Lincoln again telegraphed Buell about east Tennessee, "Please tell me the progress and condition of the movement in that direction. Answer." Buell replied, "I hope to inaugurate it soon. . . . While my preparations have had this movement constantly in view . . . my judgment has from the first been decidedly against it." To which, on January 6, Lincoln answered: "Your despatch . . . disappoints and distresses me. I have shown it to General McClellan who says he will write you to-day. I am not competent to criticise your views, and therefore what I offer is in justification of myself. Of the two I would rather have a point on the railroad south of Cumberland Gap than Nashville. First, because it cuts a great artery of the enemy's communication, which Nashville does not; and secondly, because it is in the midst of loyal people who would rally around it, while Nashville is not. Again, I cannot see why the movement in east Tennessee would not be a diversion in your favor rather than a disadvantage, assuming that a movement toward Nashville is the main object. But my distress is that our friends in east Tennessee are being hanged and driven to despair, and even now, I fear, are thinking of taking rebel arms for the sake of personal protection. . . . I do not intend this to be an order in any sense, but merely, as intimated

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before, to show you the grounds of my anxiety."

This letter was sent by mail, but the following day, January 7, Lincoln's feeling on the subject being so intense, he telegraphed Buell to name a day when he could move southward in concert with Halleck, adding, "Delay is ruining us and it is indispensable for me to have something definite." Simultaneously a triangular correspondence by wire and mail was passing between McClellan, General-in-Chief, at Washington, and Halleck and Buell; as a result of which Halleck sent orders on January 6 to Grant, then commanding the district at Cairo, to "make a demonstration in force" in the direction of Forts Henry and Donelson, but "be very careful," the order said, "to avoid a battle. We are not ready for that." Grant received the order on the 8th and began the movement on the 9th; he made his "demonstration," the men being out for more than a week, "splashing through the mud, snow, and rain," and then brought his troops back to Cairo. He asked permission to go to St. Louis on military business, and on arriving there laid before Halleck a plan for the capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. It was coldly received, and Grant returned to Cairo, as he says, "very much crestfallen." But a few days later, January 28, he ventured to send this telegram to Halleck, "With permission, I will take Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, and establish and hold a large camp there." Flag-Officer Foote, commanding the gun-boats on the river, backed him up with a similar despatch. Not being snubbed again, as he feared, on the following day, January 29, he sent a longer telegram explaining his plan more in detail. On the 30th Halleck granted his consent by wire and sent instructions by mail. Grant received them on February 1. He sprang forward like a dog let out of leash. His troops moved on the 2nd, and, with the co-operation of Foote's gun-boats, took Fort Henry on the 6th and Fort Donelson on the 16th, with the "unconditional surrender" of 15,000 Confederate soldiers, the capture of forty pieces of artillery and a large amount of stores, horses, mules, and other property. The Confederate line of defence, from Columbus to Bowling Green, having been pierced, the whole line was promptly abandoned and a new line taken up from Memphis to Chattanooga, one hundred and fifty miles to the south.

Now, what does all this prove? It seems to me to prove, beyond dispute, that on the military questions at issue on the opening of military operations in the West, Lincoln was right and his generals, McClellan, Halleck, and Buell, were wrong.

First, Lincoln insisted on a movement southward by Halleck and Buell. Both said it could not be done because they had not enough troops, because such troops as they had were not properly equipped, drilled, and disciplined, because they had not enough arms, and because the roads were so bad. Grant proved he had enough troops for the work required, that the enemy was at least as badly off as ourselves in equipment, drill, discipline, and arms, and that, bad as the roads were, they were not bad enough to prevent active military operations. That these things could be done was what Lincoln argued, over and over, in letters and telegrams to McClellan and Meade in the East, and to Halleck and Buell in the West. They always said "No"; but the instant Grant got permission to try, he showed that the answer should have been "Yes."

Second, Halleck told Lincoln and McClellan that Lincoln's plan was "bad strategy," McClellan was in doubt about it, and Buell's judgment was "decidedly against it." Grant showed that one part of it, the movement from Cairo toward Memphis, could be carried out with brilliant success, inflicting on the enemy his first defeat in the war, and breaking up his first line of defence in the West; and it must be remembered that the whole movement had its origin in Lincoln's letter and telegram to Halleck of January 1.

Third. As to the second part of it, the movement through Cumberland Gap to cut the railroad from Virginia and turn the enemy's flank, it was just such a movement as Lee and Jackson would have delighted in; and if intrusted to a competent commander, such as Sherman, there is no reason to doubt that it would have been a great success—as important as the capture of Fort Donelson, in a military sense, and even more important in a political sense. But Buell would not heed the President's suggestions. A force was sent against Cumberland Gap, but too small to accom-

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plish anything permanent; and it was not until eighteen months later, in September, 1863, that an adequate force under Burnside carried the passes in the Cumberland Mountains and occupied Knoxville and other points in east Tennessee.

If Lincoln had placed Grant in command of the Western armies in July, 1862, when Halleck was made general-in-chief, instead of in October, 1863, it would probably have shortened the war by a year. But Halleck had prejudiced Lincoln against Grant. Instead of giving Grant full credit for Donelson, Halleck began intimating in his despatches to Washington that Grant had been guilty of disobedience of orders, absence from his command, etc. He was authorized at once to put Grant in arrest, but when Halleck looked into the matter, he found that he was mistaken, and said so to Grant and also to the Adjutant-General in Washington. Nevertheless, immediately after the battle of Shiloh, when Halleck came from St. Louis to take personal command in the field, Grant was made "Second-in-command"—with no duties—and remained in that position so long as Halleck was in the West. When Halleck left for the East his command was split up into three independent armies, those of the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi, under Grant, Buell, and Rosecrans; and these acted independently until after Grant had taken Vicksburg and Rosecrans had been defeated at Chickamauga more than a year later. Then everything in the West was put under Grant, to be succeeded by Sherman when Grant was made general-in-chief, and everything went on to victory—Chattanooga, the relief of Knoxville, Nashville, the March to the Sea, and the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina.

In all of this it does not appear that Lincoln took an active part. To Halleck before or after Shiloh, or Corinth, to Grant before or after Vicksburg, to Buell on his retreat to Louisville, Lincoln's despatches are few in number, and give little in the way of instruction or even suggestion, except to reiterate his opinion that east Tennessee should be occupied. A telegram to Buell, dated October 19, 1862, signed by Halleck, but sent by the President's order and evidently in Lincoln's own words, contains this imperative command, "Your army must enter east Tennessee this fall." Not being heeded, Buell was superseded by Rosecrans ten days later. To Rosecrans, after he had succeeded Buell, Lincoln sent several despatches, first congratulating him on his victory at Stone River in January, 1863, then gently chiding him for his complaining telegrams, subsequently suggesting that he attack Bragg in order to prevent re-enforcements being sent to Johnston, and finally, when Rosecrans was overwhelmed at Chickamauga and shut up in Chattanooga, sending him encouraging and cheering telegrams. But, except for his never-failing insistence that east Tennessee be held, none of these despatches contain the closely reasoned thoughts which are found in his earlier communications to McClellan. The period of Rosecrans's command was coincident with that of Hooker and Meade in the East—the same period of the Emancipation Proclamation and the draft riots to which reference has already been made.

On the 29th of February, 1864, Congress passed an act reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army, and within a few days Grant was appointed and confirmed to this office. On March 10 he was "by Executive Order assigned to command the Armies of the United States." It is stated in Nicolay and Hay that Lincoln neither advocated nor opposed this legislation. The bill was introduced by E. B. Washburne, Member of Congress from the Galena district in Illinois, an old political friend of Lincoln and a great admirer of Grant. Just why Lincoln was neutral in the matter does not appear. An ungracious comment in Nicolay and Hay reads as follows: "Whether he was or was not the ablest of all our generals is a question which can never be decided. . . . Grant was, beyond all comparison, the most fortunate of American soldiers." There are no facts whatever to justify this depreciation. Grant owed his success solely to his clear-sighted appreciation of facts and to the tremendous energy and resourcefulness with which he carried his plans into effect—as Sheridan expresses it, to "the manifold resources of his well-balanced military mind."

Grant was ordered to Washington to receive his commission, and met Lincoln for the first time on March 8, 1864. Grant

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says in his "Memoirs" that both Stanton and Halleck cautioned him against giving the President his plans of campaign because Lincoln was "so kind-hearted that some friend would be sure to get from him all he knew"—a piece of advice which, in view of Lincoln's discretion and Grant's reticence, seems quite superfluous. Grant's only comment is that the President did not ask him for his plans nor did he communicate them to him—nor to Stanton or Halleck. Lincoln said to him that "all he wanted or ever had wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed," and he "pledged himself to use all the power of the government in rendering such assistance." In short, Lincoln believed that at last he had found the man competent to command the armies, and he promptly retired to the background, limiting his military activities to the still mighty task of giving Grant the full support of the government in every branch.

With the comprehensive, far-reaching, and correlated plans which Grant made in April, 1864, and with the manner in which he carried them out, it is not possible to speak here in detail. We are dealing only with Lincoln's relation to them. On the 30th of April, four days before Grant crossed the Rapidan, Lincoln wrote to Grant, "Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. . . . If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you." The terrible fighting in the Wilderness followed, and on the day of Cold Harbor (June 3) Lincoln, in declining an invitation to attend a mass meeting in New York, wrote to the presiding officer, "My previous high estimate of General Grant has been maintained and heightened by what has occurred in the remarkable campaign he is now conducting, while the magnitude and difficulty of the task before him do not prove less than I expected." Grant telegraphed almost daily to Halleck, and Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, was at Grant's head-quarters, and, with the trained skill of a journalist, was sending almost hourly telegrams to Stanton. But Lincoln answered only once. At 7 A. M. on June 15 he saw Grant's telegram to Halleck, sent from Bermuda Hundred the previous day, saying, "Our movement from Cold Harbor to the James River has been made with great celerity and so far without loss or accident." Then Lincoln sent this cheery message, "I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all."

But when Early was approaching Washington on July 9, Grant telegraphed Halleck that if the President desired him to come to Washington in person he could "leave everything here on the defensive" and come on an hour's notice. Lincoln replied the following day, explaining what Halleck told him about the small force available for the defence of Washington and Baltimore, and adding, "Now, what I think is, that you should provide to retain your hold where you are, certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to destroy the enemy's forces in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this, if the movement is prompt. This is what I think upon your suggestion, but it is not an order." But late that night Grant replied to Lincoln telling him what troops he had sent to Washington and said: "I think, on reflection, it would have a bad effect for me to leave here. . . . I have great faith that the enemy will never be able to get back with much of his force," and Lincoln replied, "Very satisfactory." But the pursuit of Early was feeble and he remained in the Shenandoah Valley. Grant then sent Sheridan to Washington and told Halleck (August 1), "I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also." Lincoln saw this despatch, and immediately sent Grant this characteristic reply: "This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the despatches you may have received from here, even since you made that order, and discover, if

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you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of following him to the 'death' in any direction. I repeat to you, it will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour, and force it." This was savage language for a gentle President to use about his own Secretary of War and Chief of Staff, but doubtless it was deserved. Grant's answer, the same day, was brief, "I will start in two hours for Washington and will spend a day or two with the army under General Hunter." He did not, however, go to Washington, but went direct to General Hunter's head-quarters at Monocacy, relieved Hunter, telegraphed Sheridan to join him at once, and on Sheridan's arrival placed him in command. Grant met Sheridan at the station and remained only long enough to give him his orders, and then returned to Petersburg in order to attack Lee and prevent reenforcements being sent to Early. The result was Sheridan's brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley and his complete defeat of Early's army two months later.

In all this how similar are Lincoln's despatches to those he had sent in the previous years to McClellan and Meade and Halleck and Buell, and how different the result! And what hearty support on Lincoln's part is shown in this despatch of August 17 to Grant, "I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible."

Sheridan's campaign in the valley was, however, no holiday affair, and on two occasions in September Lincoln telegraphed to Grant expressing his anxiety. The second despatch, September 29, is very characteristic—"I hope it will have no constraint on you, nor do harm anyway, for me to say I am a little afraid lest Lee sends re-enforcements to Early, and thus enable him to turn upon Sheridan." To which Grant replied the same afternoon, "I am taking steps to prevent Lee sending re-enforcements to Early by attacking him here." The result was a two days' battle, Fort Harrison on the right and Poplar Spring Church on the left—names almost forgotten in the almost continuous fighting around Petersburg, but involving a loss of more than 6,200 men on these two days.

And so the death struggle around Petersburg continued during the winter, to end at Appomattox in the spring. To Grant, Lincoln sent no military despatches subsequent to the one of September 29, above quoted. To Sherman he sent nothing except a warm-hearted, generous, and most flattering message of congratulations when his March to the Sea terminated at Savannah; to Thomas, only a similar but more guarded telegram after the battle of Nashville; to Banks, a message in December, 1864, refusing to grant an important request of Banks's because "he whom I must hold responsible for military results is not agreed"; to the other generals, nothing at all except on civil matters. But if Lincoln abstained from suggestions on purely military movements, he never for an instant relaxed his grasp of supreme control of the military situation. There is an imperative tone in his despatch to Grant of February 1—at the time the Confederate Peace Commissioners had reached Grant's headquarters—"Let nothing which is transpiring change, hinder, or delay your military movements or plans"; and again on March 3, when Stanton sent this telegram, "The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meanwhile, you are to press to the utmost your military advantages." Grant welcomed such instructions which defined his duties so clearly, and he carried them out in letter and spirit, assuring Stanton "that no act of the enemy will prevent me from pressing all advantages gained to the utmost of my ability. Neither will I, under any circumstances, exceed my authority, or in any way embarrass the government." It was a grave oversight on the part of Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant that no copy of these explicit instructions of March 3 were sent to Sherman, then commanding a separate army in North Carolina and liable at any moment to be confronted with the problem of what terms of surrender he should offer Johnston. That Sherman made a mistake

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when the contingency of Johnston's surrender arrived, after Lincoln's death, is universally conceded; but neither Lincoln, Stanton, nor Grant can escape their share of responsibility for it, in not sending him the same positive directions that were sent to Grant.

In January, 1865, Lincoln wrote to Grant a most delightfully courteous and modest letter in regard to his son Robert, then twenty-two years old, recently graduated from Harvard, and desirous "to see something of the war before it ends. . . . Could he, without embarrassment to you or detriment to the service, go into your military family with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing his necessary means? If no, say so without the least hesitation, because I am as anxious and as deeply interested that you shall not be encumbered as you can be yourself." Grant instantly replied, "I will be most happy to have him in my military family in the manner you propose," and suggested that he be given the rank of captain. He was accordingly appointed captain and aide-de-camp, and joined Grant on February 21. This circumstance—and perhaps others—led Grant to send a telegram to Lincoln on March 20: "Can you not visit City Point for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest will do you good." Lincoln accepted the invitation and arrived on March 24. He remained at City Point, living on the steamer *River Queen*, fourteen days, until Friday, April 7. He had long talks with Grant; he visited the troops, saw a battle in progress, met General Sherman and Admiral Porter, who came to consult Grant, entered Richmond on April 4. Nicolay and Hay speak of his "enjoying what was probably the most satisfactory relaxation in which he had been able to indulge during his whole Presidential service."

On March 29 Grant started with his army on the Appomattox campaign. He kept Lincoln well advised by telegrams of the progress of events, and Lincoln answered him: "Having no great deal to do here, I am sending the substance of your despatches to the Secretary of War." Lincoln, in fact, turned correspondent, and every day for a week reported to Stanton the progress of the day's battle or march—short, but clear, incisive despatches, giving a distinct account of what was happening. On the 7th of April Lincoln started down the James River on his return to Washington. But early in the morning he received a telegram sent by Grant about midnight repeating Sheridan's report of the battle of Burkesville, April 6. Sheridan concluded with the words: "If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender." Lincoln answered Grant at 11 A. M. April 7, "Gen. Sheridan says, 'If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender.' Let the *thing* be pressed." Lincoln then proceeded to Washington. It was his last military order. Eight days later he was dead.

As time goes on Lincoln's fame looms ever larger and larger. Great statesman, astute politician, clear thinker, classic writer, master of men, kindly, lovable man. These are his titles. To them must be added—military leader. Had he failed in that quality, the others would have been forgotten. Had peace been made on any terms but those of surrender of the insurgent forces and restoration of the Union, his career would have been a colossal failure and the Emancipation Proclamation a subject of ridicule. The prime essential was military success. Lincoln gained it. Judged in the retrospect of nearly half a century, with his every written word now in print and with all the facts of the period brought out and placed in proper perspective by the endless studies, discussions, and arguments of the intervening years, it becomes clear that first and last and at all times during his Presidency, in military affairs his was not only the guiding but the controlling hand.

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"BROTHER"

By Louise Imogen Guiney

THERE are dogs and dogs, and there was "Brother." A majestic name, Greek-Sicilian by origin, belonged to him and suited him: the little humble domestic noun was only an afterthought. It was to me but a poor approximate expression of my opinion of that roguish piece of perfection on four legs, and to him it was a much finer thing: namely, his humanity by brevet. He had never been brought up to spend much time on endearments, nor to expect them; yet I must confess that there came a day when I gave him his reward of merit with extras of sheer sentiment, for all the world like the Lord Chancellor Clarendon kissing John Wilmot of Wadham, when the boy came up for his degree. We were loafing together under a pine, looking out to sea, to that lonely sunlit wind-crumpled Maine sea which "Brother" was sure that he owned from horizon to horizon. He owned it, he knew well, with all its whales and ships; but he was minded to share it with me, during the good behavior of the party of the second part. "Brother" was two years old: which, for a Saint Bernard, is graduation from puppyhood: the era, so to speak, of jacket and trousers. I looked at him there, seated on a rock, his own rock, in his exquisite erect beauty, and I looked through that at his exquisite erect nature. The diction of the moment may not have been classic, but it was most respectful, and poignantly sincere. "A beastie," said I, "to beat creation: the flower of completeness: the One Thing: *un arrive:* and what a satisfaction to his Maker!" He turned on me those clear affectionate brown eyes, with something like humorous dismay in them. His whole head he would not turn, because my proprietary hand was pleasant to him, under the amber silk fringes of his unparalleled left ear. But he grinned a grin which rippled quite as far as that hand where it lay.

I grieve to add that from this hour he developed a rabid appetite for compliment. Verily he had one foible. He was vain; he would court admiration; he would play to the gallery! Not that he had not heard from his infancy, on every street-corner, in every boat and omnibus, the inevitable expletive: "What a bee-yutiful Dorg!" That saying was his ancestral perquisite. But now, so to speak, he drew up his deed of claim to it. Extract it from you he must. He became the score of the opera, the copy for review, the working hypothesis: something for the stranger to pass upon. He must have your approval, or die: yet far would it be from a celebrity of his texture to bid for it with any thrust of

—"the cold insinuating nose!"

No: diplomacy forever! He had a way, as inconspicuous as any way of his could be, but perfectly shameless, of placing himself in full view of the newest visitor. He arrived on tiptoe, and carefully posed himself, generally in the effective space of the bow-window. There would he sit, with his great chest and neck tense and set sideways, in imitation of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and his thoughts, as you were plainly given to understand, at least ten miles away. Insistently, immovably, there would he sit, every conscious allurement in full play, while the silly greetings and gossip of humankind went gurgling along. It was a game which he invariably won in less than two patient minutes. From every lip in the room antiphonally gushed forth: "What a bee—" whereupon, with a most mannerly gentleness, and sighing faintly with satisfaction, the hypocrite departed.

Never was such an accommodating, obliging member of a household. His obedience, and the adaptive lengths to which it would go, were most remarkable. Also, and incidentally owing to his giant size and his strength of will, the obedience was in itself an hourly flattery (or, in more accurate words, a condescension) of which you could not but be aware. A dear contemporary and distant relative of "Brother's" used to sleep on a rug in the hall. The rug lay some inches south of what had been a door, but was now a broad debased arch,

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with a rod across, and the portières always drawn back. Yet if for reasons of your own, you put the rug some inches north of the sill on the other side, the injured landholder wept all night long! "Brother" repeatedly sniffed at it and her. He was a dreadful Pharisee: excruciatingly righteous. He looked for orders, enjoyed them when he got them, and carried them out to the letter. If he were asked to stay and take care of anything, he was another Casabianca: unless relieved, or specifically told to let up, there would he spend his prime and his declining age. This habit of confiding in you, of taking your point of view, was one of his most endearing attributes. He had many lovers and playmates, men, women, and children, but he would not cross the road after any of them (M. A. J. excepted), unless told to do so by Authority. On the other hand, he could be sent as foot-escort to either station, something over a half-mile away, with persons he had never seen before. On such an occasion he would stand by the steps of the train, prick-eared and important, then, not dropping his air of grave responsibility, retire to a convenient knoll, and watch until the puffing monster had carried his charges townward, out of sight. As he trotted back alone, lifting more than was his wont the plumed flail of iron which was his esteemed tail, and advertising abroad the immaculately clean conscience within, worthy of what he never failed to get, praise and thanks all over again,—certainly "Brother" was a cheerful sight.

There was no better watch than this one, free of the house by night or day, who never knew a chain. He was a thorough philosopher in the matter. The raggedest tramp was made welcome to his country domain if any regent thereof had spoken kindly to the same; yet he took no nonsense from daily frequenters of his vine-hung back door. The ice-man who was so unconscionably rude on a fine August morning as to utter a "Git out, You!" instead of the "Please move!" of good society, might have stained the white radiance of eternity in another instant had not the elder châtelaine arrived in the nick of time to explain that etiquette was one of "Brother's" strong points, and that she thought he did not do ill in exacting as well as practising it!

His sense of honor would hold out, at any time, against a hungry stomach. Were the most delectable morsel left in his reach, with no eye upon him, he would leave it untouched all day, if he had received instructions to that effect. He could be brought by pure reason even to castor oil. It was my wicked but by no means infrequent trick to assure him that I should starve there and then, unless he gave up his idolized bone. He always brought it, recognizing the venerable joke, yet never quite daring to take it for granted that poets were sufficiently fed by this forgetful world. Indeed, in all matters of diet, "Brother" was an amusing person. When he tired of his breakfast of Johnny-cake and milk, you could instantly whip up his most violent interest in it by a pretended rapturous nibble: it was a reminder, of course, what an unimpeachable judge you always were of a really superior menu, and how far himself could err in that direction! In like manner, on a Sunday, you could discourage him for the moment from his breaded veal chop, by the lightest hint of disparagement. (I fear that I have much "ragging" of that believing beast to answer for!) On discovering that his fruitarian folk were given to visiting the grape-arbor, and were not averse from sampling the luscious bunches which they so gingerly placed in the dessert-dish, he fixed his worthy soul upon Catawbas too; and he would lie for hours in the shade of the broad flapping leaves, until the hen-boy passed through and got his sleeve pulled by the waiting epicure. What the latter wanted was to have his grapes held for him, one by one, and deftly squeezed into his mouth. A thousand grapes might have been his booty, but he seemed to understand instinctively that a personal raid would not be hygienic for the amateur vineyard. Another odd edible he insisted upon having, when in mycological society, was *Boletus scaber:* he scorned all other mushrooms as much as his friends scorned the gentle *Boletus*, which provided him with many a rural fried supper, to the horror of rustics, old and young. Their horror, indeed, seemed to be no small feature in his relish of it!

He loved travel, and set about it most composedly. All his travel, in fact, was a triumphal progress. He went up a stair or a gangway like royalty itself, always with

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glances behind, most attentive to his party, but taking familiarly and at its value the gaze of the Public Eye. His romantic genius understood symbolism, and worked happily in shorthand. He got at the mean of things, put just the right emphasis, never bungled his art. It pleased him greatly to be told secrets in a whisper, or in French, or by gesticulation. One instance of his mental quickness comes to memory, whereby he saved himself from too intimate and final dealings with a *bon vivant* of a bull, in the goodly county of Sagadahoc. I had crossed the field, and was at the other side of the pasture-bars, on higher ground, when I saw my lagging dog hotly and probably justly pursued by a pair of male and very executive-looking horns. I shall never forget by what a successful interchange of signals we defeated the owner of them. There was a tangle of rough coppices all along the upper edge of the field, and to these I pointed "Brother's" course, although that would take him away from me, until he could scramble down the broken ground to a certain cliff, and return, unseen, by way of the shore. He ran his best (he was the swiftest of his breed), to the first covert, peered at me, panted, lay flat until, with lifted hand, I reported the bull as near; rose and ran, doubling in and out among the underbrush, peering and panting and lying flat and flying on again, literally by rule of thumb, until the bull was mixed up, and winded, and outwitted quite! This campaign of retreat was not ill-done on my part, but it was simply Napoleonic on "Brother's." So he thought, too. He used to pooh! at all bulls after that. Cows always showed toward him an intemperate concern of another sort. He could never account for it, but any one else could, for at a little distance, such as would obscure his extraordinary gracefulness, he was the image of a prize calf, and every bereaved mother would fain fling herself upon his filial bosom.

The protective instinct was with him, from the first, a passion: he never had to be taught the rubrics of courtesy. Sick neighbors were all on his morning beat; and his sympathy once went to the length of bringing a glass nest-egg in his neat dry mouth, and depositing it on the bedspread. Of all occupied baby-carriages he was a benevolent inspector, not invariably appreciated aright by Mary Ann in her ribbons! In short, when at home, he took upon his worthy shoulders the full care of our immediate neighborhood. His ideas regarding curfew, lights out, and all quiet, were fixed and codified by himself alone. Illuminations, in the great house on the hill, where he was ever such a welcome guest, were all right, according to "Brother," up to midnight, or even up to one o'clock. He put upon them their most charitable construction: they might mean social orgies in the lower stories; they might mean injudicious but still comprehensible work in the laboratory up under the gables. But after that, an illumination was a fire. He said so once, prompt, loud, and plain, while everybody slept; and as he said, so it proved. His remarks of this sort always hit. He knew that vocal efforts on insufficient provocation, were prohibited. Seeing that his every tone sounded like Zeus on Olympus, he was early taught that, (as Elia so knowingly says of truth), it was "precious, and not to be wasted on everybody!"

His sentimentalism was extreme. He had such an honest love for music, and was so sure not to join in it, after the protesting manner of his nation, that we were never cruel enough to bar him out when ballad-singing was going on. The amazing move by which he once conveyed himself on to a sofa beside his dearest friend (M. A. J. again), in her fluffiest summer gown; the sad interpretative attitudes and glances, aimed directly at her, with which he followed the tenor voice through *Barbara Allen*, and *Binnorie, O Binnorie;* the intellectual impudence with which he foresaw that nobody would dare quench his intolerable theatric graces until the song, which must not be quenched, was done;—these are salient things in the vistas of that happy past which still held "Brother." The funniest thing of all, in his roll-call of moral properties, was his ludicrous and incomparable modesty: an asset hard to particularize, since its manifestations were so numerous. However, one indoor instance or two will serve. It was his delight to awake certain members of the family at 7 A. M. by pushing the door in, playing ogre, and sneezing loudly. But if he thundered downstairs directly after, four steps at a time,

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you might learn, as by proclamation, that he had been a little too late, and that the object of his solicitude was half-dressed and taken unawares. When he nearly broke his neck by leaping from the veranda in our lonely summer cottage of 1894, it only meant that he had absent-mindedly entered the bath-room from that remote end, and found it occupied! These were huge comedies to us, but not to that delicate mind. It pained him dreadfully to be laughed at for his blessed decencies.

I have mentioned his great docility. He was never "broken," because there was nothing to break. Race tradition, plus sweetness of nature, taught him the vulgarity of kicking, and the pleasantness of domestic concord. He disobeyed twice, in the course of that so godly life. In one case he repented, and in the other he buffooned. These disobediences were both in high swashbuckler style: he was no milksop in crime, nor in anything. The first act of revolt was perpetrated by the shores of the Atlantic in late October, when he and I and one mutually beloved best relished the crags and the sea. There was a bog hard by, and into that bog "Brother" had inserted his handsome person, with results dire to contemplate. As we crossed the long hard silver strand, with neither roof nor sail in the picture, I referred him to the cleansing surf. "Go in!"—"Can't!" he replied in effect: "it's cold, mind you."—"It may or may not be cold. The point is that you are dirty past belief: in with you!" "Blowed if I will!" Incredible! my good, good dog had uttered those four unholy monosyllables: uttered them with mind, eye, snort, and gesture! "Very well!" said I, astonished but severe, and doing my duty like a Roman father. "You deserve a common thrashing; but you are an ethical light, and you shall have your thrashing in an ethical form. I shall go my intended walk, miles and miles alongshore: you may do what you please. But if you go, not one word, amicable or otherwise, shall you get from me all afternoon." No sooner said than done, as the fairy-books used to remark. I held my corrective head up and moved on, and he skirmished about, staring at me intermittently from every angle, as he never had stared before. At sundown we were descending the last hill of our almost circular march, and in full sight of the beach from which we started. The long silence had broken his talkative heart. He lunged suddenly hard up against me, with his paws on my shoulders, in an impact of push sufcient to carry the walls of a fortified town: the whole miry hundred-and-sixty-one pounds of him. "Call it quits!" he begged. "See!" And he thereupon leaped the rocks beside us into the icy tide, and swam long, with many unnecessarily dramatic splashes, far out, and even under, coming ashore in a spotless pinafore, and the peace of the forgiven. The other feat was less sustained, but quite as drastic. He was chivalrous to his own cat, and to all cats, as he knew he had to be. Meanwhile, starlight and deep snow never failed to make him extra frisky. There came an evening of such dual delight above and below, when the youth within him broke the bounds of convention, so that he flung himself up-hill on a mad chase after a stranger kitten. With a new shock of apprehension, I floundered through the drifts after him, up to the gate-posts of home. There, with crossed forelegs, reeking with philanthropy, lay "Brother"; and in between said forelegs a very tired little gray Angora, cuddled close and half-icicled with kisses. Her jailer's expression was voluble. "What! you doubted ME, the tried friend, the known champion, of the incomparable feline species? Can't you take a joke? Why, this innocent thing just LOVES—" Further explanations from the Superior Person were cut short.

His physical finish was all his own. Elegance was stamped on him from crown to toe. A bath or a brush was his joy, and every hair of his coat, milk-white or chestnut-red, was burnished with health and clean living. The arch of his correct and collarless neck was magnificent; it had belonged aforetime to the most engaging of Bench Show champions, his early-dying father. Magnificent, too, though a degree too slender, were the straight white-fringed legs; the long jowl and short stop; the rise of the full brow; the very strong back; the bright, straightforward eyes which looked you through, and frequently approved you. Like Alexander the Great, "Brother" had his private fragrance. When you were quite near to him, you were aware of something wholesome and sweet, like clover or new

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hay: this lasted all his days, and expressed his singular personality as no other gift of the gods could have done. It did not descend afterward, nor did his psychologic powers, to his son, poor Vallo, who was so like him, yet with every carnal glory a little lessened, every inspiration a little dulled, except the affection which in the latter flamed up, if that were possible, almost higher and intenser. The dear gentleman whose little memoir this is, had all the sensitiveness of patrician stock; but he was never ill save once in his life. During our only parting, he died, five years old: died punctually, graciously, as he had lived. I have never seen his like before or since. Yes, there are dogs and dogs, yours, mine, the historic ones, and the stray ones. And there was "Brother." May he sleep well, between the pear-tree and the maple.

LOVE, LIFE AND DEATH

By Marguerite Merington

GRIEF hath its ecstasies than joy no less.
Notes seven compass dirge and marriage-hymn.
The jeweled passion-cup life pours to brim
Lovefull, we drain to anguish-dregs' excess.
So, deep into my breast each word, caress,
That tokened you, in searing strokes I limn,
With jealous care, lest memory grow dim,
Or time should steal remembered happiness.
Miser of love, yet spendthrift, for your sake
I hoard the roses while the thorn I wear,
In grief retracing paths of joy to break
Love's alabaster on dead footprints there;
Though, when your speeding steps I overtake,
Unspent love's royal burden shall I bear.

Death's spacious silences enfold you still;
Never to life their mystery one sign
Vouchsafes, nor suffers love the star-spiked line
To scale: Of Him who does be done the will!
Yet, when for help lifted to templed hill,
Dimly a pledge my tear-blurred eyes divine:
Transcending life, that death may make you mine,
If I but live my days out to their fill,
Servant of sorrow, comrade, kin to pain,
Wherever on bruised heart or broken wing
The holy chalice sheds its blood-wine stain,
Forecast of Heaven down to earth to bring,
Until my reaching hand finds yours again
In some celestial May-dawn's blossoming!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

I'm growing old, I've sixty years,
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know:
I never have seen Carcassonne.
I never have seen Carcassonne.

IN the future, no peasant "double-bent with age" need sing this song; only last spring, when I spent my Easter Sunday clambering over the old walls of the *Cité*, there was a troupe of moving-picture "artists" hard at it, enacting some wordless drama or other under the façade of the cathedral—all to the piping of the man with a camera. The films show them to-day in the very attitudes and actions of a year ago, and Carcassonne is their background. Why is it that, when kinematography has such "props" as these, it fails to "draw" those classes which support the University Extension orators? The American who claims for his own a certain degree of what Boston women reverently call "culture," is allowed, all the same, to be a rather impossible person in his dramatic standards. The idea of a play as the vehicle of a "star" in an emotional or, better yet, a "character" part, is about as far as he goes in his appreciation of drama. Why, then, is the newest form dramatic art has taken left to the office-boy and the cash-girl and the submerged nine-tenths to enjoy? Enjoy it they, at least, do, and get better value for their money than do the patrons of real theatres. The price is five cents, or at most ten; there is an illustrated song or two, with a real tenor voice on the job; the President's inauguration is shown, and the ex-President's start for Africa via Hoboken—or perhaps some historical scenes (with the Jamestown colony a favorite); finally, some farcical passages and a real comedy—all but the words. Hard on the eyesight, yes; and on the ears, too, when it is accompanied by the piano; but think what you are saving on your entertainment, even as compared with a place at the "polite vaudeville" theatre round the corner—to say nothing at all of anything so extravagant as attendance at the playhouse where they are giving a dramatized "best-seller"!

Plays Without Words

It is only when you tell the Prosperous Person that there are a rising ten thousand of moving-picture establishments that he "takes notice"; it is the figures that talk to him. What all of us should realize is that this new department of the modern drama is—relatively—a virgin soil. Who knows what crops it may yet raise? And why assume that depravity—gross vulgarity even—is necessarily bound up in it? In France (it is in France that the evolution has gone farthest) such actors as Le Bargy and Réjane and Bernhardt are not ashamed to pose for the moving-picture camera. No longer will the historian of stage land be able to write his platitude about the art of acting being the one art alone which leaves behind no trace save in its influence and in its memories! Such playwrights as the late Victorien Sardou and Capus and Lavedan have furnished scenarios for this new sort of stage. It is no great matter if the pieces mounted in France are often rather above the Broadway standard; there remains all the wider field for our native dramatists. Clyde Fitch may, tomorrow or the day after, be writing his ten scenarios as well as his two annual plays. And, as it is, at Christmas time one could see Dickens's "Carol" put on in pantomime; scenes, likewise, from the life of Christ. (At Toulouse, in Lent, I have seen The Passion on the films—sandwiched in, as it happened, between Little Red Riding Hood and a *drame passionel*.) "Ingomar," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Chimes of Normandy," "Quo Vadis"—these have been shown in all our cities; and a thousand pieces besides, since there are very frequent changes in the bill. After all, why *not* can our drama, when all's said and done? And if the canning's to be done, it had best be well done. Caruso and the rest are not above singing into operatic cans that we open up in our flat houses. Canned drama is only the next step. This is the age of the machine.

They have come to stay, the moving-picture shows—as an institution, that is. There may well be too many houses in operation at the present moment; a process of elimination is to be expected as this business becomes better and better organized. What I insist on is the propriety of it, all things considered. In

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Shakespeare's day there were pageants and masques at court; to-day we have our opera-houses. There were playhouses, then as now; there were also the inn yards. There were the Paul's boys and the rest; there remained the memory, at least, of the guild performances. It was the prentice lad's privilege to pick and choose; also, he might attend a bear-baiting if he felt inclined. Why should the Elizabethan prentice's modern type, young Hall Room, of New York, be limited to vaudeville, musical comedy, the hippodrome, and the "legitimate"? Surely he is entitled to have added to the rest this new and inexpensive pleasure of the moving pictures.

The modern evolution of the magic lantern has not only come into its own, but is become a force that can no longer be neglected by social historians. At Suffolk, Virginia, Sam Hardy, the choir singer convicted for the assassination of Tiberius Gracchus Jones, has applied for a new trial on the ground that an exhibition of moving pictures at the Comedy—a duel in Normandy, a moonshine tragedy in the Kentucky mountains—tended to sway the minds of the jurymen, who went there as one man. Another illustration of the importance of this new instrument of weal and woe comes to us from London. A melodrama representing the invasion of England on the lines laid down in "An Englishman's Home" has been rehearsed on Suffolk Downs. Soon it will be flashed on screens from one end of England to the other; and a recruiting sergeant is to be on hand to follow up the work of the machine with personal argument and the music of the royal shilling. No longer is the magic lantern a nursery plaything! Men deal with it; it deals with men. Some would have us believe that homes are corrupted thereby, and that children steal in order to raise the price of an admission. If it breaks homes, it mends them too. But yesterday we read of brothers brought together through its beneficent agency—brothers separated from childhood. The one recognized the other—the prodigal—as he swung by in a file of sailors parading in San Francisco—all this, of course, upon the screen. "That's Harry himself!" exclaimed the older brother; whom it is good to know for a prosperous merchant, who will make life easier for the seaman now.

If the moving-picture shows can unite families, what matter if they *are* a bit hard on the eyes, and sometimes almost as vulgar as the contemporary stage itself?

I HOPE that no one will think that I am trying to smuggle into the *Point of View* something which really belongs, if it deserves to appear at all, in the *Field of Art*. I do not know enough to discuss English architecture in print, or anywhere else except in a corner, and there largely in questions; moreover, that aspect of the English Perpendicular which I am approaching, not without awe, is not art, is not even artistic, being merely the elements of the perpendicular in the English character. I doubt if any other architecture ever grew so directly out of the bones and muscles, the minds and the hearts of a people as did the English Perpendicular out of the English race. The rigidity, the sameness, the tempered beauty which, after a while, gets on your nerves, the straight, inflexible lines which go geometrically up and across, making you pray under your breath for a curve, just one; the rigid perpendicular saints that stand in their niches, folding their stone hands over the same conviction, turned into stone at the same moment of self-approval at being saints—surely no other people could have produced this architecture; no other people thinks and looks and acts so much like its buildings.

The English Perpendicular

All this has come to my mind since I read, with many chuckles, "England and the English," in a recent SCRIBNER. It took me back to the time, not quite "forty years ago, when I was an under-graduate at Oxford," but still a long time ago, when I ventured, in spite of my youth and my nationality and my sex, to become a student in that beautiful gray city. Let me admit at the outset that I never had a more enjoyable time in my life, and that I never studied less. Innumerable methodical, licensed ways did some kind people there have of preying upon one's time, and, when they were sufficiently assured, over trusted signatures, that I was worthy of their attention, they laid out an orderly campaign which effectually consumed my spring term. They were cordiality itself, though I realized even then that, if they had not been told that I was respectable, they would never have discovered it.

My impressions are still strong, in regard to many people whom I met there, of a certain inflexibility of character, and an inability to arrive at a goal by any other route than that which their ancestors took. Why is it that, as I read these lines in a hand-book of architecture, instead of buildings, certain human

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figures rise before me in memory? "The whole surface, including buttresses, parapets, basements, and every part of the flat surface, is covered with panelling, in which the perpendicular line clearly predominates." The phrases bring to me manifold suggestions—the tall, narrow-shouldered figures of the young, both men and women, the national attitude, showing as clearly in the English butler as in the Oxford don, the cool air of dignitaries wickedly characterized by some forgotten person as "having all the qualities of the kitchen poker except its occasional warmth." In thought, in feeling, and in action the British are excellent survivals of the English Perpendicular at the time of its maturity, as rigid as the tracery in the windows of Merton College Chapel. One grows to be thankful, after a time, that they all do behave in the same fashion, for, failing that, there is no telling what they may do or say. I remember all too unpleasantly one or two students who were in a fair way to become scholars, but not to become gentlemen; it is truly said that, in England, the process takes several generations. Certainly of these people it may be asserted that they are either Perpendicular or Impossible.

The same inflexibility which shows in their manner appears in their convictions and in their habits, though, perhaps, it is foolish to use two words where one would do, habit and conviction being harder to separate in the English Mind than elsewhere. I recall their monumental Sunday; even I, with the strictest Presbyterian tradition that America can afford, shrank from its sharp corners and rigid lines. Under the head of convictions comes the rite of afternoon tea, which surely commemorates the fortieth article of British faith. Talk of the Established Church; it is nothing to the Established Tea-cup! I used to hear, on days when an unusual programme was planned, long, anxious discussions of the way in which tea could be secured, and I realized that the one observance, even more important than keeping Sunday, was keeping that five o'clock appointment with the tea-pot.

Continually, in large matters and in small, I was reminded of the folly of tampering with settled beliefs in England. The lecturer in Hebrew, in whose family I lived, persistently asked questions in regard to this or that practice in the colonies, for he could never remember that the United States are free, and, though I tried repeatedly to convince him of the Revolutionary War and its consequences, I apparently failed. Doubly unpleasant was it to come into contact with the rooted ideas of womankind. About the hospitable table of a genial old historian who cherished in deep friendship America and the Americans I used to see suspicious feminine glances turned toward me, and the women guests usually maintained the rigid manner of the mullioned window. One I recall especially who was openly horrified at hearing that I was studying Anglo-Saxon—if she had but realized how little I knew, perhaps she would have been mollified—and I remember being equally horrified by her, having something of the perpendicular myself, perhaps by right of English descent, both because of her freedom of speech, and of the cut and the color of her evening dress, for it was vivid scarlet, and she too stout and too middle-aged to carry it off.

As inflexible as their dignities, and as dependent on long tradition, are the English moments of unbending. They can be foolish in the old licensed ways, but no other, as in the emergence of the mob element at the Oxford Encænia or Commencement. The loud calls from pit or gallery to the orator, perhaps the Professor of Poetry speaking in Latin: "Scan it, sir!" "Where did you crib it all, sir?" "Sir, the gentleman with the red tie is looking at you!" suggest a whimsical something in the English mind akin to the sudden gargoyle upon the English Gothic buildings. No other gargoyles are so unexpected, so demure, or have so little an effect of being a genuine part of the roofs or turrets from which they spring.

They are a great people, the English, and we all admire them, doubtless remembering in our moments of admiration that we are descended from them. Many of us have experienced great kindness from the better sort, and we do not need to be told, when we recall the petrified insolence of this or that English traveller on the Continent, that he represents the baser kind. Yet one wishes that they could forget their delusion of superiority, these second or third rate people who do as much to make us misunderstand their race as the loud-voiced American tourist does to make others misunderstand us. At more than one hotel or pension table I have listened to diatribes against us, and insistent demands that English supremacy should be acknowledged, and have more than once been tempted to quote—let me hasten to add that I have

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not yet yielded, though it is often bitterly hard in travelling to be restricted to those things which a gentlewoman should say—Mr. Oliver Herford's all too appropriate lines:

"Children, behold the Chimpanzee,
He sits on the ancestral tree
From which we sprang in ages gone.
I'm glad we sprang; had we held on
We might, for all that I can say
Be horrid Chimpanzees to-day."

Museums of Bad Taste—with All the Modern Improvements

THE Germans are a very enterprising people nowadays, and they are prolific of inventions and discoveries. They take life seriously and they boast of their Teutonic thoroughness. When they undertake to do anything they survey it from all angles and deliberate on the best method of approach. Now they have taken up art; and they are putting their characteristic methods into operation. As artists of all sorts struggle together, some of them expressing themselves and some of them seeking only to meet what they vainly suppose to be the public taste, they produce works of every degree of artistic merit and demerit. The better specimens will meet with the approval of those whose taste is delicately refined; and the most excellent of these specimens may in time achieve the ultimate triumph of admission to a museum. But what of the worst specimens? They are doomed to wander in outer darkness, with no faint hope of future bliss in any museum. They go on their way disseminating an evil influence and corrupting the taste of all who gaze upon them. This is most tolerable and not to be endured; and it is no wonder that a conscientious German professor found his heart yearning over these lost sheep of art, and that he was moved to establish a Museum of Bad Taste.

It is in the Stuttgart Museum of Industrial Art that this collection of misbegotten examples is now on exhibition. It is to bear the same relation to the rest of the museum that the Chamber of Horrors does to the more decorous wax-works fit for ladies and children. It is to enable the proud German to claim pre-eminence in a new department and to echo Beau Brummell's "These are our failures." It is to be a Hall of Shame, open only to masterpieces of the inartistic. It is to be a medley of Horrible Examples which may so impress doubtful artists that they will rush away at once and take the pledge of artistic sobriety. And we may hope that New York will not long allow itself to be outdone by Stuttgart and that we may have our own Museum of Bad Taste, which may move the men who make bottles that look like log cabins, and who are constantly designing other things each of which looks like something else, to take the pledge of sincerity and to Get on the Water-Wagon.

But it is possible that Yankee ingenuity may be able to perfect and to extend this German example. How is a Museum of Bad Taste to be housed? Plainly enough consistency requires that it should be installed in a building which is an example of architectural bad taste. And every New Yorker can point to a score of edifices which seem to have been designed especially to proffer hospitality to this side-show of inanimate freaks. In any one of these buildings the collection of artistic failures would feel itself at home, and every visitor would be soothed and comforted by the subtle harmony between the edifice and its contents. There is one private dwelling near Central Park so violent in its architectural flamboyance that the lecturers on the Seeing-New-York automobiles beg their passengers not to be alarmed as the cars no longer shy when they pass it.

And if the original suggestion is really as sound as it seems to be, can it not be extended into other fields of art than the industrial and the decorative? Is there not a field of utility before it in the various departments of literature? There would be profit if some disciple of Palgrave should now edit the "Leaden Treasury of English Lyrics." We have all had pleasure in Ward's "English Poets," with the contributory essays of a host of accomplished critics; and perhaps some other editor might now undertake a corresponding selection of the poorest poems of our language, to be introduced by critical essays by the worst critics of to-day. "English Poetasters," or "Half Hours with the Worst Authors," or a "Library of the World's Worst Literature"—titles are as easy to suggest as the material is abundant for selection. In time this might lead to the foundation of an academy, modelled on the Académie Française—only just reversing the principle—to include the forty immortals of ultimate mediocrity chosen out of the whole of English literature, British and American. Probably the best results would be obtained if this august body could be nominated by the Direct Primary, the election of the entire twoscore having to be ratified by the Referendum.

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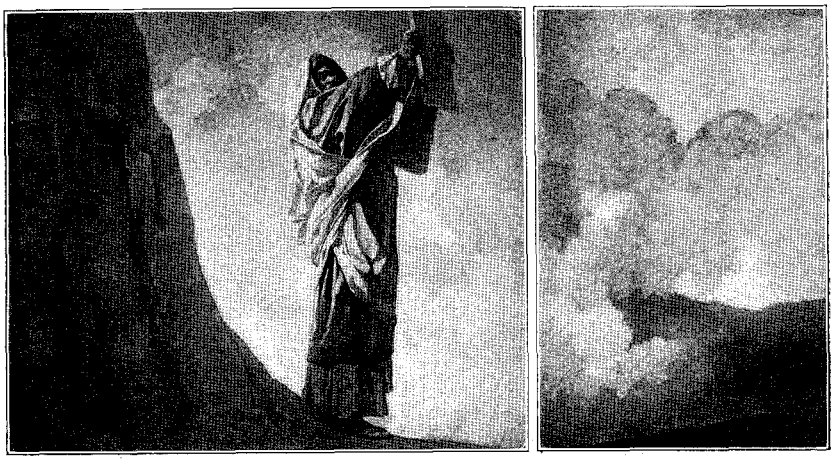
THE FIELD OF ART



First and second panels of frieze of the "Divine Law."

MR. VAN INGEN'S NEW MURAL DECORATIONS IN CHICAGO

THE great monumental decorative mural paintings in public buildings follow but do not resemble each other; Mr. Van Ingen's, in the United States Post Office and Court House building in Chicago, differ widely from Mr. Alexander's, Mr. Blashfield's, Mr. Abbey's and Mr. Stokes's in other localities. For one detail, he has dispensed with allegory. The four rooms of the United States Circuit Court in this building which he has been commissioned to decorate are each about 75x45 feet, and lie at the extremities of the arms of the Greek cross in which shape the upper stories of the structure rise. The interior of the dome which surmounts the centre of this cross was included in the general scheme of color and decoration of the rooms and corridors. In each court room, on the sixth or seventh story, he is to paint a frieze on each of the two long walls, each frieze being divided into six panels by the pilasters, two feet in width with six inches reveal, and the semi-circular lunette recessed about eighteen inches in the centre. This lunette the painter proposes to fill with lettering relating to the theme of the particular frieze—the Ten Commandments for the Divine Law, extracts from Magna Charta and the Constitution of the United States for the Civil Law, etc. The two small panels which, as may be seen in the illustrations, lie between the central panel and those which are larger at the ends, were occupied by the tops of doors and ornamental plaster work when the commission was given, but it was decided to remove these and give the panel to the painting. It is evident that the composition would have been seriously broken up by the intrusion of these purely architectural divisions. As it is, Mr. Van Ingen has developed in each case his subject through the whole length of the frieze, sometimes with very few figures, and with ample space in which to set forth his theme. This seemed to him to be much better than the first idea which presented itself—to concentrate it in the central arched panel and thereby run the risk of conventional decorative grouping. His painting surface in each frieze is about sixty feet long, and the height allows him to make his figures six or seven feet tall. The large oblong room, in each case, is lit by windows on three sides and by

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a skylight, and is panelled throughout in white marble.

On this occasion the theme preceded the design—which does not always happen in good painting and sculpture. It was decided to devote the eight long compositions to certain great legendary and historical steps in the development of Law, certain very important contributions of different climes and ages to this development. In the selection and presentation of these incidents the artist consulted the scholar, and it is especially to Professor Nathan Abbott, of the Chair of Law of Columbia, that Mr. Van Ingen considers himself indebted. His great series begins, very reasonably, with the deliverance of the ten tables to Moses on Mount Sinai, for Sacred Law; for Civil Law, King John and Magna Charta, and in this may be included the signing of the American Constitution; the Greek conception of great principles in the abstract appears in a frieze in which Socrates and his friends discuss the abstract nature of justice, as set down in Plato's "Republic"; the concrete application of these principles by the Romans in another in which Cicero is speaking from the tribune of the Forum. The general disposition of this last scene was taken from a relief on the arch of Septimus Severus, the sculptor's design being modified for the painter's.

Third panel of frieze of the "Divine Law."

A fifth wall is devoted to the origin of the circuit court, under Henry II of England, in the latter part of the twelfth century; a sixth, to the signing of the Constitution of the United States, in the same room in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. Finally, the Lincoln Room presents two typical scenes in the life of the great President, two stages of his career. It is related that while keeping a little grocery store in the very little town of New Salem, Ill., long since disappeared, his attention was one day called to a fellow citizen who was departing with all his wordly goods, and who, in the course of the conversation, sold to Lincoln for the sum of fifty cents one barrel of merchandise. In this barrel the purchaser found a copy of Blackstone, the first book of law, with the exception of the statutes of the State of Illinois, that had ever come into his hand—and a foundation stone. In contrast with this primitive epoch, the eighth frieze will suggest the eminence which this grocer attained in the annals of mankind by presenting him as President, probably on the grounds of the White House.

To aid him in carrying out this great architectonic scheme, the painter holds certain definite theories which he sets forth somewhat in this way. He did not consider that, in this case, he had any thesis to maintain, nor that in presenting his objective demonstration he was under bonds to archæological or historical exactness. Of his predecessors, Tissot, in his opinion, has lost "the Idea" in searching extreme accuracy of topography, physiognomy and costume. Raphael, who adopted certain conventions for treatment of decorative and Scriptual subjects, which we have also elected to follow, is probably a safer guide. The Bible paintings of the first suggest the old definition of dogma: "The skin of Truth, set up and stuffed." Nor does Rembrandt's choice of types appeal to Mr. Van Ingen. In his theory both of conception and ren-

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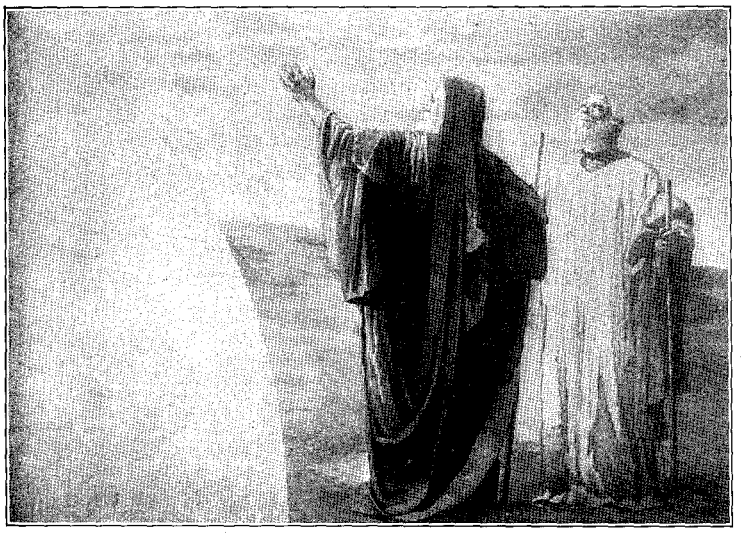

Fourth panel of frieze of the "Divine Law."

dering he prefers to follow La Farge, whom he thinks the leading mural painter of the world, or, as he prefers to put it, the torch which Rubens caught from the great masters of the florescence of Italian painting, and from which Delacroix in turn lit his, has, in our day, been given to La Farge, and this high office of light bearer he has well sustained and has steadily preserved the flame from extinction by any of the chance winds that blow for a day. "An investigating intelligence, and an appreciative esteem of the best that modern culture has produced," entitle this master, he thinks, to this high rank. "A display of virtuosity in painting, be it never so poignant and appealing, could in no wise take the place of that conception La Farge has shown us—and so simply!" And, quoting Meier-Graefe, "we can make carpets with color, but not pictures. There are people who forgive a painter all the rest for the sake of his color. But the rest is everything."

The close relation between pupil and master, with its attendant loyalty, has so largely disappeared among the painters today that it is interesting to trace this faith in these works.

One of the articles in Mr. Van Ingen's creed is that no artist should demand technical culture on the part of the spectator, but that, nevertheless, his work should be so ordered that it may gratify the highest culture. In his decorations of the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg, as well as those of the two court rooms of the United States Circuit Court at Indianapolis, he sought to keep within a reasonable distance from the ground, not to fly too far above the heads of the people, with whose money, in fact, he is paid; it appears to him to be reasonable that both subject and treatment should be such as to interest them, to appeal to them, and should not dilate into abstractions and allegories.

From this it follows that some human interest, something like a story, is desirable:—this is not the only painter who considers the reaction against the "story-telling art" to have gone too far. Another protest may be lodged against the fear of demolishing the building by too positive painting on the wall. While real "realistic" art, so called, has no place in mural decoration, the appearance of realism, what may be called truthfulness, should be maintained; the landscape should be painted, not with all its varying distances and perspectives, but as it would appear if its realism were brought up to a flat plane. The quality of distance can be given without deceiving the eye, or trying to do so, which is unnecessary. No attempt has been made in these paintings to follow the whiteness of the marble walls, as flat painting is not considered indispensable; and as the utmost strength and brilliancy of the pigments cannot rival the strength of light and shade of the architecture, why hamper one's self with low tones and evasions? Consequently, founded on all these general principles, these paintings have been carried out strong in design, in light and shade and color—brilliant and positive paintings on the white walls, asserting themselves as decorations, something added, to embellish and complete. The brush work is broad in effect, though much broken color contributes to this breadth, and the tones are as warm as the marble is cold.

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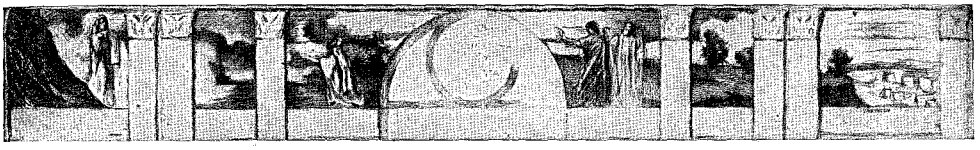
In the necessary adaptation of the pictures to the character of the building they ornament a certain dignity was sought to be maintained in these works intended to give pleasure. Fortunately, the architect's spacing of his panels was such as to divide up the long field of the composition in what may be considered a very good arrangement. As the illustrations show, on each side of the central arched recess the panel presented is well proportioned, with its three straight sides and one curved; the succeeding one, rescued from the plasterer's architectural mouldings, is a neat little upright; the third, somewhat wider than it is high, completes these two in balance and proportion and permits of an accent, a demonstration, both at the beginning and the end of the frieze. In those of his compositions in which the subject requires a leading, heroic, figure, the artist has sometimes placed this figure at the extreme left, as the Moses in the "Divine Law," and sometimes in the panel immediately to the right of the central arch, as King John in the "Magna Charta," Socrates in the Greek frieze, and Cicero in the Roman. The latter arrangement permits of a very decorative presentation of figures set in a landscape; and in all cases, advantage has been taken of the opportunities offered to render a more gracious, a more characteristic, or a more pastoral, composition than would have been practicable without the landscape. In this these paintings follow more the methods of Puvis de Chavannes as well as La Farge's than those of the more conventional mural decorator who, trained to render the figure, completes his composition with human figures and leaves but little of his field for the setting of these actors.

Thus in the "Divine Law," the first of the series to be finished, a sort of consecutive narrative is permitted,—on the extreme left, at the beginning, the strong figure of the Jewish leader of his people is seen, standing on the downward slope of "the mountain smoking," and backed by the reddish fiery cloud and vapor, holding aloft in both hands the Tables of the Law which he has just received; on the long plateau in front of him, extending to the beginning of the last panel on the right, are his three companions awaiting him, one kneeling in the panel on the left of the central arch and the other two standing in that on the right of it. In the extreme right-hand panel the plateau terminates, and in the distance, on the pleasant sunlit plain below, may be seen the camp of the Israelites, contrasting with the majesty and terror suggested by the first panel of the frieze.

For one or two of these friezes the details of the composition are not yet determined, including that which represents the travelling judges of assize, *justiciarii in itinere*, "who were regularly established, if not first appointed, by the parliament of Northampton, 1176, A. D., in the twenty-second year of Henry II, with a delegated power from the king's great court, or *aula regia*, being looked upon as members thereof."

WILLIAM WALTON.



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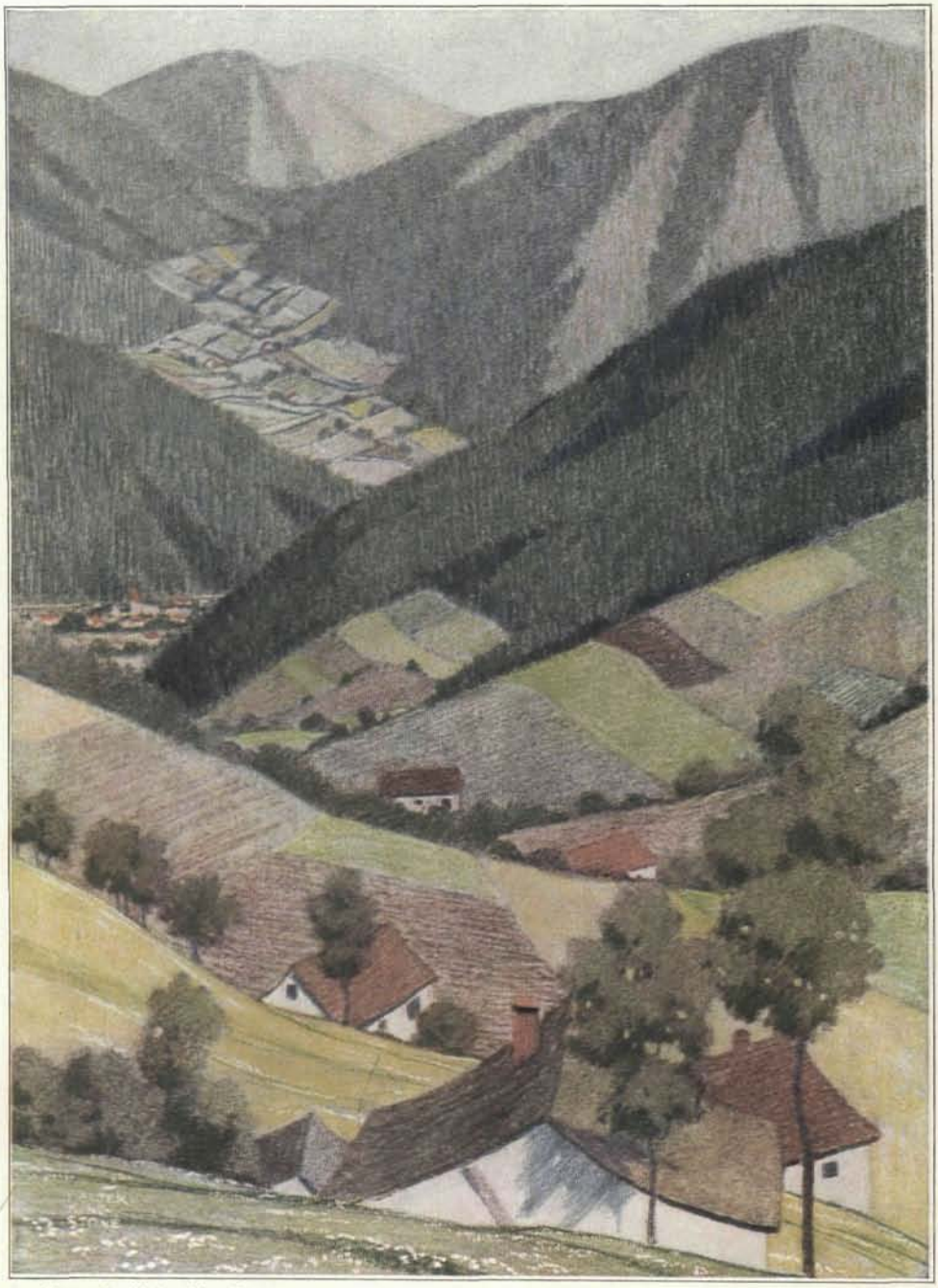

Drawn by Walter King Stone.

DIPS INTO ALL THE HAPPIEST, FRIENDLIEST VALLEYS.

Near Hausach.

—"A Black Forest Pathway."—Page 143.

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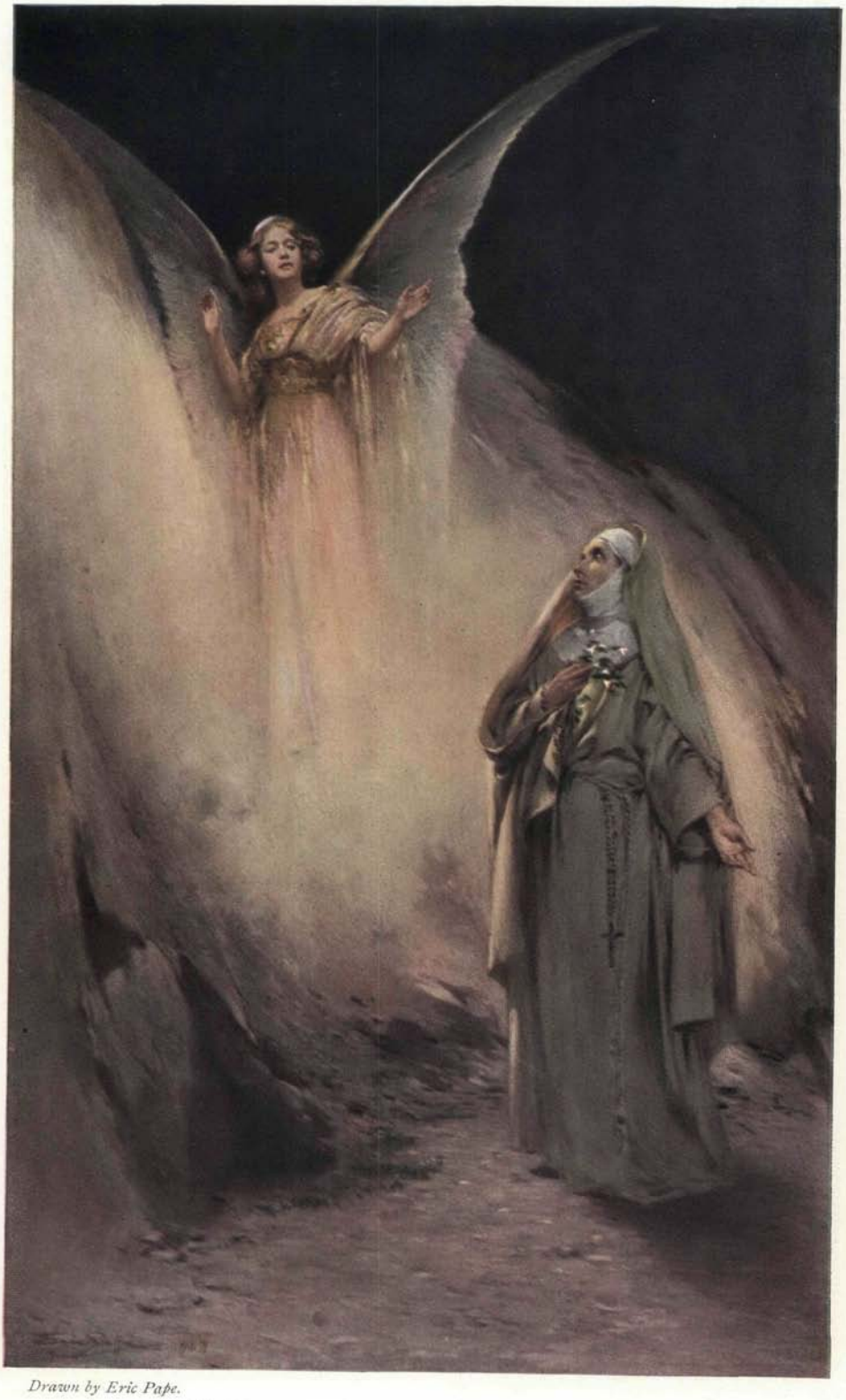

Drawn by Eric Pape.

The Prioress beholds in vision the spirit of their love fulfilled.

The Gloucester Pageant.

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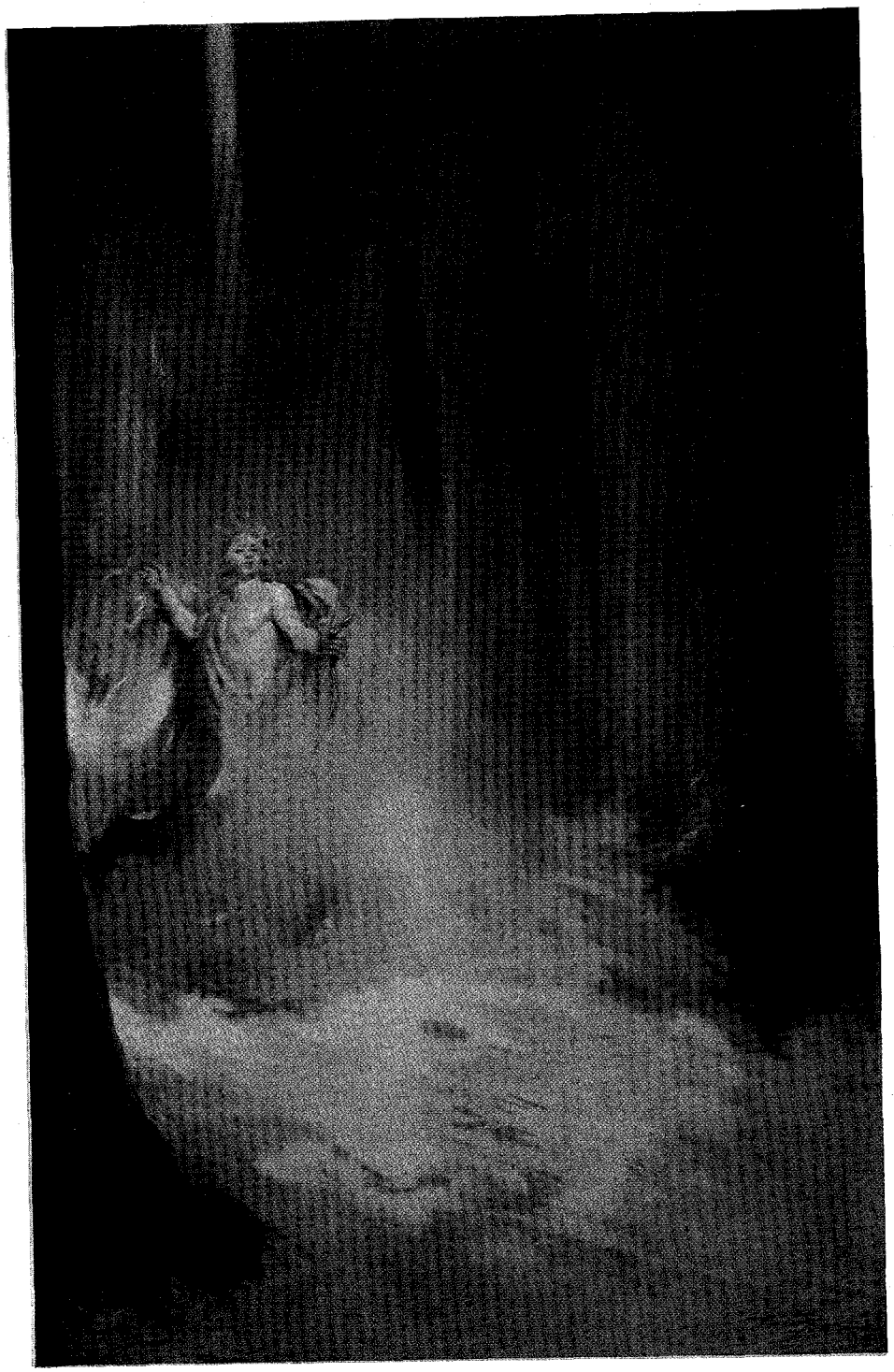

Drawn by Eric Pape.

"Apollo" of "The Hamadryads."

Presentation given by the members of the Bohemian Club in the great red-woods grove in California.

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